BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DXVI. OCTOBER, 1858. Vol. LXXXIV.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—PART XVII.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

CHAPTER II.—RETROSPECT.

There is a place at which three roads meet, sacred to that mysterious goddess called Diana on earth, Luna, or the Moon, in heaven, and Hecate in the infernal regions. At this place pause the Virgins permitted to take their choice of the three roads. Few give their preference to that which is vowed to the goddess in her name of Diana: that road, cold and barren, is clothed by no roses and myrtles. Roses and myrtles veil the entrance to both the others, and in both the others Hymen has much the same gay-looking temples. But which of those two leads to the celestial Luna, or which of them conducts to the infernal Hecate, not one nymph in fifty divines. If thy heart should misgive thee, O nymph!—if, though cloud veil the path to the Moon, and sunshine gild that pale Hecate—thine instinct recoils from the sunshine, while thou darest not adventure the cloud—thou hast still a choice left—thou hast still the safe road of Diana. Hecate, O nymph, is the goddess of ghosts. If thou takest *her* path, look not back, for the ghosts are behind thee.

When we slowly recover from the tumult and passion of some violent distress, a peculiar stillness falls upon the mind, and the atmosphere around it becomes in that stillness appallingly clear. We knew not, while wrestling with our woe, the extent of its ravages. As a land the day after a flood, as a field the day after a battle, is the sight of our own sorrow, when we no longer have to stem its raging, but to endure the destruction it has made. Distinct before Caroline Montfort's vision stretched the waste of her misery—the Past, the Present, the Future—all seemed to blend in one single Desolation. A strange thing it is how all time will converge itself, as it were, into the burning-glass of a moment! There runs a popular superstition that it is thus, in the instant of death; that our whole existence crowds itself on the glazing eye—a panorama of all we have done on earth—just as the soul restores to the earth its garment. Certes, there are hours in our being, long before the last and dreaded one, when this phenomenon comes to warn us that, if memory were always active, time would be never gone. Rose before this woman—who, whatever the justice of Darrell's bitter reproaches, had a nature lovely enough to justify his anguish at her loss—the image of herself at that turning-point of life, when the morning mists are dimmed on our way, yet when a path chosen is a fate decided. Yes;

she had excuses, not urged to the judge who sentenced, nor estimated to their full extent by the stern equity with which, amidst suffering and wrath, he had desired to weigh her cause.

Caroline's mother, Mrs. Lyndsay, was one of those parents who acquire an extraordinary influence over their children by the union of caressing manners with obstinate resolves. She never lost control of her temper nor hold on her object. A slight, delicate, languid creature too, who would be sure to go into a consumption if unkindly crossed. With much strong common sense, much knowledge of human nature, egotistical, worldly, scheming, heartless, but withal so pleasing, so gentle, so bewitchingly despotic, that it was like living with an electro-biologist, who unnerves you by a look to knock you down with a feather. In only one great purpose of her life had Mrs. Lyndsay failed. When Darrell, rich by the rewards of his profession and the bequest of his namesake, had entered Parliament, and risen into that repute which confers solid and brilliant station, Mrs. Lyndsay conceived the idea of appropriating to herself his honours and his wealth by a second Hymen. Having so long been domesticated in his house during the life of Mrs. Darrell, an intimacy as of near relations had been established between them. Her soft manners attached to her his children; and after Mrs. Darrell's death rendered it necessary that she should find a home of her own, she had an excuse, in Matilda's affection for her and for Caroline, to be more frequently before Darrell's eyes, and consulted by him yet more frequently, than when actually a resident in his house. To her Darrell confided the proposal which had been made to him by the old Marchioness of Montfort, for an alliance between her young grandson and his sole surviving child. Wealthy as was the House of Vipont, it was amongst its traditional maxims that wealth wastes if not perpetually recruited. Every third generation at farthest, it was the duty of that House to marry an heiress. Darrell's daughter, just seventeen, not yet brought out, would be an heiress, if he pleased to make her so, second to none whom the research of the Marchioness had detected within the drawing-rooms and nurseries of the three kingdoms. The proposal of the venerable peeress was at first very naturally gratifying to Darrell. It was an euthanasia for the old knightly race to die into a House that was an institution in the empire, and revive phœnix-like in a line of peers, who might perpetuate the name of the heiress whose quarterings they would annex to their own, and sign themselves "Darrell Montfort." Said Darrell inly, "On the whole, such a marriage would have pleased my poor father." It did not please Mrs. Lyndsay. The bulk of Darrell's fortune thus settled away, he himself would be a very different match for Mrs. Lyndsay; nor was it to her convenience that Matilda should be thus hastily disposed of, and the strongest link of connection between Fulham and Carlton Gardens severed. Mrs. Lyndsay had one golden rule, which I respectfully point out to ladies who covet popularity and power: She never spoke ill of any one whom she wished to injure. She did not, therefore, speak ill of the Marquess to Darrell, but she so praised him that her praise alarmed. She ought to know the young peer well; she was a good deal with the Marchioness, who liked her pretty manners. Till then, Darrell had only noticed this green Head of the Vipont as a neat-looking Head, too modest to open its lips. But he now examined the head with anxious deliberation, and finding it of the poorest possible kind of wood, with a heart to match, Guy Darrell had the audacity to reject, though with great courtesy, the idea of grafting the last plant of his line on a stem so pithless. Though, like men who are at once very affectionate and very busy, he saw few faults in his children, or indeed in any one he really loved, till the fault was forced on him, he could not but be aware that Matilda's sole chance of becoming a happy and safe wife, was in uniting herself with such a husband as would at once win her confidence and command her respect. He trembled

when he thought of her as the wife of a man whose rank would expose her to all fashionable temptations, and whose character would leave her without a guide or protector.

The Marquess, who obeyed his grandmother from habit, and who had lethargically sanctioned her proposals to Darrell, evinced the liveliest emotion he had ever yet betrayed when he learned that his hand was rejected. And if were possible for him to carry so small a sentiment as pique into so large a passion as hate, from that moment he aggrandised his nature into hatred. He would have given half his lands to have spited Guy Darrell. Mrs. Lyndsay took care to be at hand to console him, and the Marchioness was grateful to her for taking that troublesome task upon herself. And in the course of their conversations Mrs. Lyndsay contrived to drop into his mind the egg of a project which she took a later occasion to hatch under her plumes of down. "There is but one kind of wife, my dear Montfort, who could increase your importance; you should marry a beauty; next to royalty ranks beauty." The Head nodded, and seemed to ruminate for some moments, and then, *apropos des bottes*, it let fall this mysterious monosyllable, "Shoes." By what process of ratiocination the Head had thus arrived at the feet, it is not for me to conjecture. All I know is that, from that moment Mrs. Lyndsay bestowed as much thought upon Caroline's *chaussure*, as if, like Cinderella, Caroline's whole destiny in this world hung upon her slipper. With the feelings and the schemes that have been thus intimated, this sensible lady's mortification may well be conceived when she was startled by Darrell's proposal, not to herself, but to her daughter. Her egotism was profoundly shocked, her worldliness cruelly thwarted. With Guy Darrell for her own spouse, the Marquess of Montfort for her daughter's, Mrs. Lyndsay would have been indeed a considerable personage in the world. But to lose Darrell for herself, the Marquess altogether — the idea was intolerable! Yet, since to have refused at once for her portionless daughter a man in so high a position, and to whom her own obligations were so great, was impossible, she adopted a policy, admirable for the craft of its conception and the dexterity of its execution. In exacting the condition of a year's delay, she made her motives appear so loftily disinterested, so magnanimously friendly! She could never forgive herself if he—he—the greatest, the best of men, were again rendered unhappy in marriage by her imprudence (hers, who owed to him her all!)—yes, imprudent indeed, to have thrown right in his way a pretty coquettish girl ('for Caroline is coquettish, Mr. Darrell; most girls so pretty are at that silly age'). In short, she carried her point against all the eloquence Darrell could employ, and covered her designs by the semblance of the most delicate scruples, and the sacrifice of worldly advantages to the prudence which belongs to high principle and affectionate caution.

And what were Caroline's real sentiments for Guy Darrell? She understood them *now* on looking back. She saw herself as she was then — as she had stood under the beech-tree, when the heavenly pity that was at the core of her nature — when the venerating, grateful affection that had grown with her growth, made her yearn to be a solace and a joy to that grand and solitary life. Love him! O certainly she loved him, devotedly, fondly; but it was with the love of a child. She had not awakened then to the love of woman. Removed from his presence, suddenly thrown into the great world —yes, Darrell had sketched the picture with a stern, but not altogether an untruthful hand. He had not, however, fairly estimated the inevitable influence which a mother, such as Mrs. Lyndsay, would exercise over a girl so wholly inexperienced—so guileless, so unsuspecting, and so filially devoted. He could not appreciate—no man can—the mightiness of female cunning. He could not see how mesh upon mesh the soft Mrs. Lyndsay (pretty woman, with pretty manners), wove her web round the "cousins," until Caroline, who at first had thought of the silent

fair-haired young man only as the Head of her House, pleased with attentions that kept aloof admirers, of whom she thought Guy Darrell might be more reasonably jealous, was appalled to hear her mother tell her that she was either the most heartless of coquettes, or poor Montfort was the most ill-used of men. But at this time, Jasper Losely, under his name of Hammond, brought his wife from the French town at which they had been residing since their marriage, to see Mrs. Lyndsay and Caroline at Paris, and implore their influence to obtain a reconciliation with her father. Matilda soon learned from Mrs. Lyndsay, who affected the most enchanting candour, the nature of the engagement between Caroline and Darrell. She communicated the information to Jasper, who viewed it with very natural alarm. By reconciliation with Guy Darrell, Jasper understood something solid and practical—not a mere sentimental pardon, added to that paltry stipend of £700 a-year which he had just obtained—but the restoration to all her rights and expectancies of the heiress he had supposed himself to marry. He had by no means relinquished the belief that sooner or later Darrell would listen to the Voice of Nature, and settle all his fortune on his only child. But then, for the Voice of Nature to have fairplay, it was clear that there should be no other child to plead for. And if Darrell were to marry again, and to have sons, what a dreadful dilemma it would be for the Voice of Nature! Jasper was not long in discovering that Caroline's engagement was not less unwelcome to Mrs. Lyndsay than to himself, and that she was disposed to connive at any means by which it might be annulled. Matilda was first employed to weaken the bond it was so desirable to sever. Matilda did not reproach, but she wept. She was sure *now* that she should be an outcast—her children beggars. Mrs. Lyndsay worked up this complaint with adroitest skill. Was Caroline sure that it was not most dishonourable—most treacherous—to rob her own earliest friend of the patrimony that would otherwise return to Matilda with Darrell's pardon? This idea became exquisitely painful to the high-spirited Caroline, but it could not counterpoise the conviction of the greater pain she should occasion to the breast that so confided in her faith, if that faith were broken. Step by step the intrigue against the absent one proceeded. Mrs. Lyndsay thoroughly understood the art of insinuating doubts. Guy Darrell, a man of the world, a cold-blooded lawyer, a busy politician, *he* break his heart for a girl! No, it was only the young, and especially the young when not remarkably clever, who broke their hearts for such trifles. Montfort, indeed—*there* was a man whose heart *could* be broken!—whose happiness *could* be blasted! Dear Guy Darrell had been only moved, in his proposals, by generosity—"Something, my dear child, in your own artless words and manner, that made him fancy he had won your affections unknown to yourself!—an idea that he was bound as a gentleman to speak out! Just like him. He *has* that spirit of chivalry, But my belief is, that he is quite aware by this time how foolish such a marriage would be, and would thank you heartily if, at the year's end, he found himself free, and you happily disposed of elsewhere," &c. &c. The drama advanced. Mrs. Lyndsay evinced decided pulmonary symptoms. Her hectic cough returned; she could not sleep; her days were numbered—a secret grief. Caroline implored frankness, and, clasped to her mother's bosom, and compassionately bedewed with tears, those hints were dropped into her ear which, though so worded as to show the most indulgent forbearance to Darrell, and rather, as if in compassion for his weakness than in abhorrence of his perfidy, made Caroline start with the indignation of revolted purity and outraged pride. "Were this true, all would be indeed at an end between us! But it is not true. Let it be proved." "But, my dear, dear child, I could not stir in a matter so delicate. I could not aid in breaking off a marriage so much to your worldly advantage, unless you could promise that, in rejecting Mr. Darrell, you

would accept your cousin. In my wretched state of health, the anxious thought of leaving you in the world literally penniless would kill me at once!"

"Oh, if Guy Darrell be false (but that is impossible!), do with me all you will; to obey and please you would be the only comfort left to me."

Thus was all prepared for the final *denouement*. Mrs. Lyndsay had not gone so far without a reliance on the means to accomplish her object, and for these means she had stooped to be indebted to the more practical villany of Matilda's husband.

Jasper, in this visit to Paris, had first formed the connection, which completed the wickedness of his perverted nature, with that dark adventuress who has flitted shadow-like through part of this varying narrative. Gabrielle Desmarets was then in her youth, notorious only for the ruin she had inflicted on admiring victims, and the superb luxury with which she rioted on their plunder. Captivated by the personal advantages for which Jasper was then pre-eminently conspicuous, she willingly associated her fortunes with his own. Gabrielle was one of those incarnations of evil which no city but Paris can accomplish with the same epicurean refinement, and vitiate into the same cynical corruption. She was exceedingly witty, sharply astute, capable of acting any part, carrying out any plot; and when she pleased to simulate the decorous and immaculate gentlewoman, she might have deceived the most experienced *roué*. Jasper presented this Artiste to his unsuspecting wife as a widow of rank, who was about to visit London, and who might be enabled to see Mr. Darrell, and intercede on their behalf. Matilda fell readily into the snare; the Frenchwoman went to London, with assumed name and title, and with servants completely in her confidence. And such (as the reader knows already) was that eloquent baroness who had pleaded to Darrell the cause of his penitent daughter! No doubt the wily *Parisienne* had calculated on the effect of her arts and her charms, to decoy him into at least a passing forgetfulness of his faith to another. But if she could not succeed there, it might equally achieve the object in view to obtain the credit of that success. Accordingly, she wrote to one of her friends at Paris, letters stating that she had found a very rich admirer in a celebrated English statesman, to whom she was indebted for her establishment, &c.; and alluding, in very witty and satirical terms, to his matrimonial engagement with the young English beauty at Paris, who was then creating such a sensation—an engagement of which she represented her admirer to be heartily sick, and extremely repentant. Without mentioning names, her descriptions were unmistakable. Jasper, of course, presented to Mrs. Lyndsay those letters (which, he said, the person to whom they were addressed had communicated to one of her own gay friends), and suggested that their evidence against Darrell would be complete in Miss Lyndsay's eyes if some one, whose veracity Caroline could not dispute, could corroborate the assertions of the letters; it would be quite enough to do so if Mr. Darrell were even seen entering or leaving the house of a person whose mode of life was so notorious. Mrs. Lyndsay, who with her consummate craft, saved her dignity by affected blindness to the artifices at which she connived, declared that, in a matter of inquiry which involved the private character of a man so eminent, and to whom she owed so much, she would not trust his name to the gossip of others. She herself would go to London. She knew that odious, but too fascinating, Gabrielle by sight (as every one did who went to the opera, or drove in the *Bois de Boulogne*). Jasper undertook that the *Parisienne* should show herself at her balcony at a certain day at a certain hour, and that, at that hour, Darrell should call and be admitted; and Mrs. Lyndsay allowed that that evidence would suffice. Sensible of the power over Caroline that she would derive if, with her habits of languor and her delicate health, she could say that she had undertaken such a journey to be convinced with her own eyes of a charge that, if true,

would influence her daughter's conduct and destiny—Mrs. Lyndsay did go to London—did see Gabrielle Desmarets at her balcony—did see Darrell enter the house; and on her return to Paris did, armed with this testimony, and with the letters that led to it, so work upon her daughter's mind, that the next day the Marquess of Montfort was accepted. But the year of Darrell's probation was nearly expired; all delay would be dangerous—all explanation would be fatal, and must be forestalled. Nor could a long courtship be kept secret; Darrell might hear of it, and come over at once; and the Marquess's ambitious kinsfolk would not fail to interfere if the news of his intended marriage with a portionless cousin came to their ears. Lord Montfort, who was awed by Carr, and extremely afraid of his grandmother, was not less anxious for secresy and expedition than Mrs. Lyndsay herself.

Thus, then, Mrs. Lyndsay triumphed, and while her daughter was still under the influence of an excitement which clouded her judgment, and stung her into rashness of action as an escape from the torment of reflection—thus were solemnised Caroline's unhappy and splendid nuptials. The Marquess hired a villa in the delightful precincts of Fontainebleau for his honeymoon; that moon was still young when the Marquess said to himself, "I don't find that it produces honey." When he had first been attracted towards Caroline, she was all life and joy—too much of a child to pine for Darrell's absence, while credulously confident of their future union—her spirits naturally wild and lively, and the world, opening at her feet, so novel and so brilliant. This fresh gaiety had amused the Marquess—he felt cheated when he found it gone. Caroline might be gentle, docile, submissive; but those virtues, though of higher quality than glad animal spirits, are not so entertaining. His own exceeding sterility of mind and feeling was not apparent till in the *têtes-à-têtes* of conjugal life. A good-looking young man, with a thorough-bred air, who rides well, dances well, and holds his tongue, may, in all mixed societies, pass for a shy youth of sensitive genius. But when he is your companion for life, and all to yourself, and you find that, when he does talk, he has neither an idea nor a sentiment—alas! alas for you, young bride, if you have ever known the charm of intellect, or the sweetness of sympathy. But it was not for Caroline to complain; struggling against her own weight of sorrow, she had no immediate perception of her companion's vapidity. It was he, poor man, who complained. He just detected enough of her superiority of intelligence to suspect that he was humiliated, while sure that he was bored. An incident converted his growing indifference into permanent dislike not many days after their marriage.

Lord Montfort, sauntering into Caroline's room, found her insensible on the floor—an open letter by her side. Summoning her maid to her assistance, he took the marital privilege of reading the letter which had apparently caused her swoon. It was from Matilda, and written in a state of maddened excitement. Matilda had little enough of what is called heart; but she had an intense selfishness, which, in point of suffering, supplies the place of a heart. It was not because she could not feel for the wrongs of another that she could not feel anguish for her own. Arabella was avenged. The cold-blooded snake that had stung her met the fang of the cobra-capella. Matilda had learned from some anonymous correspondent (probably a rival of Gabrielle's) of Jasper's *liaison* with that adventuress. But half-recovered from her confinement, she had risen from her bed—hurried to Paris (for the pleasures of which her husband had left her)—seen this wretched Gabrielle—recognised in her the false baroness to whom Jasper had presented her—to whom, by Jasper's dictation, she had written such affectionate letters—whom she had employed to plead her cause to her father; seen Gabrielle—seen her at her own luxurious apartment, Jasper at home there—burst into vehement wrath—roused up the cobra-capella; and on declaring that she would separate from her husband, go back to her father, tell her

wrongs, appeal to his mercy, Gabrielle calmly replied, "Do so, and I will take care that your father shall know that your plea for his pardon through Madame la Baronne was a scheme to blacken his name, and to frustrate his marriage. Do not think that he will suppose you did not connive at the project so sly; he must know you too well, pretty innocent." No match for Gabrielle Desmarets, Matilda flung from the house, leaving Jasper, whistling an air from *Figaro;* returned alone to the French town from which she now wrote to Caroline, pouring out her wrongs, and, without seeming sensible that Caroline had been wronged too, expressing her fear that her father might believe her an accomplice in Jasper's plot, and refuse her the means to live apart from the wretch, upon whom she heaped every epithet that just indignation could suggest to a feeble mind. The latter part of the letter, blurred and blotted, was incoherent, almost raving. In fact, Matilda was then seized by the mortal illness which hurried her to the grave. To the Marquess much of this letter was extremely uninteresting—much of it quite incomprehensible. He could not see why it should so overpoweringly affect his wife. Only those passages which denounced a scheme to frustrate some marriage meditated by Mr. Darrell made him somewhat uneasy, and appeared to him to demand explanation. But Caroline, in the anguish to which she awakened, forestalled his inquiries. To her but two thoughts were present—how she had wronged Darrell—how ungrateful and faithless she must seem to him; and in the impulse of her remorse, and in the child-like candour of her soul, artlessly, ingenuously she poured out her feelings to the husband she had taken as counsellor and guide, as if seeking to guard all her sorrow for the past from a sentiment that might render her less loyal to the responsibilities which linked her future to another's. A man of sense would have hailed in so noble a confidence (however it might have pained him for the time) a guarantee for the happiness and security of his whole existence. He would have seen how distinct from that ardent love which in Caroline's new relation of life would have bordered upon guilt and been cautious as guilt against disclosing its secrets, was the infantine, venerating affection she had felt for a man so far removed from her by years and the development of intellect—an affection which a young husband, trusted with every thought, every feeling, might reasonably hope to eclipse. A little forbearance, a little of delicate and generous tenderness, at that moment, would have secured to Lord Montfort the warm devotion of a grateful heart, in which the grief that overflowed was not for the irreplaceable loss of an earlier lover, but the repentant shame for wrong and treachery to a confiding friend.

But it is in vain to ask from any man that which is not in him! Lord Montfort listened with sullen, stolid displeasure. That Caroline should feel the slightest pain at any cause which had cancelled her engagement to that odious Darrell, and had raised her to the rank of his marchioness, was a crime in his eyes never to be expiated. He considered, not without reason, that Mrs. Lyndsay had shamefully deceived him; and fully believed that she had been an accomplice with Jasper in that artifice which he was quite gentleman enough to consider placed those who had planned it out of the pale of his acquaintance. And when Caroline, who had been weeping too vehemently to read her lord's countenance, came to a close, Lord Montfort took up his hat and said, "I beg never to hear again of this lawyer and his very disreputable family connections. As you say, you and your mother have behaved very ill to him; but you don't seem to understand that you have behaved much worse to me. As to condescending to write to him, and enter into explanations how you came to be Lady Montfort, it would be so lowering to me that I would never forgive it—never. I would just as soon that you run away at once—sooner. As for Mrs. Lyndsay, I shall forbid her entering my house. When you have

done crying, order your things to be packed up. I shall return to England to-morrow."

That was perhaps the longest speech Lord Montfort ever addressed to his wife; perhaps it was also the rudest. From that time he regarded her as some Spaniard of ancient days might regard a guest on whom he was compelled to bestow the rites of hospitality — to whom he gave a seat at his board, a chair at his hearth, but for whom he entertained a profound aversion, and kept at invincible distance, with all the ceremony of dignified dislike. Once only during her wedded life Caroline again saw Darrell. It was immediately on her return to England, and little more than a month after her marriage. It was the day on which Parliament had been prorogued preparatory to its dissolution —the last Parliament of which Guy Darrell was a member. Lady Montfort's carriage was detained in the throng with which the ceremonial had filled the streets, and Darrell passed it on horseback. It was but one look in that one moment; and the look never ceased to haunt her— a look of such stern disdain, but also of such deep despair. No language can exaggerate the eloquence which there is in a human countenance, when a great and tortured spirit speaks out from it accusingly to a soul that comprehends. The crushed heart, the ravaged existence, were bared before her in that glance, as clearly as to a wanderer through the night are the rents of the precipice in the flash of the lightning. So they encountered—so, without word, they parted. To him that moment decided the flight from active life to which his hopeless thoughts had of late been wooing the jaded, weary man. In safety to his very conscience, he would not risk the certainty thus to encounter one whom it convulsed his whole being to remember was another's wife. In that highest and narrowest sphere of the great London world to which Guy Darrell's political distinction condemned his social life, it was impossible but what he should be brought frequently into collision with Lord Montfort, the Head of a House with which Darrell himself was connected—the most powerful patrician of the party of which Darrell was so conspicuous a chief. Could he escape Lady Montfort's presence, her name, at least, would be continually in his ears. From that fatal beauty he could no more hide than from the sun.

This thought, and the terror it occasioned him, completed his resolve on the instant. The next day he was in the groves of Fawley, and amazed the world by dating from that retreat a farewell address to his constituents. A few days after, the news of his daughter's death reached him; and as that event became known, it accounted to many for his retirement for a while from public life.

But to Caroline Montfort, and to her alone, the secret of a career blasted, a fame renounced, was unmistakably revealed. For a time she was tortured, in every society she entered, by speculation and gossip which brought before her the memory of his genius, the accusing sound of his name. But him, who withdraws himself from the world, the world soon forgets; and by degrees Darrell became as little spoken of as the dead.

Mrs. Lyndsay had never, during her schemes on Lord Montfort, abandoned her own original design on Darrell. And when, to her infinite amaze and mortification, Lord Montfort, before the first month of his marriage expired, took care, in the fewest possible words, to dispel her dream of governing the House, and residing in the houses, of Vipont, as the lawful regent during the life-long minority to which she had condemned both the submissive Caroline and the lethargic Marquess, she hastened by letter to exculpate herself to Darrell—laid, of course, all the blame on Caroline. Alas! had not she always warned him that Caroline was not worthy of him?—him, the greatest, the best of men, &c., &c. Darrell replied by a single cut of his trenchant sarcasm — sarcasm which shore through her cushion of down and her veil of gauze like the sword of Saladin. The old Marchioness turned her back upon Mrs.

Lyndsay. Lady Selina was crushingly civil. The pretty woman with pretty manners, no better off for all the misery she had occasioned, went to Rome, caught cold, and, having no one to nurse her as Caroline had done, fell at last into a real consumption, and faded out of the world elegantly and spitefully, as fades a rose that still leaves its thorns behind it.

Caroline's nature grew developed and exalted by the responsibilities she had accepted, and by the purity of her grief. She submitted, as a just retribution, to the solitude and humiliation of her wedded lot; she earnestly, virtuously strove to banish from her heart every sentiment that could recall to her more of Darrell than the remorse of having so darkened a life that had been to her childhood so benignant, and to her youth so confiding. As we have seen her, at the mention of Darrell's name—at the allusion to his griefs—fly to the side of her ungenial lord, hough he was to her but as the owner of the name she bore,—so it was the saving impulse of a delicate, watchful conscience that kept her as honest in thought as she was irreproachable in conduct. But vainly, in summoning her intellect to the relief of her heart—vainly had she sought to find in the world friendships, companionships, that might eclipse the memory of the mind so lofty in its antique mould—so tender in its depths of unsuspected sweetness — which had been withdrawn from her existence before she could fully comprehend its rarity, or appreciate its worth.

At last she became free once more; and then she had dared thoroughly to examine into her own heart, and into the nature of that hold which the image of Darrell still retained on its remembrances. And precisely because she was convinced that she had succeeded in preserving her old childish affection for him free from the growth into that warm love which would have been guilt if so encouraged, she felt the more free to volunteer the atonement which might permit her to dedicate herself to his remaining years. Thus, one day, after a conversation with Alban Morley, in which Alban had spoken of Darrell as the friend, almost the virtual guardian, of her infancy; and, alluding to a few lines just received from him, brought vividly before Caroline the picture of Darrell's melancholy wanderings and blighted life, —thus had she, on the impulse of the moment, written the letter which had reached Darrell at Malta. In it she referred but indirectly to the deceit that had been practised on herself—far too delicate to retail a scandal which she felt to be an insult to his dignity, in which, too, the deceiving parties were his daughter's husband and her own mother. No doubt every true woman can understand why she thus wrote to Darrell, and every true man can equally comprehend why that letter failed in its object, and was returned to her in scorn. Hers was the yearning of meek, passionless affection, and his the rebuke of sensitive, embittered, indignant love.

But now, as all her past, with its interior life, glided before her, by a grief the most intolerable she had yet known, the woman became aware that it was no longer penitence for the injured friend — it was despair for the lover she had lost. In that stormy interview, out of all the confused and struggling elements of her life-long self-reproach, LOVE — the love of woman—had flashed suddenly, luminously, as the love of youth at first sight. Strange — but the very disparity of years seemed gone! She, the matured, sorrowful woman, was so much nearer to the man, still young in heart, and little changed in person, than the gay girl of seventeen had been to the grave friend of forty! Strange, but those vehement reproaches had wakened emotions deeper in the core of the wild mortal breast than all that early chivalrous homage which had exalted her into the ideal of dreaming poets. Strange, strange, strange! But where there is nothing strange, *there* — is there ever love?

And with this revelation of her own altered heart, came the clearer and fresher insight into the nature and character of the man she loved. Hitherto she had recognised but his virtues—now she beheld his failings; beholding them *as if virtues*, loved

him more; and, loving him, more despaired. She recognised that all-pervading indomitable pride, which, interwoven with his sense of honour, became as relentless as it was unrevengeful. She comprehended now, that the more he loved her, the less he would forgive; and, recalling the unexpected gentleness of his farewell words, she felt that, in his promised blessing, lay the sentence that annihilated every hope.

CHAPTER III.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.

A cold night; sharp frost; winter set in. The shutters are closed, the curtains drawn, the fire burns clear, and the lights are softly shaded in Alban Morley's drawing-room. The old bachelor is at home again. He had returned that day; sent to Lionel to come to him; and Lionel had already told him what had transpired in his absence—from the identification of Waife with William Losely, to Lady Montfort's visit to Fawley, which had taken place two days before, and of which she had informed Lionel by a few hasty lines, stating her inability to soften Mr. Darrell's objections to the alliance between Lionel and Sophy; severely blaming herself that those objections had not more forcibly presented themselves to her own mind, and concluding with expressions of sympathy, and appeals to fortitude, in which, however brief, the exquisite kindness of her nature so diffused its charm, that the soft words soothed insensibly, like those sounds which in Nature itself do soothe us we know not why.

The poor Colonel found himself in the midst of painful subjects. Though he had no very keen sympathy for the sorrows of lovers, and no credulous faith in everlasting attachments, Lionel's portraiture of the young girl, who formed so mysterious a link between the two men who, in varying ways, had touched the finest springs in his own heart, compelled a compassionate and chivalrous interest, and he was deeply impressed by the quiet of Lionel's dejection. The young man uttered no complaints of the inflexibility with which Darrell had destroyed his elysium. He bowed to the will with which it was in vain to argue, and which it would have been a criminal ingratitude to defy. But his youth seemed withered up; down-eyed and listless he sank into that stupor of despondency which so drearily simulates the calm of resignation.

"I have but one wish now," said he, "and that is, to change at once into some regiment on active service. I do not talk of courting danger and seeking death. That would be either a senseless commonplace, or a threat, as it were, to Heaven! But I need some vehemence of action — some positive and irresistible call upon honour or duty that may force me to contend against this strange heaviness that settles down on my whole life. Therefore, I entreat you so to arrange for me, and break it to Mr. Darrell in such terms as may not needlessly pain him by the obtrusion of my sufferings. For, while I know him well enough to be convinced that nothing could move him from resolves in which he had intrenched, as in a citadel, his pride or his creed of honour, I am sure that he would take into his own heart all the grief which those resolves occasioned to another's."

"You do him justice there," cried Alban; "you are a noble fellow to understand him so well! Sir, you have in you the stuff that makes English gentlemen such generous soldiers."

"Action, action, action," exclaimed Lionel. "Strife, Strife! No other chance of cure. Rest is so crushing, solitude so dismal."

Lo! how contrasted the effect of a similar cause of grief at different stages of life! Chase the first day-dreams of our youth, and we cry,

"Action—Strife!" In that cry, unconsciously to ourselves, HOPE speaks, and proffers worlds of emotion not yet exhausted. Disperse the last golden illusion in which the image of happiness cheats our experienced manhood, and HOPE is silent; she has no more worlds to offer—unless, indeed, she drop her earthly attributes, change her less solemn name, and float far out of sight as "FAITH!"

Alban made no immediate reply to Lionel; but, seating himself still more comfortably in his chair—planting his feet still more at ease upon his fender—the kindly man of the world silently revolved all the possible means by which Darrell might yet be softened and Lionel rendered happy. His reflections dismayed him. "Was there ever such untoward luck," he said at last, and peevishly, "that out of the whole world you should fall in love with the very girl against whom Darrell's feelings (prejudices if you please) must be mailed in adamant! Convinced, and apparently with every reason, that she is not his daughter's child, but, however innocently, an impostor, how can he receive her as his young kinsman's bride? How can we expect it?"

"But," said Lionel, "if, on farther investigation, she proved to be his daughter's child—the sole surviving representative of his line and name?"

"*His* name! No! Of the name of Losely—the name of that turbulent sharper who may yet die on the gibbet—of that poor, dear, lovable rascal Willy, who was goose enough to get himself transported for robbery!—a felon's grandchild the representative of Darrell's line! But how on earth came Lady Montfort to favour so wild a project, and encourage you to share in it?—she who ought to have known Darrell better?"

"Alas! she saw but Sophy's exquisite, simple virtues, and inborn grace; and, believing her claim to Darrell's lineage, Lady Montfort thought but of the joy and blessing one so good and so loving might bring to his joyless hearth. She was not thinking of morbid pride and mouldering ancestors, but of soothing charities and loving ties. And Lady Montfort, I now suspect, in her scheme for our happiness—for Darrell's—had an interest which involved her own!"

"Her own!"

"Yes; I see it all now."

"See what? you puzzle me."

"I told you that Darrell, in his letter to me, wrote with great bitterness of Lady Montfort."

"Very natural that he should. Who would not resent such interference?"

"Listen. I told you that, at his own command, I sent to her that letter; that she, on receiving it, went herself to Fawley, to plead our cause. I was sanguine of the result."

"Why?"

"Because he who is in love has a wondrous intuition into all the mysteries of love in others; and when I read Darrell's letter, I felt sure that he had once loved—loved still, perhaps—the woman he so vehemently reproached."

"Ha!" said the man of the world, intimate with Guy Darrell from his school-days—"Ha! is it possible! And they say that I know everything! You were sanguine,—I understand. Yes, if your belief were true—if there were some old attachment that could be revived—some old misunderstanding explained away—stop; let me think. True, true—it was just after her marriage that he fled from the world. Ah, my dear Lionel! light, light! light dawns on me! Not without reason were you sanguine. Your hand, my dear boy; I see hope for you at last. For if the sole reason that prevented Darrell contracting a second marriage was the unconquered memory of a woman like Lady Montfort (where, indeed, her equal in beauty, in dispositions so akin to his own ideal of womanly excellence?—and if she too has some correspondent sentiments for him, why, then, indeed you might lose all chance of being Darrell's sole heir; your Sophy might forfeit the hateful claim to be the sole scion on his ancient tree. But it is precisely by those losses that Lionel Haughton might gain the bride he covets: and if this girl prove to be what these Loselys affirm, that very marriage, which is now so repugnant to Darrell, ought to insure his blessing. Were he himself to marry again

—had he rightful representatives and heirs in his own sons—he should rejoice in the nuptials that secured to his daughter's child so honourable a name and so tender a protector. And as for inheritance, you have not been reared to expect it; you have never counted on it. You would receive a fortune sufficiently ample to restore your ancestral station; your career will add honours to fortune. Yes, yes; that is the sole way out of all these difficulties. Darrell must marry again; Lady Montfort must be his wife. Lionel shall be free to choose her whom Lady Montfort approves — befriends — no matter what her birth; and I—I—Alban Morley — shall have an arm-chair by two smiling hearths."

At this moment there was heard a violent ring at the bell, a loud knock at the street-door; and presently, following close on the servant, and pushing him aside as he asked what name to announce, a woman, severely dressed in iron-grey, with a strongly-marked and haggard countenance, hurried into the room, and, striding right up to Alban Morley, as he rose from his seat, grasped his arm, and whispered into his ear, "Lose not a minute—come with me instantly—as you value the safety, perhaps the life, of Guy Darrell!"

"Guy Darrell!" exclaimed Lionel, overhearing her, despite the undertones of her voice.

"Who are you?" she said, turning fiercely; "are you one of his family?"

"His kinsman—almost his adopted son—Mr. Lionel Haughton," said the Colonel. "But pardon me, madam, —who are you?"

"Do you not remember me? Yet you were so often in Darrell's house, that you must have seen my face, as you have learned from your friend how little cause I have to care for him or his. Look again; I am that Arabella Fossett who—"

"Ah, I remember now; but—"

"But I tell you that Darrell is in danger, and this night. Take money; to be in time you must hire a special train. Take arms, though to be used only in self-defence. Take your servant, if he is brave. This young kinsman—let him come too. There is only one man to resist; but that man," she said, with a wild kind of pride, "would have the strength and courage of ten, were his cause not that which may make the strong man weak, and the bold man craven. It is not a matter for the officers of justice, for law, for scandal: the service is to be done in secret, by friends, by kinsmen; for the danger that threatens Darrell — stoop — stoop, Colonel Morley—close in your ear;" and into his ear she hissed, "for the danger that threatens Darrell in his house this night is from the man whose name his daughter bore. That is why I come to you. To you I need not say, 'Spare his life—Jasper Losely's life.' Jasper Losely's death as a midnight robber would be Darrell's intolerable shame! Quick, quick, quick!—come, come!"

BOOK X.—CHAPTER I.

Brute-Force.

We left Jasper Losely resting for the night at the small town near Fawley. The next morning he walked on to the old manor house. It was the same morning in which Lady Montfort had held her painful interview with Darrell; and just when Losely neared the gate that led into the small park, he saw her re-enter the hired vehicle in waiting for her. As the carriage rapidly drove past the miscreant, Lady Montfort looked forth from the window to snatch a last look at the scenes still so dear to her, through eyes blinded by despairing tears. Jasper thus caught sight of her countenance, and recognised her, though she did not even notice him. Surprised at the sight, he halted by the palings. What could have brought Lady Montfort there? Could the intimacy his fraud had broken off so many years ago be renewed? If so, why the extreme sadness so evident on the face of which he had caught but a hurried,

rapid glance? Be that as it might, it was no longer of the interest to him it had once been; and after pondering on the circumstance a minute or two, he advanced to the gate. But while his hand was on the latch, he again paused; how should he obtain admission to Darrell?—how announce himself? If in his own name, would not exclusion be certain?—if as a stranger on business, would Darrell be sure to receive him? As he was thus cogitating, his ear, which, with all his other organs of sense, was constitutionally fine as a savage's, caught sound of a faint rustle among the boughs of a thick copse which covered a part of the little park, terminating at its pales. The rustle came nearer and nearer; the branches were rudely displaced; and in a few moments more, Guy Darrell himself came out from the copse, close by the gate, and, opening it quickly, stood face to face with his abhorrent son-in-law. Jasper was startled, but the opportunity was not to be lost. "Mr. Darrell," he said, "I come here again to see you; vouchsafe me this time a calmer hearing." So changed was Losely, so absorbed in his own emotions Darrell, that the words did not at once waken up remembrance. "Another time," said Darrell, hastily moving on into the road; "I am not at leisure now."

"Pardon me, *now*," said Losely, unconsciously bringing himself back to the tones and bearing of his earlier and more civilised years. "You do not remember me, sir; no wonder. But my name is Jasper Losely."

Darrell halted; then, still as if spellbound, looked fixedly at the broad-shouldered, burly frame before him, cased in its coarse pea-jacket, and in that rude form, and that defeatured, bloated face, detected, though with strong effort, the wrecks of the masculine beauty which had ensnared his deceitful daughter. Jasper could not have selected a more unpropitious moment for his cause. Darrell was still too much under the influence of recent excitement and immense sorrow for that supremacy of prudence over passion which could alone have made him a willing listener to overtures from Jasper Losely. And about the man whose connection with himself was a thought of such bitter shame, there was now so unmistakably the air of settled degradation, that all Darrell's instincts of gentleman were revolted—just at the very time, too, when his pride had been most chafed and assailed by the obtrusion of all that rendered most galling to him the very name of Jasper Losely. What! was it that man's asserted child whom Lionel Haughton desired as a wife?—was the alliance with that man to be thus renewed and strengthened?—that man have another claim to him and his in right of parentage to the bride of his nearest kinsman? What! was it that man's child whom he was asked to recognise as of his own flesh and blood?—the last representative of his line? That man! —*that!* A flash shot from his bright eye, deepening its grey into dark; and, turning on his heel, Darrell said, through his compressed lips—

"You have heard, sir, I believe, through Colonel Morley, that only on condition of your permanent settlement in one of our distant colonies, or America if you prefer it, would I consent to assist you. I am of the same mind still. I cannot parley with you myself. Colonel Morley is abroad, I believe. I refer you to my solicitor; you have seen him years ago; you know his address. No more, sir."

"This will not do, Mr. Darrell," said Losely doggedly; and, planting himself right before Darrell's way—"I have come here on purpose to have all differences out with you, face to face—and I will—"

"You will!" said Darrell, pale with haughty anger, and, with the impulse of his passion, his hand clenched. In the bravery of his nature, and the warmth of a temper constitutionally quick, he thought nothing of the strength and bulk of the insolent obtruder—nothing of the peril of odds so unequal in a personal encounter. But the dignity which pervaded all his habits, and often supplied to him the place of discretion, came, happily for himself, to his aid now. *He* strike a man whom he so despised!—he raise that man to his own level by the honour of a

blow from his hand! Impossible! "You will!" he said. "Well, be it so. Are you come again to tell me that a child of my daughter lives, and that you won my daughter's fortune by a deliberate lie!"

"I am not come to speak of that girl, but of myself. I say that I have a claim on you, Mr. Darrell; I say that, turn and twist the truth as you will, you are still my father-in-law, and that it is intolerable that I should be wanting bread, or driven into actual robbery, while my wife's father is a man of countless wealth, and has no heir except—but I will not now urge that child's cause; I am content to abandon it, if so obnoxious to you. Do you wish me to cut a throat, and to be hanged, and all the world to hear the last dying speech and confession of Guy Darrell's son-in-law? Answer me, sir."

"I answer you briefly and plainly. It is simply because I would not have that last disgrace on Guy Darrell's name that I offer you a subsistence in lands where you will be less exposed to those temptations which induced you to invest the sums, that, by your own tale, had been obtained from me on false pretences, in the sink of a Paris gambling-house. A subsistence that, if it does not pamper vice, at least places you beyond the necessity of crime, is at your option. Choose it or reject it as you will."

"Look you, Mr. Darrell," said Jasper, whose temper was fast giving way beneath the cold and galling scorn with which he was thus cast aside, "I am in a state so desperate, that, rather than starve, I may take what you so contemptuously fling to—your daughter's husband; but—"

"Knave!" cried Darrell, interrupting him, "do you again and again urge it as a claim upon me, that you decoyed from her home, under a false name, my only child; that she died in a foreign land—broken-hearted, if I have rightly heard; is that a claim upon your duped victim's father?"

"It seems so, since your pride is compelled to own that the world would deem it one, if the jail chaplain took down the last words of your son-in-law! But, *basta, basta!* hear me out, and spare hard names; for the blood is mounting into my brain, and I may become dangerous. Had any other man eyed, and scoffed, and railed at me as you have done, he would be lying dead and dumb as this stone at my foot; but you—are my father-in-law. Now, I care not to bargain with you what be the precise amount of my stipend if I obey your wish, and settle miserably in one of those raw, comfortless corners into which they who burthen this Old World are thrust out of sight. I would rather live my time out in this country—live it out in peace, and for half what you may agree to give in transporting me. If you are to do anything for me, you had better do it so as to make me contented on easy terms to your own pockets, rather than to leave me dissatisfied, and willing to annoy you, which I could do somehow or other, even on the far side of the Herring Pond. I might keep to the letter of a bargain, live in Phillip's Town or Adelaide, and take your money, and yet molest and trouble you by deputy. That girl, for instance—your grandchild; well, well, disown her if you please; but if I find out where she is, which I own I have not done yet, I might contrive to render her the plague of your life, even though I were in Australia."

"Ay," said Darrell, murmuring—"ay, ay; but"—(suddenly gathering himself up)—"No! Man if she were my grandchild, your own child, could you talk of her thus?—make her the object of so base a traffic, and such miserable threats? Wicked though you be, this were against nature!—even in nature's wickedness—even in the son of a felon, and in the sharper of a hell. Pooh! I despise your malice. I will listen to you no longer. Out of my path."

"No!"

"No?"

"No, Guy Darrell, I have not yet done; you shall hear my terms, and accept them—a moderate sum down; say a few hundreds, and two hundred a-year to spend in London as I will—but out of your beat, out of your sight and hearing. Grant this, and I will never cross you again—never attempt to find, and, if I find

by chance, never claim as my child by your daughter that wandering girl. I will never shame you by naming our connection. I will not offend the law, nor die by the hangman; yet I shall not live long, for I suffer much, and I drink hard."

The last words were spoken gloomily, not altogether without a strange dreary pathos. And amidst all his just scorn and anger, the large human heart of Guy Darrell was for the moment touched. He was silent—his mind hesitated; would it not be well—would it not be just as safe to his own peace, and to that of the poor child, whom, no matter what her parentage, Darrell could not but desire to free from the claim set up by so bold a ruffian, to gratify Losely's wish, and let him remain in England, upon an allowance that would suffice for his subsistence? Unluckily for Jasper, it was while this doubt passed through Darrell's relenting mind, that the miscreant, who was shrewd enough to see that he had gained ground, but too coarse of apprehension to ascribe his advantage to its right cause, thought to strengthen his case by additional arguments. "You see, sir," resumed Jasper, in almost familiar accents, "that there is no dog so toothless but what he can bite, and no dog so savage but what, if you give him plenty to eat, he will serve you."

Darrell looked up, and his brow slowly darkened.

Jasper continued—"I have hinted how I might plague you; perhaps, on the other hand, I might do you a good turn with that handsome lady who drove from your park gate as I came up. Ah! you were once to have been married to her. I read in the newspapers that she has become a widow: you may marry her yet. There was a story against you once; her mother made use of it, and broke off an old engagement. I can set that story right."

"You can," said Darrell, with that exceeding calmness which comes from exceeding wrath; "and perhaps, sir, that story, whatever it might be, you invented. No dog so toothless as not to bite—eh, sir?"

"Well," returned Jasper, mistaking Darrell's composure, "at that time certainly it seemed my interest that you should not marry again;—but *basta! basta!* enough of bygones. If I bit once, I will serve now. Come, sir, you are a man of the world, let us close the bargain."

All Darrell's soul was now up in arms. What, then! this infamous wretch was the author of the tale by which the woman he had loved, as woman never was loved before, had excused her breach of faith, and been lost to him for ever? And he learned this, while yet fresh from her presence—fresh from the agonising conviction that his heart loved still, but could not pardon. With a spring so sudden that it took Losely utterly by surprise, he leaped on the bravo, swung aside that huge bulk which Jasper had boasted four draymen could not stir against its will, cleared his way; and turning back before Losely had recovered his amaze, cried out, "Execrable villain! I revoke every offer to aid a life that has existed but to darken and desolate those it was permitted to approach. Starve or rob! perish miserably! And if I pour not on your head my parting curse, it is only because I know that man has no right to curse; and casting your back on your own evil self is the sole revenge which my belief in Heaven permits me."

Thus saying, Darrell strode on—swiftly, but not as one who flies. Jasper made three long bounds, and was almost at his side, when he was startled by the explosion of a gun. A pheasant fell dead on the road, and Darrell's gamekeeper, gun in hand, came through a gap in the hedge opposite the park pales, and seeing his master close before him, approached to apologise for the suddenness of the shot.

Whatever Losely's intention in hastening after Darrell, he had no option now but to relinquish it, and drop back. The village itself was not many hundred yards distant; and, after all, what good in violence, except the gratified rage of the moment? Violence would not give to Jasper Losely the income that had just been within his grasp, and had so unexpectedly eluded it. He remained, therefore, in the lane, standing still, and seeing

Darrell turn quietly into his park through another gate close to the manor-house. The gamekeeper, meanwhile, picked up his bird, reloaded his gun, and eyed Jasper suspiciously askant. The baffled gladiator at length turned, and walked slowly back to the town he had left. It was late in the afternoon when he once more gained his corner in the coffee-room of his commercial inn; and, to his annoyance, the room was crowded — it was market-day. Farmers, their business over, came in and out in quick succession; those who did not dine at the ordinaries, taking their hasty snack, or stirrup-cup, while their horses were being saddled; others to look at the newspaper, or exchange a word on the state of markets and the nation. Jasper, wearied and sullen, had to wait for the refreshments he ordered, and meanwhile fell into a sort of half doze, as was not now unusual in him in the intervals between food and mischief. From this creeping torpor he was suddenly roused by the sound of Darrell's name. Three farmers, standing close beside him, their backs to the fire, were tenants to Darrell—two of them on the lands that Darrell had purchased in the years of his territorial ambition; the third resided in the hamlet of Fawley, and rented the larger portion of the comparatively barren acres to which the old patrimonial estate was circumscribed. These farmers were talking of their Squire's return to the county —of his sequestered mode of life—of his peculiar habits—of the great unfinished house which was left to rot. The Fawley tenant then said that it might not be left to rot after all, and that the village workmen had been lately employed, and still were, in getting some of the rooms into rough order; and then he spoke of the long gallery in which the Squire had been arranging his fine pictures, and how he had run up a passage between that gallery and his own room, and how he would spend hours at day, and night too, in that awful long room as lone as a churchyard; and that Mr. Mills had said that his master now lived almost entirely either in that gallery or in the room in the roof of the old house—quite cut off, as you might say, except from the eyes of those dead pictures, or the rats, which had grown so excited at having their quarters in the new building invaded, that if you peeped in at the windows in moonlit nights you might see them in dozens, sitting on their haunches as if holding council, or peering at the curious old things which lay beside the crates out of which they had been taken. Then the rustic gossips went on to talk of the rent-day, which was at hand—of the audit feast, which, according to immemorial custom, was given at the old manor-house on that same rent-day — supposed that Mr. Fairthorn would preside — that the Squire himself would not appear—made some incidental observations on their respective rents and wheat-crops — remarked that they should have a good moonlight for their ride back from the audit feast—cautioned each other, laughing, not to drink too much of Mr. Fairthorn's punch—and finally went their way, leaving on the mind of Jasper Losely—who, leaning his scheming head on his powerful hand, had appeared in dull sleep all the while—these two facts: 1st, That on the third day from that which was then declining, sums amounting to thousands would find their way into Fawley manor-house; and, 2dly, That a communication existed between the unfinished, uninhabited building, and Darrell's own solitary chamber. As soon as he had fortified himself by food and drink, Jasper rose, paid for his refreshments, and walked forth. Noiseless and rapid, skirting the hedgerows by the lane that led to Fawley, and scarcely distinguishable under their shadow, the human wild-beast strided on in scent of its quarry. It was night when Jasper once more reached the moss-grown pales round the demesnes of the old manor-house. In a few minutes he was standing under the black shadow of the buttresses to the unfinished pile. His object was not, then, to assault, but to reconnoitre. He prowled round the irregular walls, guided in his survey, now and then, faintly by the stars — more constantly and clearly by the lights from the contiguous manor-house — more especially the

light from that high chamber in the gable, close by which ran the thin framework of wood which linked the two buildings of stone, just as any frail scheme links together the Past, which man has not enjoyed, with the Future he will not complete. Jasper came to a large bay unglazed window, its sill but a few feet from the ground, from which the boards, nailed across the mullions, had been removed by the workmen whom Darrell had employed on the interior, and were replaced but by a loose tarpaulin. Pulling aside this slight obstacle, Jasper had no difficulty in entering through the wide mullions into the dreary edifice. Finding himself in profound darkness, he had recourse to a lucifer-box which he had about him, and the waste of a dozen matches sufficed him to examine the ground. He was in a space intended by the architect for the principal staircase; a tall ladder, used by the recent workmen, was still left standing against the wall, the top of it resting on a landing-place opposite a doorway, that, from the richness of its half-finished architrave, obviously led to what had been designed for the state apartments; between the pediments was a slight temporary door of rough deal planks. Satisfied with his reconnoitre, Losely quitted the skeleton pile, and retraced his steps to the inn he had left. His musings by the way suggested to him the expediency, nay, the necessity, of an accomplice. Implements might be needed—disguises would be required—swift horses for flight to be hired—and, should the robbery succeed, the bulk of the spoil would be no doubt in bank notes, which it would need some other hand than his own to dispose of, either at the bank next morning at the earliest hour, or by transmission abroad. For help in all this Jasper knew no one to compare to Cutts; nor did he suspect his old ally of any share in the conspiracy against him, of which he had been warned by Mrs. Crane. Resolving, therefore, to admit that long-tried friend into his confidence, and a share of the spoils, he quickened his pace, arrived at the railway-station in time for a late train to London, and, disdainful of the dangers by which he was threatened in return to any of the haunts of his late associates, gained the dark court wherein he had effected a lodgment on the night of his return to London, and roused Cutts from his slumbers with tales of an enterprise so promising, that the small man began to recover his ancient admiration for the genius to which he had bowed at Paris, but which had fallen into his contempt in London.

Mr. Cutts held a very peculiar position in that section of the great world to which he belonged. He possessed the advantage of an education superior to that of the generality of his companions, having been originally a clerk to an Old Bailey attorney, and having since that early day accomplished his natural shrewdness by a variety of speculative enterprises both at home and abroad. In these adventures he had not only contrived to make money, but, what is very rare with the foes of law, to save it. Being a bachelor, he was at small expenses; but besides his bachelor's lodging in the dark court, he had an establishment in the heart of the City, near the Thames, which was intrusted to the care of a maiden sister, as covetous and as crafty as himself. At this establishment, ostensibly a pawnbroker's, were received the goods which Cutts knew at his residence in the court were to be sold a bargain, having been obtained for nothing. It was chiefly by this business that the man had enriched himself. But his net was one that took in fishes of all kinds. He was a general adviser to the invaders of law. If he shared in the schemes he advised, they were so sure to be successful, that he enjoyed the highest reputation for luck. It was but seldom that he did actively share in those schemes — lucky in what he shunned as in what he performed. He had made no untruthful boast to Mrs. Crane of the skill with which he had kept himself out of the fangs of justice. With a certain portion of the police he was indeed rather a favourite; for was anything mysteriously "lost," for which the owner would give a reward equal to its value in legal markets, Cutts was

the man who would get it back. Of violence he had a wholesome dislike; not that he did not admire force in others—not that he was physically a coward—but that caution was his predominant characteristic. He employed force when required—set a just value on it—would plan a burglary, and dispose of the spoils; but it was only where the prize was great and the danger small, that he lent his hand to the work that his brain approved. When Losely proposed to him the robbery of a lone country house, in which Jasper, making light of all perils, brought prominently forward the images of some thousands of pounds in gold and notes, guarded by an elderly gentleman, and to be approached with ease through an uninhabited building—Cutts thought it well worth personal investigation. Nor did he consider himself bound, by his general engagement to Mrs. Crane, to lose the chance of a sum so immeasurably greater than he could expect to obtain from her by revealing the plot and taking measures to frustrate it. Cutts was a most faithful and intelligent agent when he was properly paid, and had proved himself so to Mrs. Crane on various occasions. But then, to be paid *properly* meant a gain greater in serving than he could get in not serving. Hitherto it had been extremely lucrative to obey Mrs. Crane in saving Jasper from crime and danger. In this instance the lucre seemed all the other way. Accordingly, the next morning, having filled a saddle-bag with sundry necessaries, such as files, picklocks, masks—to which he added a choice selection of political tracts and newspapers—he and Jasper set out on two hired but strong and fleet hacknies to the neighbourhood of Fawley. They put up at a town on the other side of the manor-house from that by which Jasper had approached it, and at about the same distance. After baiting their steeds, they proceeded to Fawley by the silent guide of a finger-post, gained the vicinity of the park, and Cutts, dismounting, flitted across the turf, and plunged himself into the hollows of the unfinished mansion, while Jasper took charge of the horses in a corner of the wooded lane. Cutts, pleased by the survey of the forlorn interior, ventured, in the stillness that reigned around, to mount the ladder, to apply a picklock to the door above, and opening this with ease, crept into the long gallery, its walls covered with pictures. Through the crevices in another door at the extreme end, gleamed a faint light. Cutts applied his eye to the chinks and keyhole, and saw that the light came from a room on the other side the narrow passage which connected the new house with the old. The door of that room was open, candles were on the table, and beside the table Cutts could distinguish the outline of a man's form seated—doubtless the owner; but the form did not seem "elderly." If inferior to Jasper's in physical power, it still was that of vigorous and unbroken manhood. Cutts did not like the appearance of that form, and he retreated to outer air with some misgivings. However, on rejoining Losely, he said, "As yet things look promising—place still as death—only one door locked, and that the common country lock, which a schoolboy might pick with his knife."

"Or a crooked nail," said Jasper.

"Ay, no better picklock in good hands. But there are other things besides locks to think of."

Cutts then hurried on to suggest that it was just the hour when some of the workmen employed on the premises might be found in the Fawley public-house; that he should ride on, dismount there, and take his chance of picking up details of useful information as to localities and household. He should represent himself as a commercial traveller on his road to the town they had quitted; he should take out his cheap newspapers and tracts; he should talk politics—all workmen love politics, especially the politics of cheap newspapers and tracts. He would rejoin Losely in an hour or so.

The bravo waited—his horse grazed—the moon came forth, stealing through the trees, bringing into fantastic light the melancholy old dwelling-house—the yet more melancholy new pile. Jasper was not, as we have seen, without certain superstí-

tious fancies, and they had grown on him more of late as his brain had become chronically heated and his nerves relaxed by pain. He began to feel the awe of the silence and the moonlight; and some vague remembrances of earlier guiltless days — of a father's genial love—of joyous sensations in the priceless possession of youth and vigour — of the admiring smiles and cordial hands which his beauty, his daring and high spirits had attracted towards him — of the all that he had been, mixed with the consciousness of what he was, and an uneasy conjecture of the probable depth of the final fall — came dimly over his thoughts, and seemed like the whispers of remorse. But it is rarely that man continues to lay blame on himself; and Jasper hastened to do, as many a better person does without a blush for his folly—viz. shift upon the innocent shoulders of fellow-men, or on the hazy outlines of that clouded form which ancient schools and modern plagiarists call sometimes "Circumstance," sometimes "Chance," sometimes "Fate," all the guilt due to his own wilful abuse of irrevocable hours.

With this consolatory creed, came of necessity—the devil's grand luxury, Revenge. Say to yourself, "For what I suffer I condemn another man, or I accuse the Arch-Invisible, be it a Destiny, be it a Maker!" and the logical sequel is to add evil to evil, folly to folly—to retort on the man who so wrongs, or on the Arch-Invisible who so afflicts you. Of all our passions, is not Revenge, the one into which enters with the most zest, a devil? For what is a devil? — A being whose sole work on earth is some revenge on God!

Jasper Losely was not by temperament vindictive, he was irascible, as the vain are—combative, aggressive, turbulent, by the impulse of animal spirits; but the premeditation of vengeance was foreign to a levity and egotism which abjured the self-sacrifice that is equally necessary to hatred as to love. But Guy Darrell had forced into his moral system a passion not native to it. Jasper had expected so much from his marriage with the great man's daughter — counted so thoroughly on her power to obtain pardon and confer wealth — and his disappointment had been so keen—been accompanied with such mortification — that he regarded the man whom he had most injured as the man who had most injured him. But not till now did his angry feelings assume the shape of a definite vengeance. So long as there was a chance that he could extort from Darrell the money that was the essential necessary to his life, he checked his thoughts whenever they suggested a profitless gratification of rage. But now that Darrell had so scornfully and so inexorably spurned all concession — now that nothing was to be wrung from him except by force—force and vengeance came together in his projects. And yet, even in the daring outrage he was meditating, murder itself did not stand out as a thought accepted—no; what pleased his wild and turbid imagination was the idea of humiliating by terror the man who had humbled him by disdain. To penetrate into the home of this haughty scorner—to confront him in his own chamber at the dead of night, man to man, force to force; to say to him, "None now can deliver you from me—I come no more as a suppliant—I command you to accept my terms;" to gloat over the fears which, the strong man felt assured, would bow the rich man to beg for mercy at his feet;—this was the picture which Jasper Losely conjured up; and even the spoil to be won by violence smiled on him less than the grand position which the violence itself would bestow. Are not nine murders out of ten fashioned thus from conception into deed? "O that my enemy were but before me face to face— none to part us!" says the vindictive dreamer. Well, and what then? *There* his imagination halts—there he drops the sable curtain; he goes not on to say, "Why, *then* another murder will be added to the long catalogue from Cain." He palters with his deadly wish, and mutters, perhaps at most, "Why, *then*—come what may."

Losely continued to gaze on the pale walls gleaming through the wintry boughs as the moon rose high and higher. And now out broke the

light from Darrell's lofty casement, and Losely smiled fiercely, and muttered—hark! the very words—"And *then?*—come what may."

Hoofs are now heard on the hard road, and Jasper is joined by his accomplice.

"Well!" said Jasper.

"Mount!" returned Cutts; "I have much to say as we ride."

"This will not do," resumed Cutts, as they sped fast down the lane; "why, you never told me all the drawbacks. There are no less than four men in the house—two servants besides the master and his secretary; and one of those servants, the butler or valet, has firearms, and knows how to use them."

"Pshaw!" said Jasper, scoffingly; "is that all? Am I not a match for four?"

"No, it is not all; you told me the master of the house was a retired elderly man, and you mentioned his name. But you never told me that your Mr. Darrell was the famous lawyer and Parliament man—a man about whom the newspapers have been writing the last six months."

"What does that signify?"

"Signify! Just this, that there will be ten times more row about the affair you propose than there would be if it concerned only a stupid old country squire, and therefore ten times as much danger. Besides, on principle I don't like to have anything to do with lawyers—a cantankerous, spiteful set of fellows. And this Guy Darrell! Why, General Jas, I have seen the man. He cross-examined me once when I was a witness on a case of fraud, and turned me inside out with as much ease as if I had been an old pincushion stuffed with bran. I think I see his eye now, and I would as lief have a loaded pistol at my head as that eye again fixed on mine."

"Pooh! You have brought a mask; and, besides, *you* need not see him; I can face him alone."

"No, no; there might be murder! I never mix myself with things of that kind, on principle; your plan will not do. There might be a much safer chance of more *swag* in a very different sort of scheme. I hear that the pictures in that ghostly long room I crept through, are worth a mint of money. Now, pictures of great value are well known, and there are collectors abroad who would pay almost any price for some pictures, and never ask where they came from; hide them for some years perhaps, and not bring them forth till any tales that would hurt us had died away. This would be safe, I say. If the pictures are small, no one in the old house need be disturbed. I can learn from some of the trade what pictures Darrell really has that would fetch a high price, and then look out for customers abroad. This will take a little time, but be worth waiting for."

"I will not wait," said Jasper, fiercely; "and you are a coward. I have resolved that to-morrow night I will be in that man's room, and that man shall be on his knees before me."

Cutts turned sharply round on his saddle, and by aid of the moonlight surveyed Losely's countenance. "Oh, I see," he said, "there is more than robbery in your mind. You have some feeling of hate—of vengeance; the man has injured you?"

"He has treated me as if I were a dog," said Jasper; "and a dog *can* bite."

Cutts mused a few moments. "I have heard you talk at times about some rich relation or connection on whom you had claims; Darrell is the man, I suppose?"

"He is; and hark ye, Cutts, if you try to balk me here, I will wring your neck off. And since I have told you so much, I will tell you this much more—that I don't think there is the danger you count on; for I don't mean to take Darrell's blood, and I believe he would not take mine."

"But there may be a struggle—and then?"

"Ay, if so, and then—man to man," replied Jasper mutteringly.

Nothing more was said, but both spurred on their horses to a quicker pace. The sparks flashed from the hoofs. Now through the moonlight, now under shade of the boughs, scoured on the riders—Losely's broad chest and marked countenance once beautiful, now fearful, formidably defined even under the shadows—his comrade's unsubstantial figure

and goblin features flitting vague even under the moonlight.

The town they had left came in sight, and by this time Cutts had resolved on the course his prudence suggested to him. The discovery that, in the proposed enterprise, Losely had a personal feeling of revenge to satisfy, had sufficed to decide the accomplice peremptorily to have nothing to do with the affair. It was his rule to abstain from all transactions in which fierce passions were engaged. And the quarrels between relations or connections were especially those which his experience of human nature told him brought risk upon all intermeddlers. But he saw that Jasper was desperate; that the rage of the bravo might be easily turned on himself; and therefore, since it was no use to argue, it would be discreet to dissimulate. Accordingly, when they reached their inn, and were seated over their brandy-and-water, Cutts resumed the conversation, appeared gradually to yield to Jasper's reasonings, concerted with him the whole plan for the next night's operations, and took care meanwhile to pass the brandy. The day had scarcely broken before Cutts was off, with his bag of implements and tracts. He would have fain carried off also both the horses; but the ostler, surly at being knocked up at so early an hour, might not have surrendered the one ridden by Jasper, without Jasper's own order to do so. Cutts, however, bade the ostler be sure and tell the gentleman, before going away, that he, Cutts, strongly advised him "to have nothing to do with the bullocks."

Cutts, on arriving in London, went straight to Mrs. Crane's old lodging opposite to Jasper's. But she had now removed to Podden Place, and left no address. On reaching his own home, Cutts, however, found a note from her, stating that she should be at her old lodging that evening, if he would call at half-past nine o'clock; for, indeed, she had been expecting Jasper's promised visit — had learned that he had left his lodgings, and was naturally anxious to learn from Cutts what had become of him. When Cutts called at the appointed hour, and told his story, Arabella Crane immediately recognised all the danger which her informant had so prudently shunned. Nor was she comforted by Cutts's assurance, that Jasper, on finding himself deserted, would have no option but to abandon, or at least postpone, an enterprise that, undertaken singly, would be too rash even for his reckless temerity. As it had become the object of her life to save Losely from justice, so she now shrunk from denouncing to justice his meditated crime; and the idea of recurring to Colonel Morley happily flashed upon her.

Having thus explained to the reader these antecedents in the narrative, we return to Jasper. He did not rise till late at noon; and as he was generally somewhat stupified on rising, by the drink he had taken the night before, and by the congested brain which the heaviness of such sleep produced, he could not at first believe that Cutts had altogether abandoned the enterprise — rather thought that, with his habitual wariness, that Ulysses of the Profession had gone forth to collect farther information in the neighbourhood of the proposed scene of action. He was not fully undeceived in this belief till somewhat late in the day, when, strolling into the stable-yard, the ostler, concluding from the gentleman's goodly thews and size that he was a north-country grazier, delivered Cutts's allegorical caution against the bullocks.

Thus abandoned, Jasper's desperate project only acquired a still more concentrated purpose, and a ruder simplicity of action. His original idea, on first conceiving the plan of robbery, had been to enter into Darrell's presence disguised and masked. Even, however, before Cutts deserted him, the mere hope of plunder had become subordinate to the desire of a personal triumph; and now that Cutts had left him to himself, and carried away the means of disguise, Jasper felt rather pleased than otherwise at the thought that his design should have none of the characteristics of a vulgar burglary. No mask now; his front should be as open as his demand. Cutts's report of the facility of penetrating

into Darrell's very room also lessened the uses of an accomplice. And in the remodification of his first hasty plan of commonplace midnight stealthy robbery, he would no longer even require an assistant to dispose of the plunder he might gain. Darrell should now yield to his exactions, as a garrison surprised accepts the terms of its conqueror. There would be no flight, no hiding, no fear of notes stopped at banks. He would march out, hand on haunch, with those immunities of booty that belong to the honours of war. Pleasing his self-conceit with so gallant a view of his meditated exploit, Jasper sauntered at dark into the town, bought a few long narrow nails and a small hammer, and returning to his room, by the aid of the fire, the tongs, and the hammer, he fashioned these nails, with an ease and quickness which showed an expert practitioner, into instruments that would readily move the wards of any common country-made lock. He did not care for weapons. He trusted at need to his own powerful hands. It was no longer, too, the affair of a robber, unknown, unguessed, who might have to fight his way out of an alarmed household. It was but the visit which he, Jasper Losely, Esquire, thought fit to pay, however unceremoniously and unseasonably, to the house of a father-in-law! At the worst, should he fail in finding Darrell, or securing an unwitnessed interview — should he instead alarm the household, it would be a proof of the integrity of his intentions that he had no weapons save those which Nature bestows on the wild man as the mightiest of her wild beasts. At night he mounted his horse, but went out of his way, keeping the high-road for an hour or two, in order to allow ample time for the farmers to have quitted the rent-feast, and the old manor-house to be hushed in sleep. At last, when he judged the coast clear and the hour ripe, he wound back into the lane towards Fawley; and when the spire of its hamlet-church came in sight through the frosty starlit air, he dismounted — led the horse into one of the thick beechwoods, that make the prevailing characteristics of the wild country round that sequestered dwelling-place — fastened the animal to a tree, and stalked towards the park-pales on foot. Lightly, as a wolf enters a sheep-fold, he swung himself over the moss-grown fence; he gained the buttresses of the great raw pile; high and clear above, from Darrell's chamber, streamed the light; all the rest of the old house was closed and dark, buried no doubt in slumber.

He is now in the hollows of the skeleton pile; he mounts the ladder; the lock of the door before him yields to his rude implements but artful hand. He is in the long gallery; the moonlight comes broad and clear through the large casements. What wealth of art is on the walls! but how profitless to the robber's greed! There, through the very halls, which the master had built in the day of his ambition, saying to himself, "These are for far Posterity," the step of Violence, it may be of Murder, takes its stealthy way to the room of the childless man! Through the uncompleted pile, towards the uncompleted life, strides the terrible step.

The last door yields noiselessly. The small wooden corridor, narrow as the drawbridge which in ancient fortresses was swung between the commandant's room in the topmost story and some opposing wall, is before him. And Darrell's own door is half open; lights on the table—logs burning bright on the hearth. Cautiously Losely looked through the aperture. Darrell was not there; the place was solitary: but the opposite door was open also. Losely's fine ear caught the sound of a slight movement of a footstep in the room just below, to which that opposite door admitted. In an instant the robber glided within the chamber—closed and locked the door by which he had entered, retaining the key about his person. The next stride brought him to the hearth. Beside it hung the bell-rope common in old-fashioned houses. Losely looked round; on the table, by the writing implements, lay a pen-knife. In another moment the rope was cut, high out of Darrell's reach, and

flung aside. The hearth, being adapted but for log-wood fires, furnished not those implements in which, at a moment of need, the owner may find an available weapon —only a slight pair of brass wood-pincers, and a shovel equally frail. Such as they were, however, Jasper quietly removed and hid them behind a heavy old bureau. Steps were now heard mounting the stair that led into the chamber; Losely shrunk back into the recess beside the mantel-piece. Darrell entered, with a book in his hand, for which he had, indeed, quitted his chamber—a volume containing the last Act of Parliament relating to Public Trusts, which had been sent to him by his solicitor; for he is creating a deed of trust, to insure to the nation the Darrell Antiquities, in the name of his father, the antiquarian.

Darrell advanced to the writing-table, which stood in the centre of the room; laid down the book, and sighed—the short, quick, impatient sigh which had become one of his peculiar habits. The robber stole from the recess, and gliding round to the door by which Darrell had entered, while the back of the master was still towards him, set fast the lock, and appropriated the key as he had done at the door which had admitted himself. Though the noise in that operation was but slight, it roused Darrell from his abstracted thoughts. He turned quickly, and at the same moment Losely advanced towards him.

At once Darrell comprehended his danger. His rapid glance took in all the precautions by which the intruder proclaimed his lawless purpose—the closed door, the bell-rope cut off. There, between those four secret walls, must pass the interview between himself and the desperado. He was unarmed, but he was not daunted. It was but man to man. Losely had for him his vast physical strength, his penury, despair, and vindictive purpose. Darrell had in his favour the intellect which gives presence of mind; the energy of nerve, which is no more to be seen in the sinew and bone than the fluid which fells can be seen in the jars and the wires; and that superb kind of pride, which, if terror be felt, makes its action impossible, because a disgrace, and bravery a matter of course, simply because it is honour.

As the bravo approached, by a calm and slight movement Darrell drew to the other side of the table, placing that obstacle between himself and Losely, and, extending his arm, said, "Hold, sir; I forbid you to advance another step. You are here, no matter how, to re-urge your claims on me. Be seated; I will listen to you."

Darrell's composure took Losely so by surprise, that mechanically he obeyed the command thus tranquilly laid upon him, and sunk into a chair —facing Darrell with a sinister under-look from his sullen brow. "Ah!" he said, "you will listen to me now; but my terms have risen."

Darrell, who had also seated himself, made no answer; but his face was resolute, and his eye watchful. The ruffian resumed, in a gruffer tone, "My terms have risen, Mr. Darrell."

"Have they, sir? and why?"

"Why! Because no one can come to your aid here; because here you cannot escape; because here you are in my power!"

"Rather, sir, I listen to you because here you are under my roof-tree; and it is you who are in my power!"

"Yours! Look round; the doors are locked on you. Perhaps you think your shouts, your cries, might bring aid to you. Attempt it—raise your voice—and I strangle you with these hands."

"If I do not raise my voice, it is, first, because I should be ashamed of myself if I required aid against one man; and, secondly, because I would not expose to my dependents a would-be assassin in him whom my lost child called husband. Hush, sir, hush, or your own voice will alarm those who sleep below. And now, what is it you ask? Be plain, sir, and be brief."

"Well, if you like to take matters coolly, I have no objection. These are my terms. You have received large sums this day; those sums are in your house, probably in that bureau; and your life is at my will."

"You ask the monies paid for rent to-day. True, they are in the house; but they are not in my apartments. They were received by another; they are kept by another. In vain, through the windings and passages of this old house, would you seek to find the room in which he stores them. In doing so, you will pass by the door of a servant who sleeps so lightly, that the chances are that he will hear you; he is armed with a blunderbuss, and with pistols. You say to me, 'Your money or your life.' I say to you, in reply, 'Neither: attempt to seize the money, and your own life is lost.'"

"Miser! I don't believe that sums so large are not in your own keeping. And even if they are not, you shall show me where they are; you shall lead me through those windings and passages of which you so tenderly warn me, my hand on your throat. And if servants wake, or danger threaten me, it is you who shall save me, or die! Ha! you do not fear me—eh, Mr. Darrell!" And Losely rose.

"I do not fear you," replied Darrell, still seated. "I cannot conceive that you are here with no other design but a profitless murder. You are here, you say, to make terms; it will be time enough to see whose life is endangered, when all your propositions have been stated. As yet you have only suggested a robbery, to which you ask me to assist you. Impossible! Grant even that you were able to murder me, you would be just as far off from your booty. And yet you say your terms have risen! To me they seem fallen to — nothing! Have you anything else to say?"

The calmness of Darrell, so supremely displayed in this irony, began to tell upon the ruffian — the magnetism of the great man's eye and voice, and steadfast courage, gradually gaining power over the wild, inferior animal. Trying to recover his constitutional audacity, Jasper said, with a tone of the old rollicking voice, "Well, Mr. Darrell, it is all one to me how I wring from you in your own house, what you refused me when I was a suppliant on the road. Fair means are pleasanter than foul. I am a gentleman —the grandson of Sir Julian Losely, of Losely Hall; I am you son-in-law; and I am starving. This must not be; write me a cheque."

Darrell dipped his pen in the ink, and drew the paper towards him.

"Oho! you don't fear me, eh? This is not done from fear, mind—all out of pure love and compassion, my kind father-in-law! You will write me a cheque for five thousand pounds —come, I am moderate—your life is worth a precious deal more than that. Hand me the cheque—I will trust to your honour to give me no trouble in cashing it, and bid you good-night, my—father-in-law."

As Losely ceased with a mocking laugh, Darrell sprang up quickly, threw open the small casement which was within his reach, and flung from it the paper on which he had been writing, and which he wrapt round the heavy armorial seal that lay on the table.

Losely bounded towards him. "What means that?—what have you done?"

"Saved your life and mine, Jasper Losely," said Darrell solemnly, and catching the arm that was raised against him. "We are now upon equal terms."

"I understand," growled the tiger, as the slaver gathered to his lips— "you think by that paper to summon some one to your aid."

"Not so—that paper is useless while I live. Look forth—the moonlight is on the roofs below—can you see where that paper has fallen? On the ledge of a parapet that your foot could not reach. It faces the window of a room in which one of my household sleeps; it will meet his eye in the morning when the shutters are unbarred; and on that paper are writ these words, 'If I am this night murdered, the murderer is Jasper Losely,' and the paper is signed by my name. Back, sir—would you doom yourself to the gibbet?"

Darrell released the dread arm he had arrested, and Losely stared at him, amazed, bewildered.

Darrell resumed: "And now I tell you plainly that I can accede to no terms put to me thus. I can sign my name to no order that you may dictate, because that would be to

sign myself a coward—and my name is Darrell!"

"Down on your knees, proud man—sign you shall, and on your knees! I care not now for gold—I care not now a rush for my life. I came here to humble the man who from first to last has so scornfully humbled me—And I will, I will! On your knees—on your knees!"

The robber flung himself forward; but Darrell, whose eye had never quitted the foe, was prepared for and eluded the rush. Losely, missing his object, lost his balance, struck against the edge of the table which partially interposed between himself and his prey, and was only saved from falling by the close neighbourhood of the wall, on which he came with a shock that for the moment well-nigh stunned him. Meanwhile Darrell had gained the hearth, and snatched from it a large log, half burning. Jasper, recovering himself, dashed the long matted hair from his eyes, and, seeing undismayed the formidable weapon with which he was menaced, cowered for a second and deadlier spring.

"Stay, stay, stay, parricide and madman!" cried Darrell, his eye flashing brighter than the brand. "It is not my life I plead for—it is yours. Remember, if I fall by your hand, no hope and no refuge are left to you! In the name of my dead child, and under the eye of avenging Heaven, I strike down the fury that blinds you, and I scare back your soul from the abyss!"

So ineffably grand were the man's look and gesture—so full of sonorous terror the swell of his matchless all-conquering voice—that Losely, in his midmost rage, stood awed and spell-bound. His breast heaved, his eye fell, his frame collapsed, even his very tongue seemed to cleave to the parched roof of his mouth. Whether the effect so suddenly produced might have continued, or whether the startled miscreant might not have lashed himself into renewed wrath and inexpiable crime, passes out of conjecture. At that instant simultaneously were heard hurried footsteps in the corridor without, violent blows on the door, and voices exclaiming, "Open, open!—Darrell, Darrell!"—while the bell at the portals of the old house rang fast and shrill.

"Ho!—is it so?" growled Losely, recovering himself at those unwelcome sounds. "But do not think that I will be caught thus, like a rat in a trap. No—I will—"

"Hist!" interrupted Darrell, dropping the brand, and advancing quickly on the ruffian—"Hist!—let no one know that my daughter's husband came here with a felon's purpose. Sit down—down, I say; it is for my house's honour that you should be safe." And suddenly placing both hands on Losely's broad shoulder, he forced him into a seat.

During these few hurried words, the strokes at the door and the shouts without had been continued, and the door shook on its yielding hinges.

"The key—the key!" whispered Darrell.

But the bravo was stupified by the suddenness with which his rage had been cowed, his design baffled, his position changed from the man dictating laws and threatening life, to the man protected by his intended victim. And he was so slow in even comprehending the meaning of Darrell's order, that Darrell had scarcely snatched the keys less from his hand than from the pouch to which he at last mechanically pointed, when the door was burst open, and Lionel Haughton, Alban Morley, and the Colonel's servant, were in the room. Not one of them, at the first glance, perceived the inmates of the chamber, who were at the right of their entrance, by the angle of the wall and in shadow. But out came Darrell's calm voice—

"Alban! Lionel!—welcome always; but what brings you hither, at such an hour, with such clamour? Armed too!"

The three men stood petrified. There sate, peaceably enough, a large dark form, its hands on its knees, its head bent down, so that the features were not distinguishable; and over the chair in which this bending figure was thus confusedly gathered up, leant Guy Darrell, with quiet ease—no trace of fear nor of past danger in his face,

which, though very pale, was serene, with a slight smile on the firm lips.

"Well," muttered Alban Morley, slowly lowering his pistol—"well, I am surprised!—yes, for the first time in twenty years, I *am* surprised!"

"Surprised perhaps to find me at this hour still up, and with a person upon business—the door locked. However, mutual explanations later. Of course you stay here to-night. My business with this—this visitor, is now over. Lionel, open that door—here is the key. Sir—(he touched Losely by the shoulder, and whispered in his ear, 'Rise and speak not,')—(aloud)—Sir, I need not detain you longer. Allow me to show you the way out of this rambling old house."

Jasper rose like one half asleep, and, still bending his form and hiding his face, followed Darrell down the private stair, through the study, the library, into the hall, the Colonel's servant lighting the way; and Lionel and Morley, still too amazed for words, bringing up the rear. The servant drew the heavy bolts from the front door: And now the household had caught alarm. Mills first appeared with the blunderbuss, then the footman, then Fairthorn.

"Stand back, there!" cried Darrell, and he opened the door himself to Losely. "Sir," said he then, as they stood in the moonlight, "mark that I told you truly—you were in my power; and if the events of this night can lead you to acknowledge a watchful Providence, and recall with a shudder the crime from which you have been saved, why, then, I too, out of gratitude to Heaven, may think of means by which to free others from the peril of your despair."

Losely made no answer, but slunk off with a fast, furtive stride, hastening out of the moonlit sward into the gloom of the leafless trees.

CHAPTER II.

If the Lion ever wear the Fox's hide, still he wears it as the Lion.

When Darrell was alone with Lionel and Alban Morley, the calm with which he had before startled them vanished. He poured out his thanks with deep emotion. "Forgive me; not in the presence of a servant could I say, 'You have saved me from an unnatural strife, and my daughter's husband from a murderer's end.' But by what wondrous mercy did you learn my danger? Were you sent to my aid?"

Alban briefly explained. "You may judge," he said in conclusion, "how great was our anxiety, when, following the instructions of our guide, while our driver rang his alarum at the front portals, we made our entrance into yon ribs of stone, found the doors already opened, and feared we might be too late. But, meanwhile, the poor woman waits without in the carriage that brought us from the station. I must go and relieve her mind."

"And bring her hither," cried Darrell, "to receive my gratitude. Stay, Alban; while you leave me with her, you will speak aside to Mills; tell him that you heard there was an attempt to be made on the house, and came to frustrate it, but that your fears were exaggerated; the man was more a half-insane mendicant than a robber. Be sure, at least, that his identity with Losely be not surmised, and bid Mills treat the affair lightly. Public men are exposed, you know, to assaults from crack-brained enthusiasts; or stay—I once was a lawyer, and (continued Darrell, whose irony had become so integral an attribute of his mind as to be proof against all trial) there *are* men so out of their wits as to fancy a lawyer has ruined them! Lionel, tell poor Dick Fairthorn to come to me." When the musician entered, Darrell whispered to him, "Go back to your room—open your casement—step out on to the parapet—you will see something white; it is a scrap of paper wrapped round my old armorial seal. Bring it to me just as it is, Dick. That poor young Lionel, we must keep him here a day or two; mind, no prickles for him, Dick."

CHAPTER III.

Arabella Crane *versus* Guy Darrell; or, Woman *versus* Lawyer. In the Courts, Lawyer would win; but in a Private Parlour, foot to foot and tongue to tongue, Lawyer has not a chance.

Arabella Crane entered the room; Darrell hesitated—the remembrances attached to her were so painful and repugnant. But did he not now owe to her, perhaps, his very life? He passed his hand rapidly over his brow, as if to sweep away all earlier recollections, and, advancing quickly, extended that hand to her. The stern woman shook her head, and rejected the proffered greeting.

"You owe me no thanks," she said, in her harsh, ungracious accents; "I sought to save not you, but him."

"How!" said Darrell, startled; "you feel no resentment against the man who injured and betrayed you?"

"What my feelings may be towards him are not for you to conjecture; man could not conjecture them; I am woman. What they once were I might blush for; what they are now, I could own without shame. But you, Mr. Darrell,—you, in the hour of my uttermost anguish, when all my future was laid desolate, and the world lay crushed at my feet—you—man, chivalrous man!—you had for me no human compassion—you thrust me in scorn from your doors—you saw in my woe nothing but my error—you sent me forth, stripped of reputation, branded by your contempt, to famine or to suicide. And you wonder that I feel less resentment against him who wronged me than against you, who, knowing me wronged, only disdained my grief. The answer is plain—the scorn of the man she only reverenced leaves to a woman no memory to mitigate its bitterness and gall. The wrongs inflicted by the man she loved may leave, what they have left to me, an undying sense of a past existance—radiant, joyous, hopeful; of a time when the earth seemed covered with blossoms, just ready to burst into bloom; when the skies through their haze took the rose-hues as the sun seemed about to rise. The memory that I once was happy, at least then, I owe to him who injured and betrayed me. To you, when happiness was lost to me for ever, what do I owe? Tell me."

Struck by her words, more by her impressive manner, though not recognising the plea by which the defendant thus raised herself into the accuser, Darrell answered gently, "Pardon me; this is no moment to revive recollections of anger on my part; but reflect, I entreat you, and you will feel that I was not too harsh. In the same position any other man would not have been less severe."

"Any other man!" she exclaimed; "ay, possibly! but would the scorn of any other man so have crushed self-esteem? The injuries of the wicked do not sour us against the good; but the scoff of the good leaves us malignant against virtue itself. Any other man! Tut! Genius is bound to be indulgent. It should know human errors so well—has, with its large luminous forces, such errors itself when it deigns to be human, that, where others may scorn, genius should only pity." She paused a moment, and then slowly resumed. "And pity was my due. Had you, or had any one lofty as yourself in reputed honour, but said to me, 'Thou hast sinned—thou must suffer; but sin itself needs compassion, and compassion forbids thee to despair,—why, then, I might have been gentler to the things of earth and less steeled against the influences of Heaven than I have been. That is all—no matter now. Mr. Darrell, I would not part from you with angry and bitter sentiments. Colonel Morley tells me that you have not only let the man, whom we need not name, go free, but that you have guarded the secret of his designs. For this I thank you. I thank you, because, what is left of that blasted and deformed existence, I have taken into mine. And I would save that man from his own devices as I would save my soul from its own temptations. Are you large-hearted enough to comprehend me? Look

in my face—you have seen his; all earthly love is erased and blotted out of both."

Guy Darrell bowed his head in respect that partook of awe.

"You too," said the grim woman, after a pause, and approaching him nearer—"*you*, too, have loved, I am told, and you, too, were forsaken."

He recoiled and shuddered.

"What is left to your heart of its ancient folly? I should like to know! I am curious to learn if there be a man who can feel as woman! Have you only resentment? have you only disdain? have you only vengeance? have you pity? or have you the jealous, absorbing desire, surviving the affection from which it sprang, that still the life wrenched from you shall owe, despite itself, a melancholy allegiance to your own?"

Darrell impatiently waved his hand to forbid farther questions; and it needed all his sense of the service this woman had just rendered him, to repress his haughty displeasure at so close an approach to his torturing secrets.

Arabella's dark bright eyes rested on his knitted brow, for a moment, wistfully, musingly. Then she said, —"I see! man's inflexible pride—no pardon there! But own, at least, that you have suffered."

"Suffered!" groaned Darrell involuntarily, and pressing his hand to his heart.

"You have! and you own it! Fellow-sufferer, I have no more anger against you. Neither should pity, but let each respect, the other. A few words more,—this child!"

"Ay—ay—this child! *you* will be truthful. You will not seek to deceive me—you know that she—she—claimed by that assassin, reared by his convict father—*she* is no daughter of my line!"

What! would it then be no joy to know that your line did not close with yourself—that your child might——"

"Cease, madam, cease—it matters not to a man nor to a race when it perish, so that it perish at last with honour. Who would have either himself or his lineage live on into a day when the escutcheon is blotted and the name disgraced? No; if that be Matilda's child, tell me, and I will bear, as man may do, the last calamity which the will of Heaven may inflict. If, as I have all reason to think, the tale be an imposture, speak and give me the sole comfort to which I would cling amidst the ruin of all other hopes."

"Verily," said Arabella, with a kind of musing wonder in the tone of her softened voice; "verily, has a man's heart the same throb and fibre as a woman's? Had I a child like that blue-eyed wanderer with the frail form needing protection, and the brave spirit that ennobles softness, what would be my pride! my bliss! Talk of shame—disgrace! Fie—fie—the more the evil of others darkened one so innocent, the more cause to love and shelter her. But *I*—am childless! Shall I tell you that the offence which lies heaviest on my conscience has been my cruelty to that girl? She was given an infant to my care. I saw in her the daughter of that false, false, mean, deceiving friend, who had taken my confidence, and bought, with her supposed heritage, the man sworn b[illegible] all oaths to me. I saw in her, too, [illegible]our descendant, your rightful heiress. I rejoiced in a revenge on your daugh[illegible]er and yourself. Think not *I* would have foisted her on your notice! No. I would have kept her without culture, without consciousness of a higher lot; and when I gave her up to her grandsire the convict, it was a triumph to think that Matilda's child would be an outcast. Terrible thought! but I was mad then. But that poor convict whom you, in your worldly arrogance, so loftily despise—*he* took to his breast what was flung away as a worthless weed. And if the flower keep the promise of the bud, never flower so fair bloomed from your vaunted stem? And yet you would bless me, if I said, 'Pass on, childless man; she is nothing to you!'"

"Madam, let us not argue. You are right; man's heart and woman's must each know throbs that never are, and never should be, familiar to the other. I repeat my question, and again I implore your answer."

"I cannot answer for certain; and I am fearful of answering at all, lest on a point so important I should mis-

lead you. Matilda's child? Jasper affirmed it to me. His father believed him—I believed him. I never had the shadow of a doubt till ——"

"Till what? For Heaven's sake, speak."

"Till about five years ago, or somewhat more, I saw a letter from Gabrielle Desmarets, and ——"

"Ah! which made you suspect, as I do, that the child is Gabrielle Desmaret's daughter."

Arabella reared her crest as a serpent before it strikes. "Gabrielle's daughter! You think so. Her child that I sheltered! Her child for whom I have just pleaded to you! *Hers?*" She suddenly became silent. Evidently that idea had never before struck her; evidently it now shocked her; evidently something was passing through her mind which did not allow that idea to be dismissed. As Darrell was about to address her, she exclaimed abruptly, "No! say no more now. You may hear from me again should I learn what may decide at least this doubt one way or the other. Farewell, sir."

"Not yet. Permit me to remind you that you have saved the life of a man whose wealth is immense."

"Mr. Darrell, my wealth in relation to my wants is perhaps immense as yours, for I do not spend what I possess."

"But this unhappy outlaw whom you would save from himself can henceforth be to you but a burthen and a charge. After what has passed to-night, I do tremble to think that penury may whisper other houses to rob, other lives to menace. Let me, then, place at your disposal, to be employed in such mode as you deem the best, whatever may be sufficient to secure an object which we may here have in common."

"No, Mr. Darrell," said Arabella, fiercely; "whatever he be, never with my consent shall Jasper Losely be beholden to you for alms. If money can save him from shame and a dreadful death, that money shall be mine. I have said it. And, hark you, Mr. Darrell, what is repentance without atonement? I say not that I repent; but I do know that I seek to atone."

The iron-grey robe fluttered an instant, and then vanished from the room.

When Alban Morley returned to the library, he saw Darrell at the farther corner of the room, on his knees. Well might Guy Darrell thank Heaven for the mercies vouchsafed to him that night. Life preserved? Is *that* all? Might life yet be bettered and gladdened? Was there aught in the grim woman's words that might bequeath thoughts which reflection would ripen into influences over action?—aught that might suggest the cases in which, not ignobly, Pity might subjugate Scorn? In the royal abode of that soul, does Pride *only* fortify Honour? — is it but the mild king, not the imperial despot? Would it blind, as its rival, the reason? Would it chain as a rebel the Heart? Would it mar the dominions that might be serene by the treasures it wastes—by the wars it provokes? Self-knowledge! self-knowledge! From Heaven, indeed, descends the precept—"KNOW THYSELF." That truth was told to us by the old heathen oracle. But what old heathen oracle has told us *how* to know?

ANIMAL HEAT.

A BIRD-CAGE hangs above a small aquarium; in the cage there is a bird; in the glass tank seaweeds, zoophytes, molluscs, and fish. The atmosphere of the apartment varies with the variations of temperature which accompany the earth's daily rotation and annual movement. The summer sunlight streams in through the windows; the icy north wind rushes through the crevices; the shadows of night and the evaporations of morning bring with them perpetual risings and fallings of the temperature of that room; and with these risings and fallings there are corresponding fluctuations in the temperature of the glass and water of the tank, the brass and woodwork of the cage. This is according to the law by which an equilibrium of temperature is always established among inorganic bodies. The warmer atmosphere rapidly warms the glass and water—the cooler atmosphere rapidly cools them; it is true that the water will always be somewhat colder than the atmosphere, because it loses heat in evaporation, but nevertheless, as the external temperature rises and falls, that of the water also rises and falls.

While these changes, so familiar and so easy of explanation, have been taking place, the bird has been neither colder nor warmer; throughout the fluctuations of external temperature it has preserved almost uniformly the very high degree of warmth which, as a bird, belongs to it. Neither the beams of an August sun, nor the nipping east of December, have raised or lowered its normal heat more than one or two degrees. You may perhaps imagine that it has been kept warm through the winter by its envelope of feathers, but this is true only to a very slight extent; strip it of its feathers, and you will still find its heat greatly above that of the air; whereas, if a heated substance be enveloped in feathers, and left exposed to the air, it will soon become as cold as the air. Driven from this explanation, you will ask, How is it that the bird is enabled to preserve a steady temperature of a high degree amid unsteady influences from without? The answer is obviously to be sought in the organism and its processes, not in any external influence; and a certain Philosophy, somewhat rash and ready, fond of phrases and impatient of proof, will assure you that the bird, as an organised being is absolved from the law of equilibrium which rules all inorganic bodies, because the bird is endowed with a "vital principle which suspends the action of physical laws."

This explanation, which to many has seemed satisfactory, labours under two disadvantages—first, that it invokes the operation of a "vital principle," of which we can form no definite conception; and secondly, that the assumed suspension of physical laws is a pure figment. The organism, living or dead, radiates heat with equal facility; but when living, it produces heat to compensate the loss; and when dead, it no longer produces heat, so that it speedily becomes as cold as the external air. The processes of Life do not "suspend" the operation of physical laws, although, by the introduction of more complex conditions, they bring about results which, superficially considered, look like a suspension of those laws. A close analysis always detects the physical laws. No one thinks of attributing to a spirit-lamp, when lighted under a vessel of water, the power of suspending the equilibrium of temperature, because it keeps the water boiling in spite of the constant loss of heat by evaporation. Without the lamp, the boiling water would speedily cool below the temperature of the air; *with* the lamp, it may be kept indefinitely at the boiling point, if fresh water be from time to time added to replace what has evaporated. There is no "lamp-principle" suspending physical laws. Nor is there any mysterious agent in Animal Heat. Just as the temperature of the water is kept constant by the continual reproduction of heat equal-

ling the amount lost, so is the temperature of the bird kept constant by a continual reproduction of heat within; and although the vital processes by which that reproduction is effected are very far from exhibiting the simplicity of the spirit-lamp, and are indeed still involved in great obscurity, yet we know that physical laws are in no sense suspended thereby, and that the living animal has the tendency to establish an equilibrium between its temperature and that of the objects surrounding it.

We have only to extend our investigations and examine the temperature of the other organised bodies—seaweeds, zoophytes, molluses, and fish—during these changes which *seem* not to have affected the bird, to find that this mysterious "vital principle" suddenly fails altogether. It here abdicates its autocratic power. It suspends no laws, but permits equilibrium to be established unopposed. The seaweeds are as cold as the water, and get warmer as the water warms. The zoophytes have no appreciable superiority of temperature. The fish are only two or three degrees warmer. Either we must give up the explanation which the vital principle seemed to afford, or we must deny that the cold-blooded animals, as they are called, have any vital principle at all. In vain will a refuge be sought in the greater cooling agency of water over that of air; for although something must be allowed for this, we cannot by it account for the enormous disproportion between the temperature of the fish and the bird; and for these reasons: The Bonito, equally subject to this cooling agency of water, preserves a constant temperature of 20° above the sea; and the temperature of the Norwhal is nearly that of man—namely, 96° Fahrenheit. Moreover, while some marine animals are thus independent of the temperature of water, serpents, lizards, and frogs are dependent on the temperature of the air.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that every living organism has within it a source of self-supplying heat. The amount of heat thus supplied will depend on the amount and nature of the chemical changes which take place within the organism. Even in the microscopic animalcules such a supply exists. We might assume this *a priori*, but we can establish it experimentally, for if water be gradually frozen under the microscope, it will be seen that the last drops which solidify are those which surround the animalcules, and have been kept liquid by their heat.

Organic beings are thus distinguishable from inorganic in possessing, as a necessary consequence of their vital activity, a self-supplying source of heat; and organic beings are distinguishable *among each other* by the rapidity with which this heat is *supplied*, and the facility with which it is *radiated*, and not, as the current classification implies, into animals with warm blood, animals with cold blood, and plants with no heat at all. There are no animals with cold blood, and all plants produce heat. But plants, except during their periods of germination and flowering, when they are sensibly warmer than the air, produce heat so slowly, and part with it so easily, that their temperature always follows that of the medium in which they live; and the so-called "cold-blooded animals" produce heat so slowly that they are never more than two or three degrees above the medium, and sometimes even *below* it, owing to the rapidity of evaporation from their surfaces. Insects—bees, for instance—produce heat with a rapidity equal to that of birds; but they part with it so rapidly that their temperature is little above that of the air. When bees are collected together in the hive, the heat thus radiated is seen to be very great.

Many writers object to the old distinction of warm and cold-blooded animals, as unphysiological, and suggest that the distinction should be, that the warm-blooded are independent and the cold-blooded dependent on the external temperature; the one class preserving its normal heat under all variations of the external medium, and the other class growing warmer and colder as the external medium rises and falls. But against this distinction we would urge three arguments. First,—Both classes of animals are dependent on the external temperature, and both

are independent of it; they are *dependent*, because it accelerates or retards their vital activities by which their own heat is evolved; they are *independent*, because whatever may be the amount of external heat or cold, their own temperature, being really evolved in their vital processes, is always restrained within certain limits, and is almost always *somewhat* above that of the external medium,* until a limit is reached, and then, if the external temperature continue to increase, they perish, or their heat falls below that of the medium. Secondly,—The young of many warm-blooded animals are as much dependent on external temperature as frogs and fish; and even the adult animals of the hybernating class are in this category: no sooner does the external temperature fall, than their heat sinks, and this depression continues till they are only three degrees warmer than the air. Thirdly,—While the foregoing arguments have shown that the distinction is not tenable in the presence of facts, we would further remark that, granting the distinction to be valid, the cause would still have to be sought, and we should ask, why one class of animals was independent and another dependent on the external temperature? In fixing attention on the physiological differences of *rapid supply* and *rapid radiation*, as the real ground of distinction, we avoid the objections just brought forward: at the same time, inquiry into the cause of animal heat is disengaged from many a perplexing digression.

The marvellous balance between supply and loss exhibited by the human organism, and indeed by that of most warm-blooded animals, may be best seen in the following facts. Our temperature is 98°, and this is the standard, no matter what may be the external heat. In the tropics, the thermometer during several hours of the day is 110°. In British India it is sometimes as high as 130°. In the arctic zones it has been observed by our voyagers as low as 90°, *and even* 102°, *below freezing-point*. Nevertheless, amid such extensive variations of the external temperature, that of the human organism has but slightly varied, and a thermometer placed under the tongue of an arctic voyager will show the same degree of heat as one under the tongue of a soldier before the walls of Delhi. Throughout the scale of 200° which represents the variations of climate borne by our voyagers and soldiers, the average temperature of the human organism remains steady at 98°. We say *average*, because the same man is not always at the same degree; his temperature varies at different seasons, different hours, and under different conditions; and of course different men vary among themselves. Dr. Livingstone remarks, "If my experiments are correct, the blood of an European is higher than that of an African. The bulb of the thermometer held under my tongue stood at 100°; under that of the natives at 98°."† This is most likely nothing more than an individual difference; but the point is worth investigating.

Although the organism can endure a heat greater than its own, yet this would soon be fatal if continued. For a short period the excess of temperature can be resisted; and it is astonishing what a power of resistance we possess. Chabert, the once celebrated "Fire-King," who used to exhibit in public, amazed his audience by entering an oven, the heat of which was from 400° to 600°; and although we have no details as to his own temperature when subject to that heat, we may be sure that it could not have risen many degrees above 98°, otherwise he would have perished; for the experiments of Berger and Delaroche‡ prove, that when the temperature of animals is raised 11° or 13° above the normal standard they perish. Workers in iron-foundries and gasworks are constantly obliged to remain for some time in air which is as high as 250°, yet their own temperature remains

* We found the temperature of a lizard to be 56° in the mouth when the air was at 54°.

† Livingstone's *Travels in South Africa*, p. 509.

‡ Quoted by W. Edwards, *De l'Influence des Agens Physiques sur la Vie.*

tolerably uniform. A dog, confined in heated chamber at 220°–236°, in which he remained half an hour, was found to have gained only 7°; and while the external temperature stood as high as 236°, his own stood only at 108°.

It thus appears that warm-blooded animals, besides their central source of heat, which keeps up their temperature in spite of external cold, have also a cooling apparatus by which their standard of heat is preserved in spite of excessive heat outside. What is this process, which prevents the equilibrium of heat, and can keep the animal temperature more than one hundred and fifty degrees *below* that of the atmosphere? We can easily understand why a kettle of water can be kept at boiling-point in a cold atmosphere, so long as a flame is underneath it; but what is it which can keep that water *cold* when the temperature of the air is many degrees above boiling-point? A man whose temperature is 98° in an atmosphere of 60°, suddenly steps into an atmosphere of 200°, and yet his own warmth is scarcely elevated. The ordinary explanation of this surprising fact is, that the evaporation and exhalation of vapour and water from the surface are so accelerated by the excessive heat, that they suffice to keep the man's temperature from rising. Let us look more closely into this.

All over the surface of our bodies there are scattered millions of minute orifices which open into the delicate convoluted tubes lying underneath the skin, and are called by anatomists *sudoriparous glands*. Each of these tubes, when strightened, measures about a quarter of an inch; and as according to Erasmus Wilson, whose figures we follow, there are 3528 of these tubes on every square inch of the palm of the hand, there must be no less than 882 inches of tubing on such a square inch. In some parts of the body the number of tubes is even greater; in most parts it is less. Erasmus Wilson estimates that there are 2800 on every square inch, on the average; and as the total number of such inches is 2500, we arrive at the astounding result that, spread over the surface of the body, there are not less than *twenty-eight miles of tubing*, by means of which liquid may be secreted, and given off as vapour in *insensible* perspiration, or as water in *sensible* perspiration. In the ordinary circumstances of daily life, the amount of fluid which is thus given off from the skin (and lungs) during the twenty-four hours, varies from 1⅞ lb. to 5 lb.; under extraordinary circumstances the amount will of course rise enormously. Dr. Southwood Smith found that the workmen in the gasworks employed in making up the fires, and other occupations which subjected them to great heat, lost on an average 3*lb.* 6*oz.* in forty-five minutes; and when working for seventy minutes in an unusually hot place, their loss was 5 *lb.* 2 *oz.*, and 4*lb.* 14*oz.*

Whatever stimulates the circulation of the blood at the surface will necessarily increase the action of the sudoriparous glands. A warm atmosphere or a warm bath immediately causes the surface-circulation to be increased. Muscular exertion does the same. That the ordinary amount of evaporation and exhalation will be greatly raised on our entrance into an atmosphere of 200° is very certain; but the question is whether this amount, be it never so considerable, is sufficient of itself to account for the enormous difference between the temperature of the animal and that of the atmosphere? We must remember that not only is the animal more than 100° lower than iron or wood in such an atmosphere, but it is this amount lower in spite of the incessant production of heat taking place in its own organism, by the chemical changes on which vitality depends—a production of heat which will suffice to preserve his temperature at the same height, if, on quitting this atmosphere of 200°, he plunges into a snow-bath. For a short period a man can enter a furnace the floor of which is red-hot, the air being 350°, yet his own heat will remain 250° *below* this; and we cannot suppose that, in this brief period, he has lost enough heat by evaporation to prevent his own temperature rising. What, then, is the cause? We must confess inability to answer this question. For some

time we fancied an explanation might be gained from the low-conducting power of the animal envelope, which would prevent the external temperature from gaining access to the internal organs. Wrap a jug of ice in flannel, and the ice will not melt, even in a very warm room until a considerable time has elapsed. It is on this principle that, in China, they *bake ices*. An ice is enveloped in a crust of delicate pastry, and introduced into the oven. The paste is quickly baked, and the ice is still unmelted, having been protected from the heat by its envelope; and thus the epicure has the delight of biting through a burning crust, and then immediately cooling his palate by the grateful contents. But although the envelope of the warm-blooded animal is unquestionably a bad conductor, and would therefore suffice to account for the animal's not getting warmer during a brief exposure to high temperature, this explanation fails when confronted with experiments which show that, during a longer exposure, the temperature has been still at its old limit. The following experiment by Berger and Delaroche is very instructive:— They introduced a porous vase, containing two wet sponges and a frog, into a furnace at 126°–143°. The temperature of the sponges and the vase had been previously raised to 101°–105°; that of the frog was 70°. At the close of the first fifteen minutes, the vase, the sponges, and the frog had almost an uniform temperature, *which did not exceed that of warm-blooded animals;* and this was maintained pretty constant during two hours. It is remarkable that, to reach this standard, the vase and the sponges *fell* in temperature about a degree and a half, whereas the frog rose as much as 29° in fifteen minutes. But frog, sponges, and vase maintained themselves from 20° to 45° *below* the external temperature —namely, at the temperature of warm-blooded animals. From this it would seem as if the temperature of warm-blooded animals was the limit which could be reached by organic bodies coincident with a free evaporation of water from their surfaces. The vase and the sponge were introduced into a furnace very considerably higher than themselves in temperature; and this excess of heat caused an evaporation of their water, which lowered their temperature to that point where the rapidly-rising temperature of the evaporating frog would stop. Now, although the evaporation from the surface of the frog would have had a cooling influence from the first minute of the experiment, yet we see that this cooling influence was not great enough to withstand the rapid rise of the animal's temperature, until the point was reached at which the fall of the vase and sponges had ceased; and this point is the very limit which we find uniformly in the warm-blooded animals, no matter what the external temperature may be.

The temperature of man is constant. Neither the fluctuations of the seasons, nor the differences of latitude, bring any variation in his standard. No fact in science is better established; but we must guard against a misconception, and add, that when this temperature is spoken of as constant, it is not the heat of individual parts, nor of individual men at every hour of the day or under all circumstances, it is the *average* temperature of the internal organs. The limits of oscillation are narrow indeed, but within those limits the oscillation is incessant. We found that when a thermometer is used which marks fractions of a degree so small as one-tenth, if placed in the mouth of an animal, it will exhibit an incessant oscillation; and it is well known that very obvious variations occur at different periods of the day, and under different circumstances. Dr. John Davy found that, when at rest in a temperature of 37°, his own temperature fell as low as 96°.7; in a room at 92°, he found the heat of a workman had risen to 100°. Gierse observed that, before dinner, his temperature under the tongue was 98°.78, and after dinner, 99°.5.

Unsophisticated Reader.— "We want no scientific authority for the belief that variations take place, since the daily complaints of our fellow-

citizens, shivering or perspiring, render the fact too obvious for thermometers to be needed."

Physiological Lecturer.—"Excuse me, sir; but you do want scientific authority. Without the thermometer, you cannot say whether you are warmer or colder than you were."

U. R.—"What! do you tell me I don't know when I feel colder."

P. L.—"I only tell you that you don't know when you *are*. What you may *feel* is another question altogether. Thermometers do not measure feelings."

U. R.—"This is too much! You will tell me next that I ought to trust your thermometer, and distrust my sensations. Before venturing to light a fire in my room, I must place a thermometer under my tongue to see if I am really as cold as I feel; and next July, when I am sweltering in the sun, you will perhaps assure me that I am wrong to complain of the heat, since I am only at 98°—not a degree hotter than I was in December!"

P. L.—"O Unsophisticated Reader! if we are to talk science, let us be accurate. If we are to talk the language of the market and the dining-room, we shall never come to a clear understanding. Were you ever attacked by an intermittent fever?"

U. R.—"Yes; and remember distinctly the vehement shivering-fit which commenced it. Perhaps you will tell me I was not colder then, nor warmer when that fit disappeared, and I seemed on fire, eh?"

P. L.—"Your ironical question warns me of your incredulity when I answer: No, you were *not* colder when you shivered under the heap of blankets which they in vain threw over you. You were some degrees warmer. The application of that thermometer, which you seem to treat lightly, would have shown that, whatever your sensations may have said, the actual heat of your skin had *risen six or seven degrees;* and when that sensation of cold was succeeded by a sensation of burning heat, the thermometer, which knows nothing of sensations, but measures heat only, would have shown that you were really not hotter than during the cold fit."

U. R.—"That is very staggering. But fevers are exceptional things, so let us come to ordinary life. Do you mean to say that, when I feel cold in winter, I am really not colder than when I come in from the walk which—according to my sensations—has warmed me?"

P. L.—"As an Unsophisticated Reader, liable to chilblains, your feet are doubtless colder and warmer under these two conditions; and the thermometer placed between your toes before you walk will show a temperature of 66° perhaps, while that of the air is 60°; and after the walk, the same test will show your feet to have risen as high as 96°.5. But if I regard you as a scientific *datum*, and think only of your Animal Heat as an average, I am forced to assure you that your temperature, variable in feet and hands, has remained constant in the blood and internal organs. A thermometer under your tongue would show 98° before and after your walk. Exercise had increased the circulation in your limbs, and consequently increased the warmth of those parts; but the source of your heat is the Blood, and that has not warmed or cooled with exercise. Dr. John Davy found, after a walk in the open air at 40°, that the temperature of his feet rose to 96°.5; of his hands, to 97°; while his tongue remained at 98°. Another day, after a walk in the air at 50°, his feet were 99°, his hands 98°, and tongue 98°. Here the feet were even warmer than the tongue. I can now answer your question without equivoque. When you feel colder, it is because the circulation in your extremities, or at the surface, is less active than usual, and either exercise or external warmth is necessary to restore that circulation; but the temperature of your blood, and, consequently, of those internal parts more abundantly and constantly supplied with blood—in a word, your Animal Heat—remains unaltered."

Our Lecturer, had he been questioned, would have stated that, in spite of this remarkable constancy in animal heat, there are oscillations even in that of the internal organs. The temperature varies according to Age,

Sex, Food, and other circumstances. We cannot, it is true, speak with any confidence as to the exact share which any one of these circumstances has in the variations observed; the case is so complex, and implies the concurrence of so many separate influences, that considerable discrepancies will be found in the results attained by different investigators. Thus the majority of writers agree that in infancy the temperature is higher than in maturity. A thermometer under the armpit of a new-born infant will stand nearly at 100°; and although it falls rapidly to 95°, yet in the course of the next four-and-twenty hours it will rise again to 99°.5. Between the ages of four months and six years, the average is 98°.9, and between the ages of six and fourteen it is 99°.16. On reading these figures the physiologist is tempted to see in them the simple expression of the fact that, during infancy and childhood, the growth is much more rapid than it afterwards is; and this rapidity of growth implies a greater production of heat, because a more rapid chemical action. Nevertheless, the extensive observations of M. Charles Martins* and W. F. Edwards† disturb the simplicity of this explanation, and cast some doubt on it. M. Martins, comparing the temperature of fifty-six ducks and ninety-seven geese, finds that in infancy it is somewhat *less* than in maturity. This fact is in direct contradiction to the physiological explanation; but it may possibly have some connection with the very important fact established by W. Edwards, namely, that young animals are distinguished from the adult less in the *degree* of heat which they attain than in their want of power to resist cold by *rapid production* of heat. This, as we attempted to show just now, is the distinguishing characteristic of what are called the warm-blooded and cold-blooded animals; and we shall now see that it is a characteristic of Age. Edwards removed a new-born puppy from its mother, and left it exposed to the air at 50°–60°. It rapidly grew cold, until at the expiration of three hours it was only two or three degrees above the temperature of the air. A similar result was observed with new-born rabbits, in a shorter space of time. With the new-born guinea-pig nothing of the kind was observed. It had a temperature equal to that of its mother; and this it preserved whether left with the mother or removed from her. Dogs, cats, rabbits, and other warm-blooded animals, therefore, seem in their earlier periods of existence to resemble the cold-blooded animals, and to be dependent on external warmth; but this is not true of all the warm-blooded classes. Edwards divides those classes into two groups, one of which comes into the world cold-blooded, the other warm-blooded. If we examine these groups closely, to discover some external sign by which they may severally be known, we find that one group comes into the world with its eyes closed, and the other with its eyes open. The reader, probably, thinks this sign of very small value, until we beg him further to remark that the puppy, whose temperature was so dependent on external warmth during the early part of its existence, becomes less and less so as he grows older, till at the end of a fortnight he is almost as capable as his parents of resisting external cold — and at this epoch his eyes are open. Thus the cold-blooded period is precisely coincident with the blind period.

Is, then, Animal Heat dependent upon vision? — is it in any degree regulated by vision? The phenomena are, indeed, intimately connected, but their connection is not that of cause and effect: it is that of two effects determined by one cause. Animal Heat is evolved by the vital changes which take place in the organism; and only when that organism has attained a certain degree of development has it the power of evolving sufficient heat to resist external cold: now, the development of the eye is an indication of the degree of development reached by the organism, and no sooner is the animal sufficiently

* *Mémoire sur la Température des Oiseaux du Nord*, in BROWN-SEQUARD: *Journal de la Physiologie*, i. 22.

† W. EDWARDS: *De l'Influence des Agens Physiques*, p. 132.

developed to use its eyes, than it is also sufficiently developed to preserve its normal temperature. The young puppy cannot see, and is forced to remain near its mother to be warmed by her; but the young guinea-pig sees perfectly well, and runs about seeking food for itself. It is the same with birds. Young sparrows, taken from the nest where they were kept warm by their mother and by each other, rapidly lost about 30°, although the external air was moderate (63°), so that their own temperature fell to three degrees above that of the air. A similar result was obtained with the air at 72°. As these birds are born without feathers, their loss of heat might be supposed to be owing to the absence of the warm covering which protected their parents. It is not so, however. Edwards completely stripped an adult sparrow of its feathers, and exposed it to an air at 65°, in company with a young sparrow taken from the nest; the young one had the advantage of down, and in some parts of feathers to protect it, nevertheless its temperature quickly fell to two or three degrees above that of the air, while that of the adult scarcely varied, and remained 36° above that of the air. Although the young sparrows, and those birds which are born imperfectly developed, require the heat of the nest and of their mother, the young chick preserves its temperature as well as the grown hen; but the chick quits the egg in a state of development which permits it to run about and feed itself. Have these facts any application to man? Are *we* born cold-blooded, like blind puppies? Not exactly; yet the same laws are in operation in our organisms as in the organisms of the puppy and the sparrow. Edwards relates that one of his patients gave birth to a seven-months child, with such ease that the child came before assistance could be got. He arrived two or three hours afterwards, and found the child vigorous, well swaddled in clothes before a good fire; yet its temperature, even under these circumstances, was only 90°, or five degrees below that of the average of a child born at the proper period. Every precaution was taken to keep the infant warm; had not such precautions been taken, it would have perished as a puppy would have perished.

Maternal instinct has in all ages and in all climates taught women to keep their infants warm. Philosophers have at various times tried, by logic and rhetoric, to thwart this instinct. Philosophy has been eloquent on the virtue of making infants "hardy," and has declared that cold baths and slight clothing must be as "strengthening" to the infant as to the adult. Listen to none of these philosophers, ye mothers! They are to be suspected when they are talking physiology, for under such circumstances they are the worst of guides, deceiving themselves and you by that fatal facility which intellectual power gives them of making ignorance look like knowledge, and of so speciously arraying absurdity that it looks like plain common-sense. It is bad, very bad, to listen to grandmothers, mothers-in-law, and nurses, for their heads are mostly mere lumber-rooms of crotchets and absurdities; but it is better sometimes to listen to them than to philosophers who inspire more respect, and cannot irreverently be treated as "old women." Maternal instinct must not be perverted by such unphysiological teaching as that of "hardening" infants. It is true that strong infants can endure this process, but it is certain that in all cases it is more or less injurious; for the universal law is that the younger the animal the feebler its power of *resisting* cold, in spite of its possessing a higher temperature than the adult.

An interesting fact is elicited by Edwards from his researches, namely, that although the younger the animal the less its ability to resist cold, this peril is to a great extent evaded by the comparative impunity with which the young animals can be subjected to a fall in their temperature. The adult better resists external cold; but if the resistance be overcome, there is greater difficulty in re-establishing the normal heat. In proportion as the faculty of developing heat increases, the faculty of developing it after a considerable fall decreases. One sees the bene-

ficial operation of this law in nature. The most careful bird is forced to quit her young from time to time in search of food; and during her absence they necessarily become colder; if she is absent long, or if the nest be not very warm, they will lose an amount of heat which would be perilous to an adult. But no sooner does she return to warm them, than they regain their temperature with facility.

Old people are commonly said to have a lower temperature than those of middle age; but Dr. Davy's observations do not confirm this; he found no such difference, nor are we aware of any evidence by which the notion can be established. It is true that cold is not so well resisted in old age. Herein old age and infancy agree.

The influence of *Sex* has not been much investigated; yet, considering the differences in the blood and respiration of the sexes, we might expect to find some striking results elicited from a careful comparison of temperatures. The only extensive investigations with which we are acquainted are those of M. Martins, previously cited; from one hundred and ten observations on ducks and drakes, he finds the temperature of the females to be somewhat higher than that of the males; but their temperature is also more *variable*, differing among each other more than is the case with the males. Between women and men there seems to be no appreciable difference, which is the more striking from the known differences in their blood and respiration.

"Food is warmth," says the physiologist; and in one sense this is strictly true, namely, that Food, by rendering a continuance of the vital processes possible, must bring with it the heat to be evolved in those processes. But it is *not* true in the sense in which the aphorism is frequently employed, namely, that Food is the fuel which is burned for animal heat (like coke in a furnace), and that particular kinds, the so-called Respiratory Food, are those we ought to employ as fuel. The warmth you feel after eating a hearty dinner is not really an increase of your temperature, but a *diffusion* of it to the extremities and the surface. Place a thermometer under your tongue before dinner and after it, and you will find that, in spite of your sensations, the thermometer points to the same degree at each period. Yet, as this admits of another interpretation, we shall adduce the less equivocal observations of M. Martins. The ducks belonging to a miller near Montpellier were fed well on grains every morning before being turned out to enjoy themselves in the river, and every evening on their return they were fed again; close by, there lived a poor waiter on the loch, who also kept ducks, but could not afford to feed them on grains, like his richer neighbour, so that they were reduced to forage for themselves. Here accident had arranged the conditions of a good scientific experiment. Living in the same air, the same temperature, and in the same loch of the river, these two flocks differed only in respect of the grain on which one was daily fed. The influence of food would, therefore, here be manifest. What did observation detect? A superiority of temperature amounting nearly to a degree centigrade (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ Fahr.) in favour of the well-fed ducks. M. Martins adds that he has since then often been able to affirm whether a bird has been well or ill fed, by simply ascertaining its temperature.

On a superficial consideration, this would seem to be convincing evidence that those physiologists are correct who assert "food to be warmth," in the crude sense of food being fuel; but closer attention will show that the evidence supports our view of food. Indeed, M. Martins has furnished us with irresistible evidence; "for," as he remarks, "we shall greatly deceive ourselves if we imagine that a better quality of food will suffice to raise the temperature in *a short period*. Two drakes, after five days of abstinence, were found to have a temperature of 41°.83 centigrade (about 107° Fahr.); I then fed them entirely on bran and herbs, and twenty-five days afterwards their temperature was 42°.14 (not quite 108° Fahr.) Two other drakes, with a temperature of 41°.40, were fed

abundantly on maize and hay; at the end of twenty-five days of such diet their temperature was 41°.76"—that is to say, actually *less* than those which had been ill fed! This may seem to be in contradiction with M. Martins' previous observation on the well-fed and ill-fed ducks; but the contradiction is only superficial; the reader will notice that, although the temperature of these well-fed drakes was actually less than that of the ill-fed, it was also less when the experiment began; and if we compare the rise in the temperature which took place in both, we shall find that in the ill-fed it was only 0°.30, and in the well-fed 0°.36. This difference, slight as it may seem, is in favour of the well-fed; and when such slight elevations are continued month after month, they may, and will attain a superiority amounting to one degree. Although, therefore, this experiment confirms the previous observation of the influence of generous food in elevating the degree of animal heat, it strikingly discredits the notion that the food is burned as fuel in the organism.

"Food is warmth," because food furnishes the pabulum of the tissues, and warmth is evolved in the chemical changes which go forward in the formation and destruction of the tissues. But food is not fuel only, as some physiologists would have us believe. If anything is burnt, it is the tissues not the food; our warmth comes from the organic processes which make and unmake the tissues. The proof of this is seen, not only in the foregoing experiments, but even more convincingly in the experiments on starvation which Chossat, and Martins have performed. We shall not here repeat those of Chossat, because they are well known, and the results are accessible in almost every text-book; but those of Martins will be new to our readers, and may therefore briefly be indicated. He took four drakes, and submitted them to several successive periods of abstinence, separated by periods in which they were abundantly fed. They were left in a tub of water in which to bathe, and their habits were unaltered; nothing but the solid food was withheld during the days of the experiment; and in order to avoid the diurnal variations of temperature from complicating the problem, the thermometer was always applied at the same hour of each day. The birds commenced the period of fasting with a temperature of 4°.20 (108° Fahrenheit), at the close of a period of ample nourishment.

After 24 hours'	abstinence	the	temperature	*sank* to 41°.84.
„ 48	„		„	*rose* to 41°.89.
„ 72	„		„	*rose* to 41°.91.
„ 96	„		„	*rose* to 41°.94.
„ 120	„		„	*sank* to 41°.62.

Here we see that twenty-four hours' fast have produced a striking reduction of temperature; and those writers who attribute warmth to the combustion of food may fancy they see evidence for their opinion in such a fact; but, as the fast is prolonged, the temperature does not continue falling; it rises: so that, after ninety-six hours of complete abstinence, the temperature has risen nearly to what it was when the animal was crammed with food. We have only to add, that this is in perfect accordance with the observations of Chossat, on pigeons. It is true that, after the fifth day, the temperature suddenly sinks; but the mere increase, as the abstinence is prolonged during the first four days, is sufficient to show that animal heat is not evolved by the combustion of food.

Having examined the influence of Age, Sex, and Food, we may now cast a glance at the influence of the Seasons. Although man preserves his standard of 98° in the tropics and in the arctic zone, he does so in virtue of the power his organism possesses of adjusting itself to changing circumstances. We adjust ourselves to the changing seasons. In winter we are as warm as in summer, because in winter we produce more heat, and lose less by evaporation and exhalation. A cold day in summer is incomparably more unpleasant and injurious than a day of

equal temperature in autumn; and the coldest day in summer would be mild to us in winter. The reason is, that in summer the cold day finds us unprepared. The organism during summer has been adjusting itself to the production of less and less heat, and if a cold day now occur, we have less power of resistance; we are somewhat in the condition of the infant animal, which has not yet acquired its full power of heat-making. It is on this principle that we may explain the death of animals exposed during summer to a degree of cold which in winter would scarcely lower their temperature.

We are not all blessed with the same capacity for developing heat; we are not all blessed with the same activity of the circulation. Yet each is apt to make himself the standard. B. shivers, and complains of the cold; thinks he must have the fire lighted, though it be June. C. is amazed that any one can possibly be cold on such a day; C. is quite warm. Perhaps, after reading these pages, B. will learn to understand that it is quite possible for C. to be comfortable in this temperature; and C. will learn to sympathise with the less fortunate B.'s, who shiver when he is warm. The differences may arise from two causes: the heat-producing capacity may be less, or the circulation feebler. The stimulus of the external cold increases the activity of the organic processes in one man, and depresses it in another. That this is the real cause, will appear on examining the influence of cold on the various classes of warm-blooded animals. One class — the hybernaters — is so incapable of resisting cold by an adequate increase of its own temperature, that it falls into a torpor; other classes are forced to seek external warmth in nests and holes, as we seek it in warm clothing and heated rooms; others, again, need nothing but their own temperature. In spite of the active respiration of a mouse, it needs a warm nest, and, unless in active exercise, will perish if exposed to a temperature which we should consider moderate; we, again, should perish in a temperature which the cat or dog could endure without uneasiness. Among men there are some who resemble the mouse, and others who resemble the cat. The slightest fall of temperature causes the first to put on warmer clothing, or to light the fire; at which their robuster friends are liberal in sarcastic allusions, spoken or thought, and are somewhat impatient of this "coddling." These are the cats. It is important to bear in mind, however, that this inadequate production of heat does not always translate itself by the expression of "chillness;" the effect of cold is often totally unlike that of a chilly sensation; it produces a vague uneasiness, a feeling of depression, resulting from the lowering of the organic activity; and many periodic forms of disease are probably connected therewith. Without positively "feeling cold," the person so affected need only enter a well-warmed apartment, to be at once aware of a reinvigorated condition.

After having thus glanced at the chief phenomena of Animal Heat, we are naturally led to inquire more closely into the cause. If we could trust our text-books, no part of Physiology is better understood; the theory of Animal Heat seems as simple as it is indisputable. There are, indeed, a few recalcitrant physiologists who will not accept the dominant theory; but on the whole, a very remarkable unanimity exists. We shall first state, as clearly as we can, what the dominant theory is, and then state the reasons which, if they do not destroy that theory, at least show the necessity for a reinvestigation of its foundations.

Animal Heat, it is said, is the effect of which Respiration is the cause. In Respiration, oxygen is absorbed, which burns the carbon of the food into carbonic acid, and the hydrogen into water: in these acts of oxidation heat is generated, for no combination of a combustible substance with oxygen can take place without disengaging heat. No matter whether such oxidations take place in the body or out of it, rapidly or slowly, at a low temperature or at a high one, the amount of heat set free by the combination of a given quantity of oxygen with a given

quantity of carbon or hydrogen, is always and everywhere the same. The oxidation of the carbon of the food will liberate precisely as much heat as if, instead of being spread over a long time, the combustion had taken place in a vessel of pure oxygen. Chemistry assures us of those facts. Physiology assures us that oxygen is incessantly absorbed in the lungs, and that carbonic acid and water are as incessantly exhaled; and further assures us that, concurrently with this absorption of oxygen and exhalation of carbonic acid and water, there is an amount of heat generated which would be generated by an equivalent combustion of carbon and hydrogen out of the organism. "It is obvious," says Leibig, "that the amount of heat liberated must increase or diminish with the quantity of oxygen introduced in equal times by respiration. Those animals, therefore, which respire frequently, and consequently consume much oxygen, possess a higher temperature than others, which, with a body of equal size to be heated, take into the system less oxygen."

Such is the so-called "chemical theory of Animal Heat," which we will now proceed to criticise. We have already seen how little confidence is to be given to the notion of the food being burnt in the organism; and when, therefore, we hear "the carbon of the food" spoken of as passing into carbonic acid, and disengaging heat, we must understand by it the carbon of the tissues made from that food. The oxygen which is absorbed in the lungs does not then and there combine with carbon in the blood, and generate its due amount of heat; this, which was formerly believed, is now given up by all competent physiologists. In giving up this idea, we must follow the course of the oxygen in the blood, until we detect it, *flagrante delicto*, in the act of burning the carbon; but this has hitherto escaped all research. *We are in utter ignorance as to the origin of carbonic acid in the organism.* We have many plausible explanations as to how it *may* arise, but how it *does* arise we do not know. It is extremely doubtful, according to Robin and Verdeil, whether *any* direct oxidation of carbon takes place at all, and is quite certain that much of the carbonic acid is not so produced.* Without venturing further on ground so delicate, we will sum up in the words of the distinguished chemist Regnault, who has specially studied this question: — "It was long believed (and many chemists still believe it) that the heat produced by an animal in a given time is precisely equal to that which would be produced by the burning in oxygen of the same amount of carbon and hydrogen which is found in the carbonic acid and water exhaled in that time. It is very probable that animal heat is entirely produced by the chemical actions which take place in the organism, but the phenomenon is too complex to admit of our calculating it according to the quantity of oxygen consumed."† The simple fact that the carbonic acid exhaled, at times contains *more* oxygen than has been absorbed, although perfectly intelligible when we remember the influence of food on the exhalation of carbonic acid, is of itself enough to destroy all confidence in such calculations.

While, therefore, it is still undecided whether carbonic acid and water arise in the organism by a process of direct oxidation, the theory of Animal Heat, which is based on such an assumption, must necessarily be held questionable. Meanwhile we may look a little closer into the evidence which declares that Animal Heat is the direct product of Respiration, rising and falling with it, dependent on it, as effect upon cause. That a mass of evidence can be adduced is perfectly true, because, whatever theory we may form, we must still perceive that *an* intimate relation necessarily exists between Respiration and Animal Heat; if only on the ground that all vital

* Robin *et* Verdeil: *Traité de Chimie Anatomique*, ii. 38 seq., 87, 168, 462, and iii. 185 seq.

† Regnault: *Cours Elémentaire de Chimie*, ii. 868

processes are intimately related, and in the organism one function is necessarily dependent on another. The question, however, is not whether *an* intimate relation exists; but whether *the* causal relation exists, whether the two phenomena are in invariable correspondence, the one never feeble when the other is energetic—the one never acting after the other has ceased.

Disregarding the mass of evidence which may be adduced in favor of the correspondence, let us here fix our attention solely on some striking exceptions. The cases are by no means very rare in which a corpse has preserved a high temperature for many hours; and, as Respiration must altogether have ceased, these cases have great significance for us. Dr. Livingstone mentions a case which came under his own eye, of a Portuguese lady, who died of fever at three o'clock in the morning of the 26th April. "The heat of the body continued unabated till six o'clock, when I was called in, and I found her bosom as warm as ever I did in a living case of fever. This continued for three hours more. As I had never seen such a case in which fever heat continued so long after death, I delayed the funeral till unmistakable symptoms of dissolution occurred." Mr. George Redford informed the writer of a case which he had under his own eye. A soldier, given to drink, died, we forget from what cause, and the next day Mr. Redford was quite startled at finding the body still warm. Dr. Bennet Dowler, of New Orleans, has likewise observed that, in many cases, the temperature *rises* after death; and, as these observations are cited by so eminent an authority as Professor Dunglison, we must give them a credit which might perhaps be refused to the cases previously mentioned. Dr. Dowler found that where the highest temperature during life was 104° under the armpit, it rose to 109° in ten minutes after death; fifteen minutes afterwards it was 113° in an incision in the thigh; in one hour forty minutes it was 109° in the heart. Three hours after all the viscera had been removed, an incision in the thigh showed the temperature to be 110°.

When we remember that, even after death, processes of growth and secretion have been observed to take place, there is nothing incredible in these examples of continued heat after death; but we cannot see how the advocates of the Respiration theory reconcile such facts as the complete absence of Respiration during several hours, with no diminution of Animal Heat. According to theory, the two phenomena are in immediate dependence, the intensity of heat corresponding with the energy of respiration; but here there is no respiration, nor has there been any for some hours, yet the heat continues to be produced.

There are, moreover, numerous facts which show a similar want of correspondence between the energy of respiration and the intensity of heat. In tetanus, for example, the temperature has been known to rise to 110°—an amazing height; yet no corresponding increase of respiration is noted. In women the energy of Respiration is strikingly inferior to that in men: according to Barral, 40 per cent. Yet, although they "burn" so much less carbon than men, their temperature is scarcely lower, if lower at all! We lay more stress on this fact, because it is the expression of the normal condition of the organism. In all cases of disease there is a possibility of some totally new conditions which render our inferences inapplicable; but, in the natural breathing of ordinary men and women, we may expect to see the unobstructed action of the law which connects respiration with animal heat. According to theory, women ought to have a very much lower temperature than men, for they exhale so very much less carbonic acid in respiration, and must, therefore "burn" less carbon. According to fact, women have as high a temperature as men. It looks so plausible when we read that the amount of heat liberated must increase or diminish with the quantity of oxygen introduced in equal times by respiration; yet this plausibility becomes troubled when we find animal heat sometimes bear-

ing no such relation to the amount of inspired oxygen. The woman is as warm as the man, with feebler respiration.

When we take a general survey of the animal kingdom, the correspondence between energetic respiration and high temperature is very striking, and affords that evidence to which allusion was made just now, in favor of the current theory. The cold-blooded animals are all feeble breathers, and the most energetic breathers are the warmest-blooded. A mollusc, a fish, a frog, a quadruped, and a bird, represent the various stages of this correspondence. The absorption of oxygen is smallest in the mollusc, and greatest in the bird. The mollusc has the temperature of the medium in which it lives, or is so slightly raised above it that our instruments detect no elevation. The bird keeps a constant temperature of 110°. So long as we content ourselves with such generalities, the evidence is ample. Indeed, we might, *a priori*, conclude that a general correspondence would necessarily be observed because of the general connection which two organic functions always exhibit; but no sooner do we descend from generals to particulars — no sooner do we compare animals with each other, than the correspondence suddenly ceases to lend its aid to the theory. It is true, as a general fact, that birds have a higher temperature and more energetic respiration than quadrupeds. It is true, moreover, as a general fact, that in birds the highest temperature is found in those of the most energetic respiration, the active hawk or swallow being warmer than the barn-door fowl; but this is true only as a general fact: and if we continue comparing birds together, we shall find that the active predatory petrel has uniformly a much *lower* temperature than the domestic duck. Here the correspondence suddenly fails. "If we bear in mind the current ideas respecting the production of animal heat," says Brown-Séquard, parenthetically, "there is assuredly something strange in the fact that the class of birds to which the petrel belongs has not a higher temperature than we find to be the case. The active life of these birds, their extreme vigour, the rapidity of their flight, their food, so rich in fatty principles, and the warm climate in which many of them live, are so many circumstances which ought to give them a high temperature." As M. Brown Séquard does not doubt the current theory, he is inclined to attribute the discrepancy to the occasional fasts which these birds are subject to. Being, on the whole, less well fed than domestic ducks, they are therefore, he thinks, lower in temperature. This will doubtless have its influence; yet differences in the temperature of birds cannot be wholly attributed to it; for, as M. Martins finds, ducks have a higher temperature than geese. Now, inasmuch as the goose is as well fed as the duck, as well covered with feathers, and as energetic in respiration, we should, *a priori*, expect it to have a higher temperature than the duck, because it is a general law that the smaller the animal the greater the rapidity with which its parts with its heat; yet the inexorable thermometer shows the duck to have a higher temperature than the goose.

A mouse eats eight times as much food, in proportion to its size, as a man, and its respiration is, according to Valentin,* eighteen times more energetic; yet its temperature is little higher than that of man, and its power of resistance to cold is incomparably lower. Birds eat six to ten times as much as a man, in proportion to weight—respire much more vigorously—and lose less heat by evaporation; nevertheless, they are only a few degrees higher, and their power of resistance to cold is in general much less. Valentin says that a dog consumes twice as much oxygen as a man, in proportion; yet the difference in their temperature is very slight.

These illustrations suffice to show that no invariable constancy can be found between Respiration and Animal Heat; even should the theory we are criticising ultimately turn out to be correct, the objections we have urged will still retain their force, not

* VALENTIN: *Text-Book of Physiology.* Translated by W. BRINTON, p. 351.

indeed, against the truth of the theory, but against its inconsiderate interpretation; they will retain their value as indications of the presence of *physiological conditions*, and will show how varieties in the organism modify the operation of the general physical laws; thus removing the question of Animal Heat from the hands of the Chemist, and replacing it in the hands of the Physiologist. Treating the question as a physiological one, we are forced to consider Animal Heat as determined by the energy of two processes, one of production and another of radiation. Some organisms produce heat more rapidly than others, and some part with it more rapidly. The temperature of the organism will be determined by a balance of these processes. Insects produce heat with great rapidity; but they part with it so rapidly that their temperature is as low as that of the reptile, which produces heat slowly. The hybernating animals part with their heat more rapidly than other warm-blooded classes—part with too rapidly for the maintenance of their necessary warmth when the external temperature falls, and thus, the balance being destroyed, they sink into the condition of cold-blooded animals. If a young bird and an adult of the same species be exposed to the same degree of cold, although they have both the same temperature at starting, the young bird will in a short period be found to have a much *lower* temperature than the adult, because its production of heat has not been sufficiently rapid to keep pace with the loss. The physiological causes which determine this rapid loss in the insect, the hedgehog, and the young bird, have yet to be investigated, and may at once be surmised to be different in each case. In the insect, the rapid loss is probably owing to the smallness of its size, and the free penetration of the air through its body. In the hedgehog and young bird, the actual loss may not be greater than in other animals of the same size; but the effect of cold on their organisms may be such as to materially retard those processes on which the production of heat depends. So clearly is the production of heat regulated by the general condition of the organism, that, at different seasons of the year, the same organism will produce different amounts of heat at the same temperature. In winter, the organism is in its greatest heat-producing condition; in summer at its lowest. If subjected in summer to a temperature of zero, its power of resistance will be found very inadequate to such a degree of cold; whereas in winter its power of resistance is so great as to make this degree of cold perfectly endurable. The usual explanation is, that there is a greater amount of oxygen contained in a similar volume of air in winter than in summer, so that at each inspiration a greater amount of combustion is rendered possible. But this is unsatisfactory. In the first place, in winter as in summer, the temperature of the mouth and lungs is constant, and the cold air entering would be warmed before the oxygen reached the blood; so that, unless the oxygen is in a different condition in winter than in summer (as some maintain), no solid argument can rest on the difference of the temperature of the air. In the second place, the experiments of W. Edwards do not admit of being thus explained. He placed sparrows in a glass vase, the air of which was maintained at freezing-point, in the months of February and July. This air, consequently, contained the same amount of oxygen in each case; and as the apparatus was in each case the same, and the birds the same, every variation in the result would be owing to the temporary condition of the organisms. In February the temperature of the birds only fell one degree centigrade, during the first hour, remaining stationary there during the two succeeding hours; whereas in July it fell more than three degrees in the first hour, and continued to fall till the close of the third hour, when it had lost as much as six degrees. This experiment by no means tallies with the proposition laid down by Liebig, that "in different climates the quantity of oxygen introduced into the system by respiration, varies according to the temperature of the external air; the quantity of oxygen inspired increases with the loss of heat by

external cooling; and the quantity of carbon or hydrogen necessary to combine with this oxygen must be increased in the same ratio;" for, on the contrary, we see here that the same temperature of the external air will at different seasons lower the temperature of the same bird *one* degree or *six* degrees. The cause cannot lie in the external air and its amount of oxygen, but in the organism, and its different conditions in winter and summer.

Has it never occurred to you, when standing beside a pond in early spring, that there was something paradoxical in the fact of frogs and toads crawling at the bottom, and never once rising to the surface to breathe? They are animals with lungs, and in summer live mostly on land, perishing indeed if unable to get out of the water from time to time; yet during the whole winter, late autumn, and early spring, they pass their time under water. Puzzled by this fact, we applied to a zoologist for an explanation, and received in reply one of those explanations with which the majority of mankind are willing to be content, namely, a restatement of the fact in different language. Our own experiments and observations gave no explanation. We found, for instance, the two species of newt — land and water newts — behave very differently. Both have gills, as tadpoles, and lungs in a more developed condition. When the gills of the land-newt disappear, the possibility of living under water disappears: the animal quits the water for ever, and you meet him on your staircase, while his companion the water-newt is still in the aquarium, and only occasionally thrusting his head above water. As the season advances, the water-newt also feels the need of occasionally quitting the water, and he will lie basking on the bit of stone or wood for hours together, descending into the water as the coolness of evening descends. To keep him under water for many hours in the hot weather, is to kill him. It is the same with frogs and toads; and the reason was made clear to us by the experiments of W. Edwards. He found that as long as the temperature of the water is no more than fifteen or sixteen degrees above freezing point (47°–48°), frogs will live the whole year round without once rising to the surface. In this condition they *breathe only by the skin.* He has shown the relation which surface respiration bears to pulmonary respiration in these animals; and he finds that the skin exhales sufficient carbonic acid, and absorbs sufficient oxygen, to supply all their needs of languid life at this temperature. No sooner does the temperature of the water rise, than the vital activity of the frog increases; and with this increase there is a greater need of oxygen, a greater production of carbonic acid—in other words, a greater energy of Respiration, for which the skin no longer suffices; the lungs are called upon to do their work; they cannot do this work in the water; and if the frog be prevented from rising to the surface, it is prevented from breathing, and it perishes. We see this in spring. The frog, or newt, occasionally rises to expire carbonic acid, and absorb oxygen by its lungs. It then dives under the surface again. As the season advances, the risings become more frequent, till in the hot weather the frog lives chiefly on land, and the newt also is forced to expose itself to the air. These facts do not accord with the hypothesis of Animal Heat being the effect of Respiration; for we do not see the frogs get warmer because their Respiration has become more extensive, but their Respiration becomes more extensive because they are warmer: warmth has increased the activity of their vital functions, and has increased Respiration, which is one of these. We know how intimately dependent the vital functions are on temperature, and in a previous article we saw how Respiration in the cold-blooded animals uniformly increased in energy as the external warmth increased, up to a certain point; and we are therefore able to understand how it is that a low degree of vital activity will be found coincident with a feeble respiration and low temperature, while a high degree of vital activity is coincident with energetic Respiration and a high temperature, without our being

forced to admit that this coincidence implies a causal relation between energy of Respiration and Animal Heat.

In conclusion, we may say that the hypothesis generally adopted respecting the production of Animal Heat is very far from possessing the evidence demanded by science. It may be true; we do not think it is true; and we are persuaded that it is not proven. It rests on two pillars, the very foundations of which are insecure. The first of these is the chemical hypothesis of direct oxidation of the carbon and hydrogen. The second is the assumed invariableness of the relation between intensity of heat and energy of respiration. We are not warranted in affirming either of these propositions; all we are warranted in affirming is this: Animal Heat is evolved in various chemical and physical changes which occur in the processes of life, and is consequently in direct correspondence with their energy, rising in intensity as they become more active, and falling as they fall. We have every reason to believe that oxygen is the great *inciter* of such changes, the indispensable condition of vital activity; but we have no direct evidence that these changes are all oxidations; we have direct evidence that some of them are not oxidations, but are dependent on Respiration only as one organic process is dependent on another, and as Respiration itself is dependent on them.

A PLEA FOR SHAMS.

We are living, we are told, in an age of "shams." "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players:" in a worse sense than Shakespeare's. The grand drama of life is literally, as the Greeks named their stately tragedy, a "hypocrisy." To look upon its scenes and characters as realities, is, we are assured, the happy ignorance of childhood's first visit to the theatre; wisdom can only smile and envy us: it knows all the actors off the stage—can detect the wigs and the tinsel, smells the lamps most unmistakably, and has heard too much of the heroine's history—behind the scenes—to feel much sympathy for virtue in distress. Yes, everything is a sham; "I sham, you sham, he shams;" this is the pattern verb of the New Universal Grammar. It is put forth by the authority of a formidable array of writers, who have gained, not undeservedly, much of the public ear. The greatest poet, the keenest satirist, the most popular writer of fiction, the most remarkable, if not the deepest, philosophical thinker of our day, unlike in many things, all agree in this tone. It seems the great modern discovery in moral science; and, like other great discoveries, is of doubtful authorship; the idea claims birth in more than one mind at once. Our poet-laureate, with his deep melodious chime,

> "Rings out the false, rings in the true."

Mr. Thackeray, with unflinching hand dissects our very vitals, and lays bare the ghastly framework under the fair skin of *Vanity Fair;* "Boz" himself, heartiest and most genial of his craft in former days, has taken of late to weep and snarl alternately, like his own inimitable Miggs, over the wrongs of injured blackguardism, and the base deceptions of respectability. And last, and most terrible of all, Mr. Carlyle—who uses, as an old lady of our acquaintance truly observes, very shocking language—calls our civil and ecclesiastical dignities "crowned, coroneted, shovel-hatted quackheads;" talks of our most sacred political systems as "wind-bags," "cant," and "castle-spectres," and seems to lump his readers and the public generally, in terms more terse than flattering, into two classes—"sham heroes and a valet world." Each of these writers has discovered, like Hamlet, that "the time is out of joint;" but not being blest with the Danish philosopher's modesty, they rather glory in the announcement that they were "born to set it right."

Of the poet, we will not complain.

His vocation gives him a licence to see things in general with other eyes than common men; either all in roseate hues, or wrapt in awful gloom, as suits his temperament or his fancy. We have no right to tie him down to facts, or examine his propositions by the rules of logic. The days are past when the vates was priest and prophet as well as bard. The poetry will live, and the philosophy be forgotten. Society in general does its thinking, for all practical purposes, in very plain prose. Englishmen will no more become dreamy mystics from reading Tennyson, than they became misanthropical and satanic from a course of Byron. A few young enthusiasts then, we can remember, wore turn down collars, dined (after a good luncheon) on potatoes and vinegar, affected hock and soda-water, and kept a skull on their chimney-piece; but the public generally stuck to its roast beef and port, tied their chokers as tight as ever, and continued to use the old-fashioned drinking-glasses. So the splendid mist in which the laureate shrouds his religious and social creed will find many imitators, for a while, amongst the young and the imaginative, but will leave very little trace upon the minds of his sincerest admirers. We read and admire Lucretius; but we have outlived his science, and we do not trouble ourselves about his creed.

But with the novelist and the philosophical historian the case is different. Both have great influence upon that very large section of a reading public which is glad to take its opinions at second-hand, to save itself the trouble of thinking. The writer of fiction will have most; if for no other reason, because he is easiest to understand. Mr. Carlyle's passionate invectives will weary nineteen readers out of twenty who take them up. And the essayist addresses at best a comparatively small circle. But the novelist, in our degenerate days, has usurped the poet's ground; he has become the teacher of the multitude, either for good or evil. He gives you his religious or political creed in the form of a story, and skilfully wraps up a whole scheme of social regeneration in the adventures of his heroes and heroines. In fact, the old steady-going novel-readers must find themselves hardly used; their authors now insist on dealing with all readers as if they were in their second childhood: no amusement without instruction. The writers' main object, in half the one, two, and three volumes of fiction which are poured fresh upon us every month, is to make converts to some pet theory, instead of weaving scenes of "breathless interest" and "striking catastrophes." The change is very considerable, and not altogether for the better. We miss the interest, and are not much the better for the instruction; which, indeed, most conscientious novel-readers judiciously skip as far as possible. Some years ago, it was thought part of a wise education to keep novels either entirely out of young people's way, or at all events to exercise a very strict and cautious right of selection; and certainly the style of some of the novels of that day abundantly justified the precaution. In these present days we have (shall we say a purer taste, or only a more sensitive propriety?) than our forefathers, and few writers of fiction venture to offend against decency and morality. Still, the domestic censorship has not expired. Mammas and governesses, and other authorities, still feel it incumbent on them to *viser* the pretty red and blue volumes which now court youthful readers with a double attraction, the fair outside giving hopeful promise of what sweets lie within. There are now High-Church, Low-Church, and No-Church novels, not to be distinguished by their outsides; and each class, according to circumstances, voted dangerous to the peace of families: for these pretty volumes make more converts than any popular preacher. If it be true, as Herbert says, that

> "A verse may catch him whom a sermon flies,"

it is quite as true that a novel will catch many a stray sheep who would fly a sermon. But such converts, as may well be supposed, generally show more enthusiasm than wisdom; and, on the whole, we incline to prefer pure romance, as food for the youth-

ful intellect, to religious or political controversy.

But the one leading note in the most popular literature of the day is this modern cynicism — that everything is a "sham." The writers just mentioned seem to have it constantly in view as the great doctrine they are called upon to preach; and they bring to their task, each in their own line, powers of humour, of description, and of language, which insure them at least a ready audience. They put forth the boldest type of Materialism as the highest philosophy: what you can touch, what you can see, what you can taste—these alone are real. All that appeals to sentiment —all that idealises this coarse outward life of ours—any decent garb in which poor humanity, conscious of its weakness and nakedness, tries to shroud itself,—all these are "shams." Loyalty, reverence, hereditary respect, are "flunkyism." "Bishop," and "bar," and "respectability"—all these are sneered at. The new maxim is, "whatever is, is wrong." All the right there is now upon earth is illegitimate. Virtue, religion, kindness of heart — all these are the growth of poor neglected soils, which society is doing its best to keep barren for ever. Our whole civil, political, religious, and social framework is rotten carpentry covered with tinsel. The secret of its unreality and hollowness has been revealed to these few; and a herd of admiring followers take up the cry, and proclaim a crusade against "formulas," "quackery," and "beadledom." It is not a philosophy of very difficult growth. "He that goeth about to persuade a multitude they are not so well governed as they ought to be," saith Hooker, "shall never lack ready and attentive hearers." So also he that runs atilt against established respectabilities will always find himself a popular champion. The schoolboy who caricatures his master does not need to be a first-rate artist in order to be applauded by his admiring fellows to his heart's content. Let him take care to put the rod in one hand, and the book in the other, and a few strokes make the portrait, if not a very faithful resemblance, at all events an unmistakable one. The broader the squint, the longer the nose, the blacker the frown, the more perfect is the work pronounced. If these features are not so in the original, why, they ought to have been. The loudest in their applause, certainly, are apt not to be the best boys in the school, nor is the artist himself usually *dux primus*. The sympathies so successfully appealed to are scarcely the highest even in schoolboy nature. So, possibly, in the larger world outside the schoolroom, the declaimers against religious formulas are not always the most religious men. The satirists of dull respectability may sometimes have found the checks and restraints which such respectability enforces a yoke and a bondage. Every man who raises his voice in favour of things as they are, has, they insinuate, some vested interest in maintaining shams. Do they believe that any reform or revolution, social, religious, or political, successful or unsuccessful, has been ever attempted or carried out, in which personal and interested motives had not the largest share? It sounds very well to talk about pure philanthropy, and hireling advocates; but if you want to have your cause ably argued, and honestly too, you pay your counsel and attorney.

We are to go back, this school of writers tell us, to "nature and her veracities." Fine language; "prave 'orts;" but, put into sober work-a-day English, what does it all mean? How much about us is veracity, and how much conventional usage? Is the model man of regenerated society to make his appearance in public as nature made him—a biped without feathers? Is he to repudiate dress as a conventionality? If the bishop's apron, and "wig and black triangle," and the judge's "horse-hair and scarlet," and the poor beadle's laced hat, are shams, in what consists the comparative truth and honesty of a wide-awake or a glengarry? Why is a man more virtuous in a tweed wrapper rascal than in a court uniform? Do our modern realists allow the ladies of their families to indulge in crinoline? Does Mr. Carlyle hold tobacco to be a "veracity?" Does Mr. Albert Smith wear a ring on his finger? Why?

for what possible purpose?—or if a ring on his finger, why not also bells on his toes? Barring the conventional custom, one is as much in its place as the other; nay, why not the ring in his nose, or in his ear? There is undeniable authority for both practices. One glaring conventionality which we are charged with, and which it is considered an especial duty to bear a testimony against, is the practice of shaving the beard. Nature gave us this noble ornament, we are told; smooth chins are an abomination, introduced by an effeminate king—razors an invention of man's great enemy. But do these hirsute philosophers ever pare their nails? because plainly such a habit is quite a modern innovation—a mere conventional absurdity. The original "homo" never pared his nails:

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran,"

his nails were made to dig him roots, and for other useful purposes,—and probably to fight. Good Dr. Watts was mistaken; children's "little hands"—at any rate their little nails—*were* "made to tear each other's eyes;" and would still, only that we barbarously cut them short. Our commonest and most innocent habits, measured by these gentlemen's standard, will be found exceedingly unveracious. Are we all to walk about as in a palace of truth, and repudiate all the recognised courtesies of society because they are shams? Am I to say to my good old neighbour Mr. Tomkins, whenever I meet him, "Tomkins, you are a bore, and you ought to know it; I can't waste my precious time talking to you about the weather, or even about Mrs. Tomkins; I have more important subjects than these to talk about, and more agreeable people to talk to: so I wish you a very good morning; or rather, I mean to say, I don't care whether you have a good morning or a bad one. I don't wish you any harm, but I want to get rid of you!" Or when I meet Smith at the Folkestone station on his autumn trip,—he in his nautical costume and Mrs. S. in her round hat,—am I to accost them in the sincere language of my heart,—"Well, for two sensible middle-aged people, you have contrived to make the greatest guys of yourselves I ever saw in my life!" I am sure this would be a veracity; but would it be an improvement, on the whole, on the conventional type of our actual conversation under the circumstances? "Good morning, Mr. Tomkins; hope I see you well; these easterly winds," &c. &c. "How are you, Smith?—fond of boating as ever, I see; and Mrs. Smith looking really quite," &c. &c. It's a sham: I know it is; perhaps she knows it is: but if she does, she knows it to be a friendly one. Were I to go back to my veracities, I might prefer, being in company with a fastidious friend, to cut the Smiths altogether. The truth is, we live in a world of shams and conventionalities, if you prefer calling things by ugly names. All civilised life is a state of convention. Language itself is all convention: ask the logicians. There is no reason, in the intrinsic nature of things, why HAT should spell "hat." All forms of salutation are pure conventionalities. Why do we shake hands? What ceremony can be more absurd? The Pacific Islanders rub noses; so do sheep. Of the two, therefore, the latter may be the more natural. Dr. Livingstone's friends, the Bakolos, by way of paying their best respects, lay down upon the ground, and clapped their thighs with their hands loudly and energetically. Unpleasant, Dr. Livingstone thought it, and so, perhaps, should we; but you see nature seems to dictate no universal forms of politeness: the forms which do suggest themselves to others seem to us as unmeaning or ungraceful as ours may to them. No wise man among us laughs at his British ancestors for painting themselves blue; is it a mark of such superior wisdom to ridicule the outer coating of society in this nineteenth century?

Be real, we are told,—be genuine, be true; say what you will, do what you will, only let it be a truth, and not a falsehood. It sounds very grand; not quite so new a gospel perhaps as its apostles fancy; this "living according to nature" was a favourite dream of old. Only poor human nature, not being itself per-

fection, is forced to be content with a more elastic rule. If we were angels, then to say all we think would be very well, and to act according to nature would follow of course; but as things are in this far from angelic world, there are a great many thoughts which we shall do well to hide if possible even from ourselves, and a good many actions which we must disguise as we can with a little decent hypocrisy. There is no more disagreeable person on earth than the man who always speaks his mind; and whose mind, be it observed, is almost always unpleasant.

Some of us may remember a burlesque of poor Hood's in one of his comic annuals, entitled "Domestic asides, or truth in parentheses." The concluding line of each verse was supposed to be spoken aside, and was printed parenthetically, conveying the real sentiments of the speaker. It began thus:

> "I really take it very kind
> This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
> 'Tis quite an age since we have met—
> (*The wretch has come to dinner!*)"

It may serve as a specimen of the interesting style of a conversation which should consist wholly of such parentheses, if everybody, in short, spoke out. Heaven deliver us from such sincerity!

Suppose my friend and neighbour Jones asks me, as he often does, to dine with him in a quiet way—"only ourselves—shall make no stranger of you:" am I to conclude he means to take me home, and set me down to hashed mutton, as an agreeable surprise to Mrs. Jones?—and shall I vote my friend a humbug because I know that cut of salmon was ordered expressly for me, because that *moir antique* is not Mrs. Jones's daily dinner dress?—am I bound to believe, when Jones produces that bottle of '24 port,—does he expect or wish me for a moment to believe that such is his daily drink, when he lamented to me himself, six months ago, that he had but two dozen of it left? If I drop into a friend's house unexpectedly, I honour him for boldly offering me the family fare, without calling it the "children's dinner"—were it even cold veal, the abomination of the Christian; but when I come as an invited guest, I expect to be made a stranger of, in spite of the formal disclaimer; which of course is only understood to mean, that I shall not have inflicted upon me, as upon the last ceremonial dinner-party, the Dowager Lady Scrubbs, Miss Scrubbs, and the Low-Church curate, who is Miss Scrubbs' admirer, the plateau in the centre, and that questionable champagne which is Jones's besetting social sin; but that I may come in walking-boots, that we shall have a bottle of the old port (and finish it), and a quiet cigar afterwards, the smell of which Mrs. Jones, excellent woman, professes rather to like; an angelic falsehood for which I highly respect her. Your perpetually earnest people, who never say anything but what they mean, seem always brimful of unpleasant truths and ill-natured opinions. What they call plain-speaking is more than plain; it is positively ugly-speaking; and in nineteen cases out of twenty, does more harm than good. We all speak our minds plainly enough as it is for the peace of society; perhaps in some cases rather too much so. Indeed, if a little more of that reticence and smooth language which we call conventional politeness were used in our home life, many a household would be all the happier for it. If husbands and wives preserved more of those "formulas" towards each other which they adopt in their intercourse with society, they would be not greater hypocrites, and far more agreeable companions. If our young ladies carried a little more of their drawing-room manners into the family circle, it would be a greater improvement than the contrary process of introducing the free-and-easy realities of temper and selfishness into company. If company manners are unpleasant, it is because we feel they are company manners, and know that the smile and the kind word are not equally ready for home occasions. Our old friend Sir Morgan O'Doherty, amongst his invaluable "maxims for marrying," advises a man, if possible, to engage himself as housemaid in the family, if he wants to know anything of the real

dispositions of the daughters. It may be done, he says, with "tact and close shaving." Those salutary curbs and checks which society imposes upon our lower natures should also be imposed upon ourselves in our most familiar intercourse, when those only are present whose presence is no restraint. What may be hollowness and falsehood, if put on occasionally for a purpose, is self-control if exercised in this way upon principle. Half the amenities of life depend on it. It is the broad distinction between the household of the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant,—a far more important distinction than any which money, and dress, and daily fare can make,—that, in the one case, the courtesies of life are more or less observed even between the closest relatives, and in the other, human nature shows herself in all her natural ugliness, and disdains the control of what we call conventionalisms. And to paint the households of the lower classes as happier or more virtuous, in ordinary cases, than those of the wealthy and refined, may be very pungent satire, but is as untrue a picture as ever was painted as a representation of actual life. As a rule the fact is quite otherwise; not because human nature is better or worse in corduroy than in velvet, but because among the poor you see every human passion in its coarsest and least artificial form, and are brought into contact with "nature and her veracities" with a vengeance. The naked truth is a pretty allegory, but it may be rather a gross exhibition. There are many low necessities of our nature which we are all glad to veil under recognised conventionalities; we cannot get rid of them; they are living "veracities" of which we are all too conscious in ourselves and in each other; but at least we need not parade them.

And as we are not bound to exhibit ourselves *in puris naturalibus*, either mentally or bodily, so in dealing with others we are wise in using a somewhat idealised estimate of their characters. If Christian charity bids us think and hope the best of every man, no less does social policy call upon us to treat every man as better than he really is. "*Vult sibi quisque credi.*" If you want to be listened to by a mob of the great unwashed, address them as "gentlemen." If you would have your boy at school open and honest and true, as a boy should be, always deal with him as if it were impossible to believe him otherwise. The worst masters, and the worst served, are those whose eyes are open to every servant's faults, and who take care to let them know it. He who insists on poking his nose into every corner, will make more discoveries than his neighbours, no doubt, but not always of the most useful or the most agreeable kind. The current of life runs all the smoother for having a dash of honest falsehood. If we are to reduce everything to its reality, we shall have left us as the residuum, not only a very unpoetical world, but a very uncomfortable one.

One hardly ventures to speak here of that old-fashioned chivalry which sees in every woman a "fair ladye," and vows that it lives only to do her suit and service; such fancies, we know, are all too unreal for this practical age; but shall we have the lover bound down too to base realities? Is he too, in his hatred of shams, and honest scorn at all conventional usage, to be careful to discriminate between the real and the imaginary in the lady of his love? After all, as Congreve says, "Beauty is the lover's gift." We make our own divinities. The idol whom you worship, my dear young sir, and see in her nothing but perfection of soul and form—we know her to be dumpy, we don't believe in her accomplishments, and suspect her to be not immaculate on the point of temper; but we don't wish you to think so,—on no account; we conceal our scepticism carefully from you; and if ever your eyes are opened to the realities of this subject, we trust that it will be by a long and gradual process which may soften the effect of such knowledge when it comes, and which we, who are of the initiated, would not willingly hasten by an hour; for the

fruit of such knowledge of good and evil is not to be desired, though it make one wise.

"Skin a Russian," it is said, "and you will find the Tartar underneath." The proverb may be true, in many senses, of the Englishman as well as the Russian. Strip any of us to the core, and even our most intimate friends might fail to recognise us. But is it absolutely necessary to go through this miserable process? Are we not all the prettier to look at, and quite as good for use, for a little outside? Does not Nature herself give us a lesson in this, that she conceals under a fair smooth cuticle the system of nerves, and sinews, and blood-vessels, which, when uncovered, make but a ghastly show? Let us protest, then, in the name of common sense and comfort, against this philosophy of the dissecting-room. Let us neither anatomise others, nor submit to be thus operated upon ourselves. Let the play of life proceed. Let us lend ourselves with a good grace to its illusions; many of them are pretty and pleasant; few of them are very mischievous; at any rate, we shall gain little by looking behind the scenes. That young lady in the silk and spangles is not a real sylph; granted; but she looks very nice. Why trace her home to the coarse beef-steaks and porter of her mortal supper? If the gallant before us is not all the hero whom he personates, still less is that a real devil who comes in with the red fire. We are all worse—and better—than we seem.

And, if you come to talk of realities, what are realities after all? What is "semblance," and what is "substance?" Who are "I" and "you?" What is the actual idea contained under these little pronouns? because philosophers are by no means agreed even upon this point, whether you and I, properly speaking, are anybody at all—anything more than "formulas," in short. Much has been written upon both sides of the question; a great deal more than I should like to read. Facts? Are there any facts? The Anti-Corn-Law League was a great fact in our time; our posterity may perhaps discover it to have been only an historical fiction. Many things which used to be facts have now become fables. The Romulus and Remus of our schoolboy days have their very existence questioned. The good wolf who nursed them (of whom we had actually seen pictures, and handled statuettes) turns out to have been, if anything, a shepherd's wife of doubtful character; and *our* Roman History is history no more. Nay, even the History of England, which we all learnt with so much care and pains, was all, it seems, written upon wrong principles. There was no "bloody" Queen Mary, after all, but a meek saint who bore that Christian name, and had a wicked sister called Elizabeth, and was daughter to a good King Henry, who, entirely for his subjects' good, and from motives of the highest philanthropy, consented to be plagued with six wives in succession—quite a different character from the Royal Bluebeard he has been maliciously represented. Were the little princes smothered in the Tower? Was the Red King really killed in the New Forest? Did Louis XVII. die in the Temple prison? We should have had our ears boxed, and very deservedly, any of us, who had the misfortune to be boys five-and-twenty years ago (when boys' ears were not above being boxed), if we had hesitated in our answers about such facts as these. But now, all that can be said with any safety is, nobody knows; and it is rather considered the correct thing to take the negative side on all these questions. The upshot of the universal search after truth seems to be that nobody is anybody, and everybody is somebody else. One inquirer ascertains beyond a doubt that Shakespeare, in whom we all believed next to the Bible, was not Shakespeare at all, but Bacon. Another reopens the great doubt as to the "Author of Waverley," and proves, very much to his own satisfaction, that Sir Walter Scott was, after all, a "sham." A clever Frenchman held that all the classics, with the exception of Homer, Herodotus, and some exceptional half-dozen others, were mere monkish forgeries—the mischievous literary amusements of the writing-schools of the old monasteries. Is clairvoyance a fact? or table-turning? or homœopathy? or the French empire? or the

Indian mutilations? Put these questions to all your friends in succession, and no three of them consecutively will agree in their answers. How is an unfortunate country gentleman to go about looking for facts and realities, and how is he to know them when he meets with them? He may persuade himself that, by virtue of a little natural sense, he knows "what's what;" but some more enlightened friend will soon be found to assure him "that's just what it isn't."

The editor of *Household Words*, in a very amusing paper, twits us with our House of Parliament conventionalities amongst others. "Why," he asks, "must every member speak of another as the honourable member for Blankshire—or the noble and learned lord who spoke next after the noble and gallant marquess,"—and so forth? "Why not," says he, "call them by their names at once?" But these forms of circumlocution are not without their use. They make a debate less personal, in the first place; and the formal and precise manner in which each speaker is obliged to designate his opponent, gives him time often to cool his temper and moderate his expressions. He is called upon to remember that he is attacking or replying to, not the man, but the abstract idea—the representative of a certain county or borough, which can have no personal feelings or animosities. For the same reason he addresses, not his rival, but "Mr. Speaker." Would the satirist prefer that free and easy colloquial style of attack and rejoinder which prevails in what we should call, in parliamentary language, "another place"—but let us say for once boldly, in Congress Hall, U. S.? Even the longest periphrasis sounds rather better than what we have lately heard reported in this latter assembly of notables, when one gentleman calls the other "a black republican puppy," and is called to order as "you darned nigger-driver," in return. Yet, when once we drop all these harmless little formalities and circumlocutions, and descend to the personal and conversational style of debate, it is hard to foretell at what point good taste would stop us. Indeed, it seems possible that some of those smart writers and literary notorieties, should they ever succeed in a very natural and laudable ambition to get into Parliament themselves, would be more indebted to the "forms of the House" than they are now willing to think possible. It might be difficult for the well-known gentleman who entertains us all so agreeably at the Egyptian Hall, to insure a proper amount of grave attention to a speech, under his own proper name, upon any of those important subjects upon which he no doubt has as serious thoughts as other people; most of his hearers would be ready to laugh at once, from the mere force of habit; but if he rose in that august company as "the honourable member for the liberties of Piccadilly," it would save all the proprieties; under this slight veil he becomes at once a recognised Parliamentary entity, quite aloof from Mont Blanc and "the Engineer." Mr. Dickens would hardly like, in a similar position, to be addressed as "Boz," however that monosyllable may be dear to him as the alias of his early fame. And Mr. Thackeray would surely prefer the periphrasis of "the honourable and learned gentleman who represents the city of Oxford"—which really sounds very nice—to the more familiar style of "Titmarsh."

What these writers really mean to teach us—if they really mean anything but bookmaking—by all this cry for realities, is that we should all do our work in this world, and not sham doing it. Most undeniable advice; but we are not all bound to do it in our shirt-sleeves. Much of the world's work must be done in that way; but much also, and that of the best and highest kind, and not done the least effectually, in a more refined and dignified costume. "Never make light of appearances," was the maxim of a wise and good man; "they are something to everybody, and everything to some." There is a large class of minds to which the bishop's "wig and black triangle," and the "horse-hair and learned serjeant gowns of the law"—nay, even the poor beadle's much abused hat—are as proper and seemly distinctions of office as the commonest decent clothing is a need-

ful social distinction between civilised man and the naked and brutal savage. We shall not all of us rejoice in the announcement that our "beef-eaters" are to be stripped of their quaint historical costume, though it is to save the public, we are told, a matter of some pounds per annum. The "clothed embodied justice that sits in Westminster Hall, with penalties, parchments, tipstaves, very visible" *—to Mr. Carlyle's disgust—do we really think she would be purer or more impressive, lolling in her shirt-sleeves, as she is said to do elsewhere, with cigar in her mouth, and her legs elevated on two separate chairs? These showy externals are but make-believes, you say. Well, "populus vult decipi" in more senses than the worst. The most popular form of our abundant cheap literature, it is now admitted on all hands, is not "useful and entertaining knowledge,"—science-and-water, or moral tales, or even *im*moral—but the grandiloquent, the imaginative, the romantic, and the horrible—the unreal, in short. Nay, it has even been suggested by some social reformers, that one reason why our public executions here, in England, fail to impress the vulgar mind beneficially is, that they are so horribly matter-of-fact; that you strangle a man with little more ceremony than you would a dog; and that, if you would produce the due effect of awe and solemn warning upon the multitude—the only reasonable purpose which such exhibitions can serve—you must adopt the sort of ceremonial used in some Roman Catholic states—you must put on a little tinsel; not merely Mr. Calcraft in his top-boots, the respectable deputy-sheriff in black, and the unimpressive policemen, but soldiers, vested priests, black hangings, and what not. Say what we will of this suggestion, it has at least as much reason in it as another and quite opposite proposal which has respectable supporters—that we should put our great criminals out of the way quietly, before certain chosen witnesses. There have been periods in the history of our own, as well as of other countries, when this zeal for the destruction of so-called shams became the ruling principle; but the substance which it brought to light was scarcely edifying. The French revolutionists of 1789 voted royalty, and titles of nobility, and forms of religion—shams; and the realities whom they worshipped were a cowardly dictator in a sky-blue coat, with a perpetual nosegay, and a goddess of reason in—nothing at all. Sansculottism—truth without breeches! it was hardly a step in advance even of the ruffles and periwigs of the Bourbons. The English republicans of 1647 in like manner protested against crowns and mitres, and all such conventional gear: they could only recognise "the man Charles Stuart;" they whined and droned to each other in a formula of scriptural cant, ten thousand times more ridiculous, and more disgusting to any healthy mind, than the most fawning compliments which "flunkyism" ever dictated to Stuart or Bourbon; and were brought up at last, under "the man Oliver," by a despotism which was a reality stern enough, whatever other things might be. If any one supposes that the *tutoyer* style of language involves primitive innocence and simplicity, let him try to get a bargain out of a Quaker. "I told thee, friend, the mare had no faults—broken wind is her misfortune." By all means let us be careful to call things by their right names.

It is very difficult for writers in these days to be original, except by a vigorous attack upon established opinions, or departure from ordinary restraints. Society must have an outside; and to seize and hold up to ridicule the weak places in this, is a strong temptation to keen wits and active minds. Sterne knew well how to attract the attention of an audience dulled by continual sermonising, when after giving out his text on one occasion, he immediately started with—"That I deny." The divine who could hazard a negation of received Scripture was sure to be listened to: he might have only preached his hearers asleep with the

* *Past and Present.*

soundest arguments in support of it. When the celebrated Hardouin was remonstrated with on the absurdity of some of his paradoxes—"Do you think," said he, "that I get up at four o'clock in the morning to say what everybody else does?" So let us presume that we are not to take all this new-fashioned cynicism in the very letter of its meaning; there may be a sham-philosophy as well as any other sham, which this present plea is by no means intended to include.

THE LIGHT ON THE HEARTH.—PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land."

The stately homes of England! They have no equals. It may be right to carp at their architectural defects. As edifices, as masses of stone and mortar, they may be incongruities, defiances of art; but see them as homes set in the midst of nature—take them with their accompaniments of tree and shrub and park, their accessories of garden, covert, stream, woodland, and wilderness, of glade, grove, and dell—and they present a harmony, a whole, a perfectness of pictorial effect, a unison, a community between man and creation, which seldom characterises palazzo, Rhine castle, château, quinta, casino, villa, or kiosk. Their association with nature, too, is no off-hand connection, no arm's-length meeting. Up to their very threshold sweeps the green turf; the boughs of trees hang over their roof-tops; the light breezes breathe on their casements, and bear with them the song of birds and the smell of flowers. The narrow gravelled walk or carriage-drive, the light palings, make no line of demarcation, raise no barrier; the eye passes straight from window to portico, to turfy terraces, grassy slopes, clumps of trees, and the waving shades of giant oaks, the moving forms of grazing herds, and the passing flight of wings; the ear takes in at once the caw of rook, the carol of the throstle, the gentle symphonies of the wind passing through the grasses and leafy branches, the sound of "some rejoicing stream," or the murmuring of a brook; the sense inhales at once odours from flower-beds, fragrance from shrub, freshness from surrounding verdure.

The man in his home stands face to face with Nature; his life goes forth to mingle with her life, his soul hourly and daily feels her presence.

As the homes are, so mostly are the men who live in them. Not moulded by conventional art or form, perhaps, but fresh, strong, and useful, hearty and heartful, drawing from nature the culture which many seek only in social refinements, and dashing the mannerism of breeding and ton with the free impulses caught from fellowship with the outer world.

Such a home was Penhaddoc Park—such a man was old Squire Grenfell. The old man in his home was a portrait well set. It was a bright gladsome place, stately enough, but with more of beauty than stateliness. All other effects were sacrificed here to beauty. All the rules of landscape-making were violated again and again to let in the sunshine, to preserve an old tree, to encourage a wilderness of wildlings and briers, to retain an old moss-grown bridge, an old knowe, where early flowers grew, or to keep the old road winding under mossy banks, and betwixt old oaks and beeches, or through a deep dingle. The house had in itself no especial character, came under no particular denomination of style; was merely substantial and handsome. The

wings, with their bay mullioned windows, were connected by a rather heavy colonnade, from which a short flight of granite steps led down to the gravelled path. Whatever there was of formality or coldness in the structure was toned by the white smoothness of the stone, and the invasion of ivy and Virginian creeper, which were allowed free swing and play for their luxuriant fancies. In front stretched a fair wide vista of park scenery, intercepted only by an old oak which stood before the library window. It was an old tree, but as an oak had scarcely passed its *première jeunesse*, and was lusty and burly in the full strength of gnarled trunk and vigorous spreading boughs. Artists, landscape-gardeners, formalists, hygeists, had again and again spoken its doom. It spoiled the view, destroyed the perspective, darkened the windows, made the walls damp; spite of all, it had stood. It had roots deeper and stronger than its own—old memories, early-day associations and recollections, which were twisted and twined around the Squire's heart—these made its safety. On the other side, near the drawing-room, was a Portugal laurel, in which a nightingale had built its nest. This was also sacred; and at night, when the mellow rich "jug, jug" was heard, the piano and harp and song would be hushed in deference to the natural melody, which poured in through the open casements. To the right, a narrow path ran through a shrubbery, thick and luxuriant with thorn, syringa, laurel, arbutus, acacia, and the hundred-and-one plants which in English ruralism vary every shade of green and every shape of blossom. In the midst, a rhododendron had annexed a large share of the sward by throwing up shoots in every direction, which spread around in masses of flower and leaf, sloping downwards, tent-like, in folds of foliage from the parent stem. Beneath this covert the rabbits had formed a colony; and it was curious enough, ever and anon to see a broad leaf move upward mysteriously and then a head and ears protrude themselves, or a tail and legs disappear suddenly. After a while, the path, growing narrower and more mazed by the grass and underwood, would be lost altogether in tangles of brier and bushes. The drive wound, as has already been said, in most meandering turns, avoiding all broad and straight effects, and leading suddenly on glimpses and unexpected touches of beauty. Another and shorter road led towards the gardens and stables, through what was called the Lady's Meadow. There the grass grew in long thick tufts, and along the hedge the turkeys, in their season, sat brooding in state; and there also stood an oak, lone and solitary, an eremite, without companion or kind, and subject, from its isolation, to the degradation of having carrion for the hounds suspended from it by hooks. Garden-trees threw their shade over the meadow, and a tiny stream trickled through it, stagnating here and there in tiny pools. From a tragic legend attached to one of these the meadow had its name. It was said that a lady of the Grenfell race and her lover had wandered forth into the meadow on a moonlight night. They were seen last linked arm and arm, strolling towards the streamlet. In the morn she was found lying on her face in the water: her lover was never seen or heard of again. Of course, her spirit haunted the spot, and had been seen again and again by domestics who loved the moon. Quamino, on one of his visits to the butler, had seen with his own eyes the thin white form floating on the pond, and could never be persuaded that it was one of the swans making a moonlight voyage.

If there was some pretence to regularity in the front of the house, the back denied it altogether; scoffed at, repudiated, and set it at naught entirely. It had been witness and residuary legatee to every vagary and whim which every successive Grenfell had conceived. There was a sort of family sacredness about the front, but here every wicked will had worked itself out most recklessly. A bow had been thrown from a study, and projected like the back of an oven; a latticed window had been set in a boudoir, a small balcony thrust from a nursery, and a verandah over the bower-room faced the garden-house, a quaint old place,

built of spars and unhewn stones, and covered with mosses, ivy, and periwinkle. It looked as if some of the minor designs and sketches in books on architecture had been pasted together, and placed side by side. These eccentricities, however, looked forth on a scene consistent and perfect in its prettiness. Beds of verbena and heliotrope, baskets of roses and carnations, groups of sweet-william and pansies were set and shaped on the green sward, o'er which trailed many a wildling bough and bud; old stumps, from which fell clusters of rich red creepers, stood here and there, and there was a row of them with bright festoons hanging from one to the other; lilacs, box, privet and guelder roses, lightly fenced in the sides of this garden-plot; and at the top, a low hedge of brier and eglantine, with hop-tops fantastically wreathing and shooting out above, only half hid the clover and corn fields beyond. In different corners were turf or wooden seats placed, so as to catch the changes of the sunlight, and a wide vista opened to the setting sun. 'Twas a summer eve, and old Squire Grenfell loitered about on the gravelled path in front of his house, now stopping to pat a dog, now to take a look across the park, and now to give a passing word to his lady, who sat beneath the colonnade. He was the squire of other days, so often portrayed, so well remembered by all who can look back beyond this age of utilitarianism. Ripe as an old wine, ruddy as an autumn, sturdy as an old tree, he was the very type of his class. The locks were partly grey, which fell behind his ears, and the clear blue eye was calm and steady; the face was fresh and unwrinkled, and the form was falling from its muscular set into that half looseness, which, ere it degenerates into bulkiness or obesity, looks well and comely with old age. The Squire seemed attired for a ride. Judging by the brown tops, the cords, the blue coat with plain brass buttons and broad flaps, the double-breasted kerseymere waistcoat, the hat low-crowned and broad-brimmed, and the whip stuck in the pocket, he was always conceiving that intent, for this was his invariable out-door dress. Invariable, out door and in, was the white cravat laid in full loose folds, and fastened by an old diamond-brooch, and the long watch-chain, with a massive bunch of seals at the end.

A traditionary character had descended with the Grenfells from generation to generation. Men of the open air, men of the field, men of the home, men of narrow spheres and large sympathies, of few duties and strong feelings, of simple lives and single purposes; they were ever behind their age in fashion; in advance of it in feeling; below it in enlightenment and intellectual culture; before it in moral impulses and truthfulness; laggards, perhaps, in political wisdom, but honest, faithful administrators of their several functions. The character, as it passed downwards, though preserving its nature originally, took a tone from the different ages. The father of our Squire was of the thorough sporting class, and on returning thanks, when the health of the new-born son and heir was drunk, was reported to have said, "That he hoped to bring him up as a good sportsman and a good Christian." The son inherited the love of field-sports, but refined them by other pursuits and acquirements. He was still, however, earnest in the belief that a gentleman should be also a man, that he should support the superiority of his class by manly attributes, as well as by mental endowments or conventional graces; and held, that to acquire these, other nurture was required than that of the closet or *salon*. Now and then, however, he showed a taint of the old leaven, especially on the judgment-seat; there he enacted the laws of the field like a very Draco, though in other cases his sentences might have been written in milk. Once he astonished the bench of brother magistrates, by inveighing bitterly and violently against a poor wretch who stood in the box for some petty offence of trespass or poaching, and shouting out, when asked what he knew against him, "Know against him! Why, that fellow would murder his father, would rob a church—do anything; last week he ginned a

fox." One of his peculiarities was, to perform all his journeys on horseback, a servant riding behind with the saddle-bags; and he had never been seen inside a carriage, except on the occasion of his being sheriff, and then he fidgeted and tossed on his seat, to the great discomposure of ermined dignity. Ofttimes such homes and such men are marred by *mesalliances*. A fine lady—a vulgar or artificial one—a fashionable lioness or an amazon, would have jarred on the harmony of the whole. Luckily, like met like here. Of an old country stock like his own, the wife could sympathise with his pursuits, his principles, and even his fancies. Feminine, but not delicate, healthful in mind and spirit, she could participate in most of his tastes, could understand all; could listen to the details of the fox-chase, or the killing of a salmon; could give advice on laying out the grounds or cutting down a tree, and ever administered the details of charity, as women alone can do. Gentleness, the gentleness of the heart, was her charter of ladyhood, a gentleness which repudiated falsetto tones, or the acted mannerism of phrase or gesture, and reposed on an innate tranquillity and nobility of soul. Gentleness! most beautiful of the moral attributes; most pleasant of the social! Blessed be its presence! Blessed ever be that spirit which garbs itself in love and charity; which looks even on error with sweetest pity, and has courtesy for all and every one; which shrinks not only from words and thoughts which wound or sting, as philanthropists would turn from a worm in their path, but will not even harshly rub the down from such butterfly wings as foibles and prejudices. In this gentleness she was educated for the mission of almoner, a friend to the poor. In those times such missions were supposed to need education and training. It was then thought a necessary preparation to learn the language of the hearts, feelings, and habits of the people, for whom the mission was meant; not to rush upon them as on a tribe of Ashantees, or, with the zeal of Crusaders, fiercely enforce it on the masses of ignorance and sin. So it was then, so it will be again, when the enthusiasm of missions has subsided, and the theories of regeneration and development have fallen back into the old beaten world-worn tracks. Gentle she looked as the evening sunlight fell on the soft face, which yet retained the autumn shade of bloom, and on the soft silky hair, streaked here and there with silvery braids, and on the full figure, sunk now in graceful repose. She was reading and knitting by turns, or indulging in that musing reverie, which *habitués* of the world would call dulness, but which, perhaps, are among the most delicious of life's calmer pleasures: a few summer plants grouped around filled in the picture.

The dog, the sporting dog, was largely represented there and then by patriarchs of tribes. Under the old oak lay an old Talbot, the last of a race, with his huge head stretched between his paws, and his large ears hanging down like the leaves of a giant cactus. With half-shut eyes he followed his master's movements, watching for signs of a start. Old Grouse, the pointer, of the old breed and old time, when steadiness and strength were more thought of than fleetness, deep-chested, broad-nosed, and strong-legged, took turn and turn with the Squire, pacing when he paced, halting when he halted, and seeming to take the same interest in the view. A small Blenheim gambolled about his mistress, or made sudden rushes on a stray rabbit, arousing from their corners or explorations spaniels and terriers, and drawing them on by his noise to join him in a melée razzia, in the fastnesses of the rhododendron.

Presently the Squire's face brightened as he exclaimed, "By Jove, here they come!" And then, like a bright gleam, Rose on her pony was seen through the intervals of the shrubs, through the branches of the great trees, and by the dancing, leaping water, as she cantered up the park. Behind her, very unlike a bright gleam, came Quamino, sorely tried by the cantrips of Pepperpot, sorely tried by his gold-laced hat. That hat was to him what crown and sceptre are to some monarchs, what

diamonds are to dowagers, what ribbons are to courtiers, at once a glory and a trial. It had brought him into all sorts of scrapes and troubles. It was always coming into contact with doorways or boughs, was always being carried off by chance gusts, or tipped from its equilibrium by any odd movement. Once, when perched on a branch sconce at a meeting-house, it had furnished the preacher with an illustration of the wicked, who bring their gold and their silver into the house of the Lord. It must be confessed that it was a strange head to fix a dignity upon. Like Sancho Panza's, if mitres had been rained on it from heaven, 'tis doubtful if any had fitted it. Had the efforts of Christie and Co., the handyworks of Collet à Paris, the fezzes, turbans, sombreros, Panamas, and wide-awakes, from all parts and all lands, been poured upon it in a full shower, 'tis a question if any one would have found an easy or comfortable fit. Nature had intended that head to be unadorned save by its woolly covering. So thought not Quamino, who never rose to the height of his grandeur until the hat was fixed upon it.

"Ah! Rose, Rose, sweet, blooming Rose, my summer flower, here you are at last," said the Squire, kissing her cheek, and lightly fondling her golden curls as he lifted her from the pony.

"Well, god-pa, you give me prettier names than Quamino, for he is always singing something about Rose, Rose, my coal-black Rose; whether he means me or not, I don't know," said she, laughing, as she was handed onwards to the caresses of Dame Grenfell.

Meanwhile Trevenna and his wife had arrived by the short cut through the lady's meadow, and we, Gerald Grenfell and myself, emerged from the gardens, where he had been making a sort of exploratory expedition, and made the group and the greetings complete.

The dogs, too, had their greeting. The Talbot and Domingo touched noses with a cold courtesy, after the fashion of Oxonians, or Englishmen meeting abroad. Grouse was less stiff, though also very stately in his welcome; the rest were more demonstrative, some cringing and fawning round him, some making furtive rushes, and giving little short yelps at him, behaving generally as little things do in the presence of a great one.

"Don't you think, god-pa, I am improved in my riding?" said Rose, after a while, looking up in the old man's face; "did you see how I held Snowdrop in hand, and how well I kept him at his paces coming up the park?"

"Oh yes, you are growing a perfect horsewoman, quite a Di Vernon; I shall be taking you to the cover side with me soon; and as for Quamino, he is getting such a first-rate jockey, that I must get him to ride the next steeple-chase for me."

"Ah, Massa Squire, you pokey de fon at Quamino. How can ride that old debil? I tink him always hab a fly under him tail. Me want him to go so" (imitating an amble), "to look quite proper in de town with Missey Rose, and den him surely give plonge and kick, and me go up and up, and de hat bomp and bomp, and all de little boys laugh. Oh, him tarned ole debil, dat Pepperpot."

"Well, never mind, Quamino, we will mount you better some day," said the Squire; "I am glad, however, to see that you have that fine hat still. They told me that the lads wrestled for it at the Whitsun games."

"Hi! Squire, dat all de game of dat Bob Mullis; me gib him hiccory-nut for dat."

This was a sore subject, one of the trials he had undergone in behoof of his hat. The story was, that standing one day by the ring at a wrestling-match, with the hat well to the front, some wag had toppled it over, and that it was there and then seized by the sticklers as a gage of battle. Quamino, following it eagerly, was also set upon; speedily swathed in a wrestling-jacket, and to his great surprise found himself in the grip of a practised player, who, after exhibiting him in all his attitudes and grimaces to an admiring audience, laid him playfully on his back. On rising, the first thing he saw was his hat, the hat, stuck on the pole upon which the prizes were usually ex-

hibited, labelled "For the best man." His rage and fury then were most grotesque, and made the joke and laugh of many an after day.

Moving on to the portico, he made a most elegant obeisance to the lady of the house. "Me hope me see de laady berry well to-night, and dat all de fam'ly quite well."

"Very well, I thank you, Quamino," was the reply; and she too had then her quiet fling at him.

"I hear that you were at the meeting for the abolition of slavery last night. I hope you were edified, and gave them some valuable information on the subject."

"Yes, me dere, laady, and me neber hear sich fool-man's talk. Dere one preacher dat call me 'him poor black broder.' Me scorn de connection. Me hab white blood in me veins, me hab white heart, and me tink that dis tight skin, tho' it war a leetly black, look more better dan him scarecrow carcass; so me tell dem."

Thus Quamino was passed on from one to the other, like a liqueur, until he came to our turn, and was then assailed with one of the old jokes, for schoolboys are not often inventive in their wit.

"Halloa, Quamino, how many blue beans make five?" an arithmetical problem which always posed and bothered him sorely.

"Hi, massa Gerald, you raally too cleber—too cleber for Quamino. You see dem five crow on de tree. Now, 'spose you bang and kill two, how many left—eh?"

"How many left? why, three, to be sure."

"No; dey wasn't. Dey sabe too much for that. Dey fly away. Me tink young gemmen at class'cal school know more better dan dat." And away he marched, strutting and chuckling at his triumph.

Tea was brought round in the open air, and with it all kinds of cakes, and baskets of fresh fruit just plucked. Then we all strolled through the shrubbery, and by a little wood path down towards the brook, the elders moving on quietly and sedately; we, the young fry and the dogs, scampering and scouring over the banks and through the copse, startling birds, and trampling down moss and wild-flowers. In a little dell by the water's edge was a quaint old summer-house, perched on the top of some old roots, twisted, twined, and knotted into a fantastic framework. Over it hung the shadow of a tree, and behind was a beetling rock overgrown with mosses and creepers, which had spread themselves over the thatched roof, and fell trailing wild wreaths and festoons down the sides and front. From either mossy seat within, the rivulet could be traced in all its windings, and the ripple of its waves over the pebbles mingled softly there with the rustling of boughs and leaves, and the playing of the breeze. The setting sun now lit the pools into a bright glow, and little gusts ever and anon swept over them, ruffling and dimpling them for a moment; swarms of flies flitted over them, and here and there the rise of a trout left a tiny widening circle of waves. 'Twas the scene of a summer eve. Who has not seen it? Yet who would tire to see it again and again, bringing fresh beauty, new thoughts, at each repetition. When such things pall, shut up the book of nature, close this word of God, for it has no longer a sign, or voice, or inspiration, for the soul.

An open glade was our playground; there, too, the mothers sat on an old trunk. In the summer-house Trevenna and the Squire held converse more serious and confidential than their wont.

"I didn't see you on the bench to-day, Trevenna," said the Squire, after some interesting observations as to whether the trout that rose in the pool under the rock was the one he had hooked the day before, or whether the mist rising from the river was a sign of heat or rain. "There was not much business, no poaching, though that fellow Tom Nicholl was brought up on suspicion of throwing lime into the river to kill the fish. We had, however, rather a serious case of house-breaking. By the by, did you ever hear anything more of the fellow who gave you that fright? I should have thought that you and the dog and Quamino would have tackled him, though I don't think

much of the darkie's pluck; the dog, however, was to be depended on, and you used to have a firm strong grip. I never met with anything of that sort," continued he, maundering back into old recollections; "but a curious circumstance occurred once to me in looking after poachers. My father one day discovered a wire near the west-end plantation, and saw the gap by which the man who set it had come and gone. In the evening he took me—quite a boy then—with him to watch the spot. It was agreed that I should remain close by the wire, and that he should make a detour, and return in another direction, avoiding the gap. It was almost dark; and I remember that my heart beat quickly at the excitement and novelty of my situation. Suddenly in the gap there appeared the figure of a man cautiously and quietly climbing over the hedge. I made one rush, and sprang upon him as he came down; we grappled and fell together on the grass, tumbling over and over in the struggle. He was stronger and heavier than I was, and I felt my strength failing, and a dizziness coming over my eyes; he was fumbling, too, to get free play for a short stick he carried: in a sort of despair I raised my hand to strike, when a gleam of moonlight fell upon us, and I saw my father's face." He had come back, contrary to agreement, by the gap, and each had taken the other for the poacher. I never trembled so as at that moment, and my father could not look at me for days without shuddering at the thought of what might have happened."

Some faces show emotion by deep flushes or fiery eye-flashes, some by a cold pallor, and a fixedness of eye and feature. As the Squire went on and on with his story, a paleness came o'er Trevenna's face, and the features grew still, cold, and fixed as stone.

"I never could think," rambled on the Squire, returning to the first idea, "what that fellow's motive could have been. Why he passed all the passages and closets where the plate or valuables might have been, and how he stumbled on the child's room is a mystery to me." Turning round, he saw the paleness on his friend's face grow more deadly, and the drops of perspiration stand coldly on the forehead. "I have said something to hurt you now, Trevenna—have touched some sore. If there be anything painful or embarrassing in this matter, let it pass by for ever. John Grenfell is not the man to unkennel any one's secret. But if there be aught in which a helping hand or kindly thought can aid or comfort you, speak it out, man. The second barrel often brings down the bird, and a second head may wing a difficulty. At any rate, a clean breast often makes a free heart. So, let it be as you will, silence or council; you may trust me for either. Our fathers for many generations have been friends and play-fellows, and I would be true to you for the sake of old associations, if nothing else. Say the word, then—shall it be a still tongue or open heart betwixt us?"

At this appeal Trevenna's face changed and changed again, showing the deep workings of an inward struggle. Once or twice he made an effort as if to speak; but the words seemed to stick in the throat, and there would come instead a low gurgling sound, and the dead pallor would return, and the cold sweat-drops burst forth afresh. At last he seemed to gather up his strength into resolve; the inward workings settled into a calm; the throes of heart-pain subsided, and then, laying his hand on the Squire's arm, he revealed in fitful, fervid utterances the story of a life.

"Yes," he said; "I will tell all. There may be much of shame in my story, much of error; but there has been also much suffering, much retribution; and though the doom of expiation may be not yet fulfilled, I feel that my soul has through the long years gradually been clearing itself from the degradation of its one sin; and since God has given me my sweet child, it has been no longer dark; and come what will now, whilst that blessing remains, there will be light on my heart, light in my soul. You know, John Grenfell, how that at my father's death our family property was found to have dwindled

and dwindled in successive generations, until there was little left, save some plantations in the West Indies, which had always been managed by an agent, and with which we never concerned ourselves much, as long as the proceeds were regular and ample; and how we, my brother John and myself, resolved to set forth for our Barbadian estates, and see what fortune and endeavour might do for us there, rather than stay at home, and find our property falling off field by field, and ourselves sinking gradually down to the state of poor gentlemen.

"Well, away we started—young, strong, and sanguine—differing in temperament, but united enough in feeling and intent to be good yokefellows in the earnest work before us. The sphere was new, not very genial perhaps, or very accordant with old habits and early training; yet it had its excitements and attractions. We found on our estates the usual effects of absenteeism. The land had deteriorated, and fallen into disorder; the buildings were dilapidated, and the slaves were suffering from the grossest neglect and maltreatment. Here was work to do, and we stood to it manfully. Year by year we began to reap results; prosperity dawned before us; order and well-being sprang up around. With our slaves we were especially successful. It is some time ere fresh young blood yields to the influences of climate, and the young fresh nature equally resists for a while the influences of vicious habits and society. Thus in the strength of our own hearts, still pulsing with home feelings, we were able quietly and calmly to carry out our work of reform on those around us. Character always tells, even on slaves, and we soon found that we could do more by personal influences than many had effected by the strictest penal systems,—could do often more by word or look than by whip or shackle. John, especially at first, had a wonderful mastery over them. His nature took more with them than mine. His strength, his jovial spirit, his humour, had great attractions for them. They chimed in well with their own rough sports, their love of fun and drollery. They would do anything—even work—for him; and his voice, laugh, or presence would always set them agog, and draw out all the best points of their nature. He was their constant theme and admiration. 'Hi!' they would say, 'dere Massa John—how him walk—how him talk—how him work—how him laugh—and, my gar, how him drink!' alluding to his practice of quaffing large goblets of cane-juice at a draught. Thus all went well; we lived on and on, prospering, toiling in kindly brotherhood of hope and intent. In these days of our confidence, under the influence of the feeling of community, which so often grows up betwixt men labouring and succeeding together, we made an agreement, a bond, that whatever wealth was won should be common; that in case of one dying, the survivor should inherit all—that should one be childless, the children of the other should be heirs to both; and there even gleams upon me a vague consciousness—a dark recollection—that, more than this, there was a compact binding us to unite the property by marriage, should one have sons and the other only a daughter or daughters; and that, failing this contract, the whole inheritance should go in the male line—so anxious were we to preserve our newly-gotten gain from the causes which had frittered away and exhausted our ancestral estates. This clause has haunted me of late like a spectre, and is more a dread than a reality.

"About this time our common interest compelled a temporary separation, and I went away to superintend a plantation in a different part of the island. Here I was alone, without companionship, without communion, and soon found that isolation is more dangerous to the soul even than free society. I began to lose that elasticity and buoyancy which often protects the heart from debasement or corruption, and keeps it bounding and rising continually above temptation and beyond the passions. My energy, too, took a more selfish aim and purpose, and my spirit grew unsocial and less sympathising. Then came my trial and my fall. In a hut near my own house, close to the gate, so that I must needs pass it in all my

outgoings and incomings, lived a mulatto girl with an old crone, her natural or adopted mother. They belonged to the property, yet, in some way, had gained a privileged exemption from the usual routine of labour, and performed only such light service about the house and grounds as they chose. They were from Grenada, and the girl showed signs of Spanish blood in her fine rich colour, her oval face, full voluptuous figure, and in the easy grace with which she moved. Ever as I came and went, she stood before me a present temptation—obtruded before me in all her attractions. At first I withstood it well, and felt nought but indifference. Then use had its effects, and the cravings for some companionship wrought upon me. Our salutations became longer, our meetings more frequent. I looked for them, then sought for them, and then—'twas the old story—we fell. From that hour my peace was gone. The spell of passion soon passed away, but the curse of sin clove to me, and entered into my life. I was no longer alone. With me and beside me was one who influenced my every action; whose presence was a daily debasement, drawing down my soul step by step in pollution and misery. The nature of this girl was base, below the ordinary level of her kind; her temper and passions were strong, fierce, and wayward. Money, finery, pleasure, were her sole objects. If thwarted in her taste, she would become furious, demon-like, and soon I scarcely dared to provoke these bursts. A love of power and a vindictiveness towards those who offended or displeased her, often showed themselves in little acts of tyranny and oppression, in which, God help me! I was often an unwilling abettor; and I became the veriest slave on the plantation—a slave with the sense of slavery hanging on me as a millstone. In time a child was born—a son. It could bring no joy, no pride, yet for the time it was a bond and tie between us. This soon ceased. The boy grew up vicious and wilful. It was in vain I strove to curb or subdue his passions. The mother fostered and fed them by indulgence, by example, by every encouragement. Very early appeared signs of that deep and innate depravity which makes one shudder for the future. In the vices of the child I saw the coming retribution of the man. In my own heart there dwelt a sense of moral degradation, and I saw this ever and ever reflected in the bearing of those around me. The obedience paid was more that of fear than respect, and I missed the cordial confiding tone which once existed in the intercourse betwixt me and my people. The bearing of dependants, like the shadows on a dial, indicate the stages and changes in the moral revolutions. I was fallen, and, as a consequence, self was more and more in the ascendance. My only thought was to get rich—to make money enough to escape and throw off the fetters, the irons of which entered into my very soul. God forgive me! to this thought I sacrificed everything—for this I toiled, for this I wrought, for this I taxed hardly and relentlessly the labour of others, for this I racked the land under my care; and I was growing rich. The hour of release seemed near, the day of liberty was already dawning.

"Meanwhile, all I saw and heard of my brother was far from comforting. His free jovial temperament made him more susceptible of the vitiating influences of the society around him. Gradually he yielded and yielded; the temptations fastened themselves into habits. The debauch became more frequent—excess habitual. The canker of daily vice was eating into his fine nature, spreading and stretching its roots through mind and body. He was not so far gone, however, but that a saving hand might have drawn him back from the abyss. I tried, but I had lost my power. My own sin paralysed my arm, and made my tongue falter. Yet there was hope—hope that his nature might rebound and recover itself. This hope was soon lost. In one of his reckless fits he proposed to, and then married, a Creole lady. Her character toned rather with the encouragement of his vices than with their reform. Her influence became paramount—mine was repudiated, my counsel rejected and my own sin thrown in

my face. Hence we lived apart—seldom meeting—never with affection or in confidence; but rumours came to me of increased profligacy—of health, means, and character wasted in debauchery—of a temper soured by vice and disease; and soon, very soon, it began to be heard that the popular planter was becoming a tyrant,—that punishment, harsh and intemperate, inflicted in haste and passion, was more and more frequent on his estate—that complaints, murmurs, then words of wrath and threats of vengeance, were muttered sullenly and secretly among the people with whom he was once a sort of idol. The time was a crisis with us both. To me, thank God, it brought only warning—a dread, dark warning—fearful enough, bitter enough; to him it brought death—an evil, violent death. Oh, God! I scarce dare to recall the events of that time; memory revolts against passing back again across those dark limits. But it must be told." Here Trevenna gasped, as if for breath and strength, ere he went on with the story of his life. "It was a hot, sultry afternoon, and I was sitting in my room with closed blinds, striving to be cool—striving to forget the growing misery at my heart—striving to see brighter spots in the future, when suddenly my son entered, his face flushed, and his eyes glaring with intoxication. He had grown now into youth, and we had become all but estranged. Our meetings were only altercations—reproof on my side, and insolence and anger on his. He only sought me to get money. That was his errand now. Heated and excited, he demanded a larger supply than ever I had granted before. I remonstrated; he persisted with insults and oaths. Roused from my forbearance, I gave a flat denial, and ordered him from my presence. Scarce had I spoken, when—oh, God! it is too horrible to speak—his hand lifted and raised a knife to strike me—me, his father. Horror paralysed me; I could not move hand or foot to arrest the blow. The blade gleamed before my eyes. At the instant Domingo, then almost a puppy, sprang from his place at my feet at the raised arm. The blow was turned, and the knife fell with broken force on the dog's ribs. His growls and the noise brought Quamino to the spot. The wretched boy was disarmed, and led away, yelling out imprecations and threats. I was left alone—alone with my thoughts—alone with my conscience. 'Twas a dark, dark hour. Those only who have wrestled with remorse, and stood face to face with the doom of retribution, can know the agony of such hours.

"Scarcely had the sweat-drops dried on my forehead, my limbs ceased to tremble, or my heart to beat so wildly, when a horse's steps were heard, and a man gallopped up to the door to say that my brother was dead—had died in the night of a fit—was found lying dead in his balcony in the morning.

"My own woe made me callous for the moment—hard, stony. I had no grief—no tear for my brother. I could scarce comprehend who or what it was that had been taken from me. Mechanically I went with the messenger—mechanically went on and on—on through the cane fields—on through the avenue of cocoa-nut trees—on through the door—up the stairs—on to the balcony, and there he lay on the floor—he, my brother—dead. There he lay, stricken in the fulness of life. Taken in the midst of enjoyment, a shattered glass was beside him—a cigar lay in the poor clasped fingers. Could this bloated, discoloured corpse be he who had so lately stood beside me strong, lusty, and lifeful—who, a few years since, had started forth with me fresh, ardent, and hopeful? And here was the end—death, sin, misery. For a while I knelt down by him alone; all the early memories—all the early hopes—all the early thoughts, came rushing back, and with them came the early feelings, softening and hallowing the heart, and kindling it into prayer; and there, by that dead brother, were uttered prayers which were answered in after-life—there were formed resolves which have been firmly, patiently fulfilled.

"The cause of death, on inquiry and examination, was said to be apo-

plexy, and so it seemed—so it was believed. Shortly after, it was darkly whispered about that man's hand had done the deed—that some slaves, goaded to vengeance by wrong and punishment, had climbed up the balcony whilst he was asleep and insensible, had tied a cord round his neck outside the cravat, to leave no mark of violence—strangled him, and laid down the body in the semblance of death by the visitation of God.

"These whispers at last reached me, adding to my grief the dark, dread suspicion of murder.

"I could no longer stay in a spot darkened by such fearful scenes, even to realise my dreams of wealth. My resolve was made and acted on. I settled the inheritance with my brother's widow and sons—placed my own portion under careful management, for I was bound by our compact not to sell it—provided for the woman and her son—and then turned my back on a place which I had first seen with such hope, and which was now nothing to me but a dark, black memory.

"Soon after my arrival in England, chance led me to meet with one whom I had known and regarded in early years, who had then held a dependent position, but was now free. She was one in whose gentleness and affection I could hope to find the repose and peace I sought. We married; my thoughts were attracted back to the home of my youth, and we came hither. You know the rest. How the longings, the prayers of years, were answered, after many bitter disappointments, by the birth of my sweet Rose; how she has woven and clustered blessings around me; and how I began at last to feel peace and know happiness. I had almost forgotten the dark past. My life, welling purely and brightly at first from the fountain-head, then fouled and stained by a dark stream running into it, seemed again to be clearing itself as it widened and deepened towards the close. I had heard regularly from Barbadoes. My brother's children were going on in the old voluptuous course. My son had sunk lower and lower, deeper and deeper, in wickedness and depravity; his mother was taken off by fever, and soon after he disappeared altogether. I had heard nothing for several years—had almost ceased to think of him until that terrible night when I was roused from my sleep by my child's cries, and rushed in pursuit after the man whom the dog had seized. Once—ay, twice—in my terror at the danger which had threatened my darling, I levelled a pistol I had taken up at him, but the head of the dog moved ever between, and intercepted my aim. God be praised for this; for when I had strangled the dog off him, and lifted up the light, I looked in my son's face. Yes; 'twas he who stood there, pale and bleeding. You may well imagine now how he escaped, and why Quamino, who alone of my domestics had followed me to England, diverted the pursuit from the right direction.

"What the wretched man's motive was I cannot tell—whether it was plunder or violence, or only reconnoitring—whether he came by chance or design. But his presence has brought back all the old thoughts, and filled my future with forebodings. I live in fear—in fear that at every step I may once more come upon him—that every paper I take up may reveal some villany or violence he has committed.

"Now, Grenfell, you have the clue to my life, and whether it may loosen or strengthen your friendship, you know all."

Thsre was a pause, a short pause. The Squire had listened with deep earnest interest, marked here and there by occasional exclamations, and, when the story was ended, seemed sunk in thought; then rising, he laid his hand on Trevenna's shoulder, and said, "'Tis a sad strange tale; my thoughts don't come quickly. I must think over, sleep on it, ere I can give counsel or opinion; but you have trusted me, and I will stand by you to the end. What can or may be done, I cannot yet see; we will talk more of it to-morrow. Meanwhile look at this, and let it cheer your spirit."

As he spoke, he turned Trevenna towards the glade where Rose was sporting in the evening light, dancing

on the grass, and tossing up handfuls of flowers, with the boys and dogs all playing around her, and the two mothers sitting with their gentle faces turned towards the group and the sunset. The picture flashed back a light upon his soul, kindling it with hope, with faith.

CHAPTER VII.

Youth—if angels guard the cradle bed, if they spread their wings fondly and lovingly over childhood, there must be joyousness in their glances, a glad motion in the winnowing of their wings, as they hover and circle around the courses of youth, and see them leading, mingling, joining with all the emblems of young life, the morn, the spring-time, the dawning light, the buds, the blossoms, the springing corn-blades; see them blended with the gentle influences of sunshine, sweet airs, bright skies, and luxuriant verdure. It must be joy to their beings, joy such as there is in heaven, to breathe in the pure thoughts and aspirations of young hearts, to catch their free high impulses, their fresh warm affections, and float them upward, heavenward. It must be joy, the joy of angels, to move around, a celestial barrier, warding off the arrow that flieth by day, and the evil thoughts that fly day and night. A pleasant sight is youth to men and angels, pleasant to see the meeting of youth with youth, of youth with the morn, with the spring-time—pleasant, above all, to see young natures meeting and mingling, their thoughts blending, their impulses bending to each other, their hearts shedding forth their emotions and impressions, joy to joy, fervour to fervour, love to love, feeling to feeling, courage to courage, hate to hate, sensibility and apathy, tenderness and coldness, rashness and timidity, impressiveness and falseness, acting and reacting on each other, shading, toning, and reflecting each other. Pleasant are the memories of such meetings. Even to world-worn hearts, world-tried natures, they came as moon-gleams on the waters, soft and beautiful, reflecting in a mellow light the bright joyous light of other days.

Thus come back upon me the memories of the hours passed with Rose and Gerald. Even now—now that I look back on a full-joyed youth and a goodly prime—no memories have so tender a light, or such a thrilling voice for the heart as these.

Gerald and Rose—summer days, and summer eves—autumn rambles, rides, nuttings, scramblings in woods and orchards, winter sports, fireside stories, all come wafted back in one vision, the two loved faces and forms standing out as the figures grouped in the lights and shades of youth.

Gerald, as he appears now before me, was a fine, healthy, active, bold fellow, free-hearted, generous, full of impulse, full of quick spirit, not a genius, not even clever, but gifted with ready innate perceptions of moral greatness or feeling, with a keen, though not deep, sense of natural beauty. Hero-deeds and hero-thoughts, the maxims and apothegms of the great stories of adventure or of broad fun, caught his sympathy and admiration at once. Nature's pictures were, at the moment, glorious, beautiful, but it was hard to see what impress they made on the heart, or how they were casting themselves into the future being. He had that gift, so mysterious, so enviable to those who have it not, the gift of winning love and notice. None seemed to look with indifference on that open handsome face, with its bright brown eye, on that smooth rounded forehead, overhung with short, thick, chestnut curls; or on the figure, so round and elastic that it was redeemed from the ungainliness which so often stamps hoppityhoyhood. All seemed to recognise the attraction of the sweet smile, the pleasant voice, and the gay laugh. I myself, his chosen companion and friend, sank back from a comparison with him. Sometimes there would arise in my mind a sense that this inferiority was not real or just, and there would cross my thoughts instances from the school-

room and the play-ground, which made me rebel against the judgment of the world—our world; but a word from him, a smile, or a slap on the shoulder, would again make me content to be his *fides Achates*, his man Friday, or anything, so that I were with him and Rose. Of course he was her favourite; his impulsiveness, his mirth, the wild spirit with which he dashed and bounded onwards, climbing trees for the mere sake of climbing, leaping across brooks, to leap back again, jumping up for a flower she fancied, or springing after a squirrel, always made him the chief of our parties. It sometimes flashed upon me, that I thought more for Rose, when absent, did more in gathering up treasures, in reading stories and learning verses to repeat to her; yet some way his services had always a greater charm, and she would spring away from listening to some legend I had gathered for her, at a shout, or a call, or a laugh from him. Still there was no envy or rivalry; we were happy together, happy in our triple alliance.

One fine afternoon towards the end of August we all accompanied the Squire in one of his strolls. The first of September was near, and he was taking out some young dogs to try them in a field near the park. They were the progeny of old Grouse. That patriarch, indeed, rejoiced in as numerous an offspring as any caliph or Eastern sultan. There was no chance of the paternal name or virtues dying out from want of representatives. The pepper-and-mustard style of nomenclature would have been necessary to designate all the branches of the stock. In every kennel in the country was a Grouse. These were the youngest born, and were said to take very much after the father, though, of course, falling far short of his perfection. The old dog moved amid them with a sort of pride and condescension, repressing by his grave deportment all familiarities and excesses, yet showing a mild forbearance for the exuberances of youth. No elder in the presence of juveniles—no tutor before his pupils—could have been more exact, more precise, than he was, the moment we entered the stubble or arrish. His every movement, his every attitude, was most perfect and pointer-like. All his casts and turns were made with a most exemplary correctness. Neither tail nor head was a shade out of its bearing. True and steady he moves. Ah! he will show those young dogs what a pointer should be. Hush! the Squire's finger is uplifted. He is standing firm as a rock; the tail straight and stiff; the body motionless; the forefoot lifted; the head turned; the eye fixed and still—a sculptor might take that posture. The shades of departed pointers might look on it with pride. The critics of all the tribes and families of the race could see no fault in it. It was a challenge and an example. At the same instant the three young dogs, with the impulse of instinct, all backed the point, though trembling and quivering with excitement. "Beautiful, by Jove!" muttered the Squire, with bated breath, "Oh, how pretty!" cried Rose. A look and a gesture checked even her voice. We were on professional ground now—beyond the limits of toleration. Presently a young Grouse —the son of promise, too—gives a low whine, and creeps forward. This is an error of youth, and may be excused. Again he creeps on. This even may be overlooked, as the indiscretion of inexperience. But now he is growing more and more restless —moves on and on. This is not to be borne; no dog of character can allow his dignity to be thus compromised. So old Grouse quietly gives up his point, and turns indignantly away, throwing from his shoulders the responsibility of such an unpointer-like act. Two hours after, he is discovered standing by himself at a solitary bird, as though he had found some satisfaction and relief in this exercise of character. When he turned all the young dogs rushed in —the birds rose—and Quamino, who had looked on the whole proceeding with great interest, excited by the movement and the whirring of the wings, sprang after the covey with open mouth and outstretched hands. This escapade saved the blood of the Grouse race from the indignity of the lash, and was nearly giving the Grenfell property the benefit of a minority.

The Squire went off in a fit of laughter, which ended in apoplectic chokes and coughs. Nothing is ever so ridiculous to a man as a blunder or burlesque in his own line or walk.

"Why, Quamino," said the Squire, when he had recovered breath again, "how is it you didn't catch them? I never knew you were such a sportsman before."

"Me not berry much sportsman, Massa Squire, but me kill turkey once."

"Ah! how was that, then? Come, give us the story."

"Why, you know Massa Higgins in Barbadoes; him hab next station to us. Well, him hab turkey; and dis turkey come to roost tree night on our fence, so me knock him over, and take him for de rent."

"By Jove, Quamino, I hope you won't be trying your hand on those in the Lady's Meadow, or my Christmas dinner will come short."

"No, saar. Me hab 'spect for property. Dey no commit trespass."

Our walk homeward led us through a woodland path. The pointers had been taken back, and Domingo alone was following us. On a sudden he rushed forward towards a bed of briers at the foot of a tree, and then started back with a sharp yell and a look of fear. At the same moment we saw the heads and forked tongues of two adders reared above the brushwood. Gerald, with his usual impulse, rushed on them, striking right and left; I followed, crushing the heads of both with well-aimed blows of a stick; yet it was Gerald who killed the adders that stung poor Domingo. An exclamation from Rose attracted our attention towards the dog; his head had swollen to a great size; his eyes were half closed, and he seemed almost stupified. This was a great dilemma, for the elders had left us, and we knew not what to do. Luckily an old woodman came to our relief, and applied what he supposed an effectual remedy, by tying the bark, peeled off a young ash, round the neck, near the swelling, advising us, on getting home, to rub the part with oil, and send for old Biddy to charm it. "Then," added he, "at sundown, when them varmints die, the dog will be all right, or he will die." The thought of the possibility of her old guard's death set Rose a-crying; but we set ourselves manfully to work—half dragged, half led Domingo home. The remedy of the oil was at once applied, and a hint of the charm set Quamino off for old Biddy, who was supposed to possess the power of healing all scalds and burns, and extracting venom from wounds. Presently he was heard ushering her in with much ceremony and deference, for in his heart he had a great awe of the old crone, who had the reputation of being a witch as well as charmer.

"Come in, Biddy; dis the dog. Here ole fella," addressing Domingo, "here the great Obee woman come to cure him. She say, 'Go out, snak,' and him go."

Biddy was the very spirit of witchdom. The weird sisters of *Macbeth* were never better got up for the part. The withered begrimed skin, the wrinkled face, the sharp features, the quick cunning grey eye, the dirty white hair hanging in elf-locks, the red cloak, the crook stick, were all according to established characteristics. The cringing, whining, fawning voice and manner, were not so orthodox. The antecedents of her life, as they were known and told, all favoured her present reputation. She had been a camp-follower in the Peninsular War; had witnessed the death of two successive husbands; had seen many a battle-field; and boasted of having once saved the colours of her regiment, by sewing them under her petticoats. It was said, too, that the old withered form, once gaunt and bony, had often been seen prowling amid the heaps of dead and wounded on the night after a battle, and that the skinny hand, as it passed over their faces and down their limbs, struck more dread into the hearts of bleeding, maimed, dying soldiers, than the bayonets or swords of the foe. She came in curtsying, and bowing, and uttering blessings on the house, which sounded in her tones like maledictions. Then, after swallowing a glass of gin, and attempting to force caresses on Gerald, whose father she declared that she had nursed, she sat down

by the dog, took his head in her lap, mumbling some words, and making some signs as she passed her hand over the bitten parts; and when she rose and shuffled rather hurriedly away, it struck me that I saw something drop from her, and immediately afterwards the dog's nose seemed attracted towards it. I stooped down, and picked up what seemed a roll of meat. On showing it to Quamino, his eyes started out from his head, and his teeth chattered as he exclaimed—

"Dat cussed ole tief—dat tarned ole witch—she try to poison de dog. Me must show dis to massa."

The old pallor came back on Trevenna's face as he saw the meat, and heard the story. The attempt to poison the dog roused the suspicion that some scheme of violence and plunder was meditated towards his house, and his mind could associate only one man with such a deed. 'Twas too late to consult the Squire. He dared not seek other aid. So that night he kept silent lonely watch. The dog, strangely enough, had begun to revive soon after sunset—had roused and shaken himself, and taken his old post by Rose's bed. He, the father—father of one so dear, and one so dreaded—sat by the lone hearth, with a solitary light, keeping such ward as a man would keep who felt that each coming hour, each coming minute, might bring him in deadly contact with his own flesh and blood; that in self-defence, or in defence of those dearer to him, his hand might be raised against his own son. He sat unarmed and alone. None but he might see, none but he might meet the face which might intrude on the watches of that night. The beating heart told the minutes as they passed away; as each hour was chimed, the dread gathered thicker and darker o'er his soul. The night wore on slowly and stilly, and the morn broke at last. With the morn came Rose—Rose, with her twining arms, her soft kisses, her merry laugh, and her play, chasing away the darkness which had brooded o'er that dread watch.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the road leading from Trevenna's house to Penhaddoc Park, there was a bypath branching off to the right. It was a muddy, grass-grown lane, a favourite abode of toads, and was darkened by overhanging bushes. At the bottom it was crossed by a dull, sluggish, gutter-like stream; and in a corner on the other side, where hemlock, and mallow, and brier grew, rank and matted, stood a mud hut, rudely thatched, with one or two small narrow windows oddly placed at some height from the ground. In front there was a stagnant pool, in which squatted a brood of half-starved ducks. This was the home of Biddy, the witch. On one side of the door was a cage, inhabited by an old half-bald raven; and on the other lay a large flat stone, underneath which was supposed to be kept an old toad, to assist her in her incantations. Down this lane, on the night after Domingo was bitten by the snake, walked the Squire and Trevenna, moving slowly, and stopping at intervals in close and serious talk.

"Yes, Trevenna," said the Squire, enforcing some previous argument, "I am convinced that this old hag must know something of the man you seek, and that her attempt to poison the dog must have been made at his instigation. Her hut has often been a sort of mumpers' inn, a refuge for tramps and vagabonds. Depend upon it, he is here. We will easily unearth him, if you have the courage to meet him, and, once for all, face the difficulty."

For a while Trevenna stood communing with himself, his lips moving as though he were asking for other and better aid than the strength of his own heart. Then bracing himself up to the resolve, he said, "Be it so; I will stand the trial. I must—I will see him; will try whether there be any hope of reclaim, any means of rescue for him. It is my part to forbear, my part to offer atonement for my own sin. At any

rate, it may be that this dread, which is overshadowing my life, which is threatening others, may be dispelled, if met fairly and boldly."

"That's right. Meet it like a man. Half the difficulties in the world disappear before a brave open front. I will manage old Biddy. Do you enter the house. If he be there, as I think is almost certain, your own heart will tell you what to say, what to do. That is not for me to advise. God help thee, friend. I know it will be a sore hard trial."

At that moment they came in view of the hut. All was quiet. There was nought stirring. A knock at the door produced a grumbling, grunting interjection from Biddy; and then, after a little delay, she appeared herself. The sight of her visitors startled and alarmed her at first; but she soon resumed her old manner, and began to fawn and whine round the Squire.

"Oh, blessings on his dear face! Is he come to see his old Biddy, that nursed and suckled un?" snivelled out the old crone, trying to kiss the Squire's hand. "Doesn't she love un better than her own children, the dear."

This might easily have been the case without the Squire's suffering from excess of affection, as she was said to have sold one child, and driven another to doors, and to have brought up her family generally in such loving and happy nurture, that the eldest son was now a sojourner in the colonies, and the rest scattered as vagabonds over the kingdom, gathering experiences of all the different jails, lock-ups, and cadgers' haunts.

"Well, well, Biddy, that will do," said the Squire, after successively freeing his hand, button, and coat-tail from her grasp. "Now we want to talk upon a little business. Mr. Trevenna here wishes to give you a little compliment for curing his dog."

"Ah, poor dumb cretur! Did poor old Biddy's charm save him?" She continued in the same whining tone, "Any trifle will be welcome. 'Tisn't much Biddy wants—a little snuff, or a little of the comfort, dear," she added in a whisper.

"Ay, ay, Biddy, we will take care of that; but we want to know how this piece of poisoned meat came to be dropped in the kitchen, close by the dog's nose the night you were there. Can you tell us anything about that?"

The old hag's face grew more haggard, more witch-like, as the Squire spoke, and her whining became more abject, more jarring, as she answered—

"Her dear boy wouldn't think his old Biddy would go to hurt the dog—would he? she that loves all the animals, poor things. Why should she want to harm un?"

"Well, Biddy, you know that Mr. Trevenna's house was broken into," said the squire sternly, "and that the dog seized a man in the passage, and nearly killed him; and 'tis rather odd, so soon after that, some one should be trying to make away with the animal. We want to see that man, Biddy, and we must see him. You know where and who he is. I shouldn't like to bring the constables down on my old nurse, or to have her brought up for conniving with burglars; but what can I do if it comes before the bench?"

This last hint seemed to take great effect, and to rouse her from the crooning groaning state into which she had fallen when the Squire began.

"Oh, what can old Biddy know about it? How can she tell what every poor boy, who comes to lay down on her straw, is doing? Sure he seems harmless enough; and if he wants to have his rights, who can blame un?"

"He is there, then; that's all we want to know. No harm shall come to him."

The hag spoke not, but looked assent, with her cunning grey eyes. The Squire nodded to Trevenna. He stood a moment or two to collect courage, then lifted the latch and entered.

An hour passed away, and still the door was closed. Another was half spent, when Trevenna came out, with the tried look of one who had gone through much in short space; yet there was lightsomeness of spirit about the whole man, which told that relief had come out of suffering.

Silently the Squire took his arm, and they walked on for a while without speaking.

"Yes, Grenfell, you were right," he said at last—"right in advising me to face my trial. Not for all the wealth I once sought so eagerly, would I pay back the peace that this last hour has given me. There has been much of agony in this meeting—old wounds have been ripped open—the ashes of old memories raked up. There have been recriminations, explanations, revelations, reconciliation, and at last there is peace, if not love, betwixt me and my son. Oh God! what a pang it was, as I entered that hut, to see the poor, ragged, vagrant-looking being, who lay huddled on the straw in a corner, haggard, world-worn, scarred with wounds in the strife of life, vengeful with despair and hatred. For years he had been tossed and buffeted—cast hither and thither—been ever stranded or wrecked; had tried the land, the sea, the mines, the prairies; had failed and suffered everywhere. At last chance threw him on the English shore—despair led him to seek me out—the entry into my house was more with the object of discovering whether any children had succeeded to what he conceived his rights, and of seeing in what state and how I lived, rather than with an intent of violence or plunder, when the dog rushed upon him, and, with the instinct of old hatred, nearly throttled him. What he might afterwards have meditated, goaded on by despair, want, revenge, and the suggestions of that infernal hag, my soul shudders to think. Thank God, by your counsel that has been averted. At first he repelled all commune with me, rejected all overtures, and stood on his old war with the world. But my heart was firm in its resolve, and I persevered, until, at last, he softened and melted, and we sat side by side. All was to be forgotten and forgiven; from the dark past and the clouded present we went on into a future. There was yet to be the promise of a new life before him. Sent forth by me, with new hopes and under new auspices, he was to start afresh, and make another advance in the battle of life. To-night I write to town, asking a confidential agent to meet me here, and arrange for my son's being introduced into a new course in one of our colonies—Canada or Australia. A week hence, when all is settled, we are to meet at the Cross Keys Inn, on the other side of the river from Panhaddoc Ford. Rose shall see and know him ere he leaves. Thus all looks well and fair. A few years more—a few years of earnest work, of reputable career, and we may meet once more as father and son should meet."

The Squire would say nought to gloom this hopeful prospect, though it looked not so bright or promising in his eye, but pressed his friend's hand with kindly sympathy as they parted at the park-gate.

CHAPTER IX.

A week had passed, and the eventful morn had arrived. All the necessary arrangements had been fairly made, and Trevenna set forth for the interview. Quamino was driving him in a gig. The day was fair and bright. As they crossed the bridge, Trevenna saw that Domingo was following them, and it struck him that the animosity betwixt him and his son might lead to unpleasantness, and they stopped to drive him back. The dogs, as dogs always do, obeyed the dismissal reluctantly—went partly back—then stopped—then, when unobserved, crept on again. This delayed them on the bridge until they saw people on the other side making signs to them to come on. All eyes were fixed on the hills towards the north, where the river had its source. O'er them the clouds were banked in a dark heavy mass, which seemed, again and again, to burst with great masses of water. It was a waterspout which had fallen at the very head of the stream, and was swelling its gentle current to the rush and force of a cataract. Presently was heard a deep boom, like the sweep of a mighty wind—then a roar deep and hoarse as the beating of the surge against the sea-shore—then the huge body of swelling waters was seen rolling, flooding

onwards, whelming trees, houses, and meadows in its impetuous flow. It is nearing a large oak, reaches its topmost boughs, and in an instant the tree is whirled onwards, roots uppermost; a farmyard, with its ricks and linheys, is before it; and presently a mass of stone and straw is sucked in and driven round in the eddies. Onwards it flows and gurges; nearer and nearer now to the old bridge. For a moment it is seen standing with its hoar stones and ivy-covered buttresses—then the waters are upon it—they beat and surge against it. There is a louder roar, a heavier rush, and the old grey stones—the old time-worn buttresses—are hurled from their foundations, and borne on in the maelstrom whirl of waters. The dog had stood on the bridge, hesitating whether to come or go until it was too late, and the flood swept him away. His master and Quamino shouted and waved to encourage him; and when last seen he was lifting his head boldly, and battling bravely with the waves. Saddened by the fate of this old faithful servant, Trevenna went on to the trysting-place. Hour passed on hour, yet no one came. 'Twas true that the river might have swollen just before he came to pass the ford, and stopped him. There was as much cause for hope as fear; yet dark forebodings came over them, and the night was passed in dread suspense. In the morning the waters had subsided to their usual height, leaving the fields and meadows strewn with wreck, like the bottom of the sea. Heaps of stone and timber, bee-hives, trees, sheep-folds, gates, lay scattered here and there; and the whole ground was covered and lain with matted fragments of hay, and straw, and mould. Trevenna and Quamino passed back easily by the ford, and as their safety had been seen and notified to the family, there had been little or no uneasiness. After the first greetings, however, Rose turned round and said, "But where is Domingo?"

"Ah, Missey Rose," half blubbered Quamino, "him gone—poor ole fella, him took away in de flood yesterday. Me see him lift his head one minute, and gib one leetle bark, as much as say, Give my love to Missey Rose, and dem me see him no more—dem his last words."

Poor Rose—the sweet blue eyes were filling with tears, and her young bosom was heaving with sobs at hearing of the loss of her staunch old friend and guard, when a scraping and whining were heard at the door.

"Dat him duppy—dat old Domingo's duppy," said Quamino, with a scared look.

The door was opened, and in stalked the dog, or rather the spectre of the dog—so gaunt and lank was he, so hollow-eyed, his coat so matted and worn. Rose leaped upon him at once, threw her arms round his neck, kissed and hugged him, crying out—"Oh my dear old friend, you are safe, you are not drowned." And the dog, as if overcome with the like feeling, put his huge paw on her shoulder, licked her face and neck over and over, whining with joy. Quamino, in the eagerness of welcome, placed a large platter of food before him, saying, "Dere, ole fella, eat on as long as good skin hold—you want some ballast me tink."

The dog, as if understanding the words, set to at his meal: that finished, he began to look round restlessly and wistfully for his master; then, hardly answering his caresses, he moved out through the door, whining and stopping at times to see if they followed. "Come, Quamino—come along," said Trevenna at last, "the dog has something to show and tell. God grant it be not what I forebode."

On went the dog, slowly and steadily, towards the river, they following, until they came to a part below the ford, called the Cadger's Pool. There the dog sat on the bank, looked steadily on the opposite shore, and howled.

"He sees something," said Trevenna; "go—run—Quamino, get men with the drag-nets at once. The pool must be dragged—we must know the meaning of this, good or bad."

The Cadger's Pool, so named from a cadger having been drowned in it, was a dark gloomy spot, where, after a bright rapid flow, the river stagnated for a while, and lay in black heavy stillness—a stillness so great that no breeze ever seemed to stir it; a blackness so thick, that no eye ever

penetrated to the bottom. Black rocks, overgrown with stunted brushwood, shelved down towards, and threw their shadows on it. It was a place avoided by schoolboys and anglers generally. There was a superstitious belief that no fish ever lay there—none, certainly, were ever caught. The men and the nets came at last. The pool is dragged again and again; nought is found or seen; yet still the dog looks at one spot on the opposite shore, and howls. At last an old veteran salmon-fisher, well used to fathom the waters with his eye, goes over, lies down on the rock, and there, on a jutting point, sees something hanging and floating; the grapnel is thrown down—misses—catches—and upwards is drawn the body of a man—a young, dark, powerful man, for death had smoothed out the wrinkles and the scars. He is laid on the bank—a cry is uttered that something has been found—all rush across, Trevenna among the rest. One look—it is enough; and forth from his heart goes the bitter cry—heard by few, perhaps by none, "Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh—my son, my son!" and the strong man totters away to sorrow and weep alone.

The man, the poor wretched man, had been crossing the ford when the flood came, and had been caught in its rush. By what mysterious instinct the dog knew of his fate, whether in his own swim for life he had seen the man struggling or the body hanging, who can tell? Ay, who can tell, save He who planted the instinct?

The body was found—that was enough for the many. "Found drowned," was the sentence by which the fact and the fate were recorded among men.

Trevenna sat in his room—the darkness of old times had overcast him; his heart was heavy even to rebellion—rebellion against the doom of retribution which had fallen so suddenly on him, when hope was breaking on him—hope that the consequences of his sin might yet be redeemed in happiness. He sorrowed as one who would not be comforted. The door opened, and Rose glided in silently, for she felt the presence of grief, and threw her arms gently round the neck, placed her soft cheek on his, and murmured soft loving words in his ear, which were to his soul as the strains of David's harp were to Saul's.

The man looked up from the depth of his sorrow, and saw only "light on his hearth."

THE ATLANTIC WEDDING RING.

[It is customary, in referring to the Atlantic and other submarine Telegraphs, to mention only the submerged cable, as if that constituted the entire telegraph. In reality, however, the cable forms but one-half of the requisite electric circuit, the other and equally essential half being furnished by the ocean. Thus excluding from consideration the small portions of land occupied above water-mark on either side of the Atlantic, by the station houses nearest the brink of the sea, the cable, some two thousand miles long, conveys the electric current from shore to shore in one direction, and the sea conveys it in the other. Such a double channel must be provided in all telegraphs, and the half supplied by the earth or sea, although it costs nothing, is as important as the insulated metallic half which is so costly to produce, and so difficult to preserve in working order. The Atlantic Telegraph, accordingly, when considered as a link of union between the old and new worlds, cannot be compared to the ordinary wedding-ring, a circle consisting entirely of metal. Its symbol is one of those finger-rings at present out of fashion, where a part only of the circle is gold, the remaining portion consisting of a jewel held between the ends of the golden crescent, and completing the circle. If we suppose the stone in such a ring to be that which jewellers term the "Aqua Marine," we shall have a perfect symbol of a submarine Telegraph. Since the lines which follow were written, an unexpected derangement of the Atlantic Cable has stopped the working of the telegraph. But even if the worst apprehensions are realized, and no future signal pass along it, it must for ever be sacred in the eyes of the historian and poet. The wedding of the Old and the New World is an accomplished fact, and the thread-like wire which conveyed across the Atlantic the angelic song, as the first greeting from the fatherland, has, in one sense, done its work. Nor is there any reason to doubt that the wise, and brave, and patient men who have so nobly carried out this great enterprise, will before long reap the full reward, as they have already gathered the first fruits of their labours.]

"The way is far across the sea,
My Daughter," England said:—
"Thy Land and mine each other love,
'Tis time that they should wed."—
"The way is far across the sea,"
America replied:—
"Thou hast the Bridegroom, Fatherland,
And I the willing Bride."

"Doth any one forbid the bans?
Will any one declare,
Why these should not be wedded,
This long betrothed pair?

Then rose the nations of the world,
And shouted as one man:—
Wed Anglo-Saxons if ye will!
Wed rather if ye can."

"Who talks of weddings? We forbid
The bans:—The Atlantic gales
That shatter ships, and slaughter men,
And turn to shrouds their sails.
Ho! cease thy vauntings, Bridegroom bold,
And stay thy longings, Bride,

The Wedding-Ring shall never pass
Across the stormy tide."

"Nay! hush your voices, angry winds,
We'll bide our time and go,
When in the sleepy sunshine
Ye scarce flit to and fro.
From east and west our ships shall sail
In calm and sunny weather:
In middle-sea we'll keep our tryst
And join our hands together."

Then rose a voice, sweet, soft, and clear;—
The Earth spake to the Sea:—
"I will give half the wedding-ring,
If half is given by thee.
My half shall be this costly chain
Of copper and dusky steel,
Woven together, and darkly clad
To last through woe and weal.
It bendeth like a crescent moon;
If thou wilt place between
Its crescent horns, like jewel-stone,
Thy waters emerald green;
Then we together shall complete
The wondrous wedding-ring,
Round which the Silent Lightnings
Their voiceless flight shall wing."

"Thou art a Queen, O Ancient Earth!
And I a King of old;
The brides of Venice wedded me
With many a ring of gold.
But better far than golden ring,
I'll prize thy darksome chain;
The beryl of my purest depth
Shall help to wed the twain."

"O! promise not too much, thou Earth!"
Exclaimed the scornful wind;
"Thy wedding-gift is strong indeed
If I no flaw can find:
And trust thou not too much the Sea,
He is my Vassal-slave:—
His wrathful hands to mar thy gift
Shall start from every wave."

The wisest of the Sons of Men
Had heard the speaking Three;—
"We will not fear," they said, "the Wind,
We'll trust the Earth and Sea."
They drew the lightning from the sky,
They quenched its torch of fire,
They flung its thunderbolt away;—
Along a tiny wire
They made th' impatient spirit pass;
Its thunder-voice was still—
But they left its shoes of swiftness
That it might do their will:—
Before an eyelid rose and fell,

Ere scarce the words were given,
It could engirdle Earth and sea
With its lightning pace of Heaven.

On England's shores through many a day
And night they forged the chain,
A thousand, thousand miles in length
To stretch across the main.
Within the stately battle-ships,
Through many an hour of toil,
Like two great sleeping serpents,
They wound it coil on coil.
One ship was from the Bridegroom land,
And one was from the Bride,
And so they sailed together
Across the Atlantic Tide.
They steered across the exulting Sea,
Straight for the middle deep,
That Bridal-land and Bridegroom-land
Their settled tryst might keep.
And there about midsummer-time,
Like lovers who have broken
A ring in twain, and each one-half
Keep as a troth-plight token
Till they can join the halves again;
They welded fast the link
That wove the kindred coils in one,
And watched the welding sink
Beneath the Sun, the Stars, the Sea,
Till it could sink no more;
And then its prow each good ship turned
Home to its native shore.
One sailed to East, and one to West:
Between, they unwound the chain,
Down deepest ocean-valley
Along the sea-deep plain.
From ship to ship along the line,
Where death and silence dwell,
The voiceless lightning went and came,
And signalled "All is well."
Onward by night, onward by day!
They saw arise and set the sun;
They counted all the anxious hours,
And thought their work was done.

Then rose the Demon of the storm,
And lashed the Vassal-sea,
Until with desperate hands the link
He broke in his great agony.
"O take the chain thou lovest so well,
I love it not I wiss!
Take chain and ships, take men and all,
Down to thy dark abyss."

Twice did the sore reluctant sea
Shatter the costly chain:—
Twice did the half despairing crews
See all their work in vain.
But they who manned the ships *were* Men,
The bravest of the brave,

Who vowed they'd sit at bridal feast,
Or lie in honoured grave.

And when the third time unappalled
They sought the middle-deep,
He whom the Winds and Waves obey
Had hushed them both asleep.
And though the chill divorcing wind
Knew but a restless rest,
And tossing in its night-mare dream,
Ruffled the ocean's breast;
Yet cheerily the ships sailed on,
Cheerily west and east:
"We bring the ring: Go call the guests,
And pray the wedding-priest."

They sailed by night, they sailed by day!—
The long betrothed lands
From bridegroom passed to bride the ring
And joined their willing hands.
Loud when the ships had reached each shore,
The cannon spake in thunder;
"Whom God hath joined," they seemed to say,
"Let no man put asunder."
And then around the wondrous ring
The blessed greeting ran,
"Glory to God! On Earth be Peace,
Goodwill to every man."

So now methinks this Earth of ours
More like to Heaven should be,
When we have seen an end of Time,
And there is no more Sea.

GEORGE WILSON.

INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM, EDINBURGH,
September, 1858.

THE BALLAD POETRY OF SCOTLAND AND OF IRELAND.*

"If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." This is a saying which has often been cited, not always quite so accurately, perhaps, as on the present occasion; but we do not remember that the memorable conditions under which it was uttered have ever been alluded to in connection with it. Some collectors of curious tracts may possess "an account of a conversation concerning a right regulation of governments for the common good of mankind, in a letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earls of Rothes, Roxburgh, and Haddington, from London, the 1st of December 1703." The author was the renowned Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, and he who peruses the little tract will, after certain dialogues as spirited as they are original, come at last to the saying about ballads, which has, as it were, dropped out of its setting and been tossed about in the literary world to be appreciated by its own intrinsic merit as a separate gem. To understand, however, the full import intended to be given to it, and the tenor of the spirited dialogue in which it is spoken, there are some preliminary matters to be kept in view. A time was coming when a nation, endowed with an almost matchless train of the noblest historical traditions, was to sink her government and her historical name in fusion with a neighbouring nation, greater and more powerful, but not more truly illustrious. True, it was not submission to the sword of the conqueror—not even an ignoble or unworthy compromise. Firm to the last in its proud policy of independence, the lesser nation stood out for fair and honourable terms of union, and obtained them, even from those who would give them rather from fear than from fairness. True, also, there appeared in prospect the termination of a long cycle of strife—the commencement of a peaceful future, and the prospect, afterwards well realised, of a national prosperity which neither nation—and especially the weaker of the two—could ever achieve during repeated centuries of hostility. But still, among those who most cordially concurred in the policy, and even the necessity of the union, there could not fail to be deep-settled regrets, that in their day, and by their hands, the long line of historical tradition should be broken, so that an illustrious nationality should live in the history of the past alone. We regret for a short time when such a thing comes to pass near our door, as in the extinction of an ancient house, the fall of an old ancestral tree, the removal of a venerable bridge or street—even the stopping of the old customary stage-coach superseded by the railway. How deep, then, must have flowed the fountains of regret in those who saw the last Parliament of Scotland ride back from its old hall in all its feudal pageantry to resign its office for ever, and who felt that last solemn procession to be the symbol that a nation had died out with all its associations.

Fletcher of Saltoun was one of those who admitted the necessity of a union, while his impetuous and sensitive nature rendered him keenly alive to all the sorrows of the occasion. He had led a strange, wild, chequered life; had been a soldier in different parts of the world—a rebel and conspirator at home—an archæologist and devotee of literary research among the ruins of ancient nations. Whatever he did he did with impetuosity. He took his politics from the purity and single-minded loftiness which it was fashionable to attribute to the patriots of antiquity, and he professed the same rude simplicity of motive and action which he found in the Homeric heroes and in the ballads of his own dear country.

* *The Ballads of Scotland*, edited by William Edmonstoune Aytoun, 2 vol s 1858. *The Ballads of Ireland*, collected and edited by Edward Hayes, 2 vols . 1856.

Accomplished he was withal, and a very pure vigorous writer of English. Such was the person who tells us that he was walking one fine day slowly and alone in the Mall when he was overtaken by his countryman the Earl of Cromarty, and Sir Christopher Musgrave. The three adjourned together—as gentlemen did then and do now—to the apartments of Sir Christopher, where they were joined by Sir Edward Seymour, and all took dinner with its adjuncts. Thus it is that, whether in allegory, or as the Boswellian record of what really took place, we are introduced to the conversation of this select convivial party. The first topic of conversation presents a curious contrast to many conversations which have taken place in the same neighbourhood among members of Parliament and other persons. Sir Christopher's lodgings in Whitehall have the good fortune to overlook the river Thames, and the speaking starts with rapturous eulogiums on the beauty and salubrity of that river. "You have here, gentlemen," said the Earl, "two of the noblest objects that can entertain the eye—the finest river and the greatest city in the world. When natural things are in the greatest perfection, they never fail to produce most wonderful effects. This most gentle and navigable river, with the excellent genius and industrious inclination of the English people, have raised this glorious city to such a height that, if all things be rightly considered, we shall find it very far to surpass any other." Before the Scottish lord has gone much further, Sir Christopher takes up the eulogium in a more specific strain, indulging in some optimisms on which the tremendous sanitary problem, handed down for the working out of the present generation, is a sad practical commentary. "The whole town lies upon a shelving situation, descending easily, and, as it were, in the form of a theatre, towards the south and river, covered from the north, north-east, and north-west winds; so that, in very cold and stormy weather, by means of the buildings of the city, and on the bridge, it is both warm and calm upon the river, which being, as it were, the string of the bow affords the great conveniency of a cheap and steady conveyance from one part to the other. The shelving situation of the city is not only most fitted to receive the kind influences of the sun, but to carry off, by common shores and other ways, the mire and dirt of the streets into the river, which is cleansed by the tides twice every day. But above all, the ground on which the city stands, being a gravel, renders the inhabitants healthful, and the adjacent country wholesome and beautiful. The county of Kent furnishes us with the choicest fruit; Hertfordshire and Cambridgeshire with corn; Lincolnshire, Essex, and Surrey, with beef, veal, and mutton; Buckinghamshire with wood for fuel; and the river, with all that the seas and the rest of the world afford." And so the English statesman and the Scottish courtier go on rivalling each other in their glowing pictures of the greatness and glory of England, in order that they may impress upon the Scottish patriot the good fortune in store for his own impoverished country in so august an alliance. The eulogium rises until it irritates the haughty Scot to sarcastic scepticism, which, in its turn, brings out remarks not merely in laudation of England, but in disparagement of Scotland. The debate gets hot. "Sir Edward, all in a flame, cries out—What a pother is here about an union with Scotland, of which all the advantage we shall have will be no more than what a man gets by marrying a beggar—a louse for her portion." The sting of putting such words into the English gentleman's mouth was that he had actually uttered them in Parliament, and a report of them carried to Scotland had aggravated the national exasperation. Fletcher put them into the dialogue that he might have the opportunity of indulging in one of his own touches of courtly irony. "I wonder," he says of Sir Edward, "he is not afraid such language should make us suspect him not to be descended of the noble family whose name he bears." Sir Edward passes on to still hotter ground. What account should England make, forsooth, of a country so often trampled under foot by their

armies? Were not the Scots routed by Somerset, "and of late years did not the very scum of our nation conquer you?" "Yes," said I, "after they had, with our assistance, conquered the king, and the nobility, and gentry of England; and yet that which you call a conquest was a dispute between parties, and not a national quarrel." "It was," said he, "inseparable from the fortune of our Edwards to triumph over your nation." "Do you mean Edward of Carnarvon," said I, "and his victory of Bannockburn?" "No," replied he, "I mean Edward I. and III., whose heroic actions no princes have ever equalled." "Sure," said I, "you do not mean the honour of the first or the humanity of the third, so signally manifested at Berwick; nor the murder of Wallace by the first Edward, or the poisoning of Randolph Earl of Murray by the third, after they had both refused to give battle to those heroes?"

The high eulogium on England and its capital with which the discourse began, naturally does not stand out through such stormy talk as this. The shrine of national riches and magnanimity raised before the eye of the Scot to tempt his cupidity, is rent open, and behold it is a whited sepulchre full of rottenness and dead men's bones. Scotland may be poor in the elements of mere material wealth; but she has those things which gold can never buy—bravery, hardihood, and purity of heart, while the wealth and external prosperity of England only cover an internal corruption and progressive decay which will bring her, in the end, to shame. To prepare him for indignantly denying the honour and favour conferred on his own country by the proposed alliance, he gets the Englishmen themselves to say, "in this city, gamesters, stock-jobbers, jockies, and wagerers, make now the most considerable figure, and in few years have attained to such a degree of perfection in their several ways, that in comparison to many of the nobility, gentry, and merchants of England, those in Newgate are mere ignorants and wretches of no experience." Again, in the words of Sir Christopher, "even the poorer sort of both sexes are daily tempted to all manner of lewdness by infamous ballads sung in every corner of the streets." "One would think," said the Earl, "this last were of no great consequence." I said, "I know a very wise man so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." Such are the circumstances under which this aphorism was uttered; and they are not uninstructive in bringing us practically home to those qualities of our national minstrelsy which in a mind like Fletcher's naturally formed an element in that estimate so favourable to his own country, which he took of the coming union.

It is evident that he cannot have meant that an arbitrary monopoly of the making of the ballads would give its possessor the power of wielding the popular mind, but merely, in a terse shape, to show how emphatically that popular mind was embodied in the popular literature which arises out of it, and consequently bears the lines and features of all its more emphatic characteristics. Looking homewards, he could see, as we do now, the ballad poetry of his country representing its thorough nationality—a quality of which the strength is deepened by contrast when our minstrelsy is compared with that of other countries, and especially with the Irish. It is begotten of a national feeling which never sacrifices any of the native traditions, however much they may have been the creatures of party strife, to any foreign influences. When the strife is over, we take even the offending side to our heart more readily than the stranger. About Wallace, Bruce, and the other heroes of national independence, there never can be two sides in Scotland. In Ireland there would probably have been a strong Anglo-Norman party. The most zealous enemies of the old French interest look back with a melancholy pride on the beauty, the fascinations, and the talent of Queen Mary; and even, if in heart believing her guilty, can drop a sympathising thought over the terrible disasters of her life and

the mournful tragedy of her death; while, on the other hand, loyal hearts are not without their homage to the stern virtues of the leaders of the Congregation and the noble genius of Buchanan. Taking a later epoch, there are some who almost waver between their devotion to the military genius of Montrose and the dashing valour of Claverhouse on the one side, and their sympathy with the stern fanaticism and self-denying zeal of the Covenanters on the other. What literature—what country but ours, for instance, could have produced the noble balancing of party virtues and party vices in Old Mortality? Nothing stirs the sympathy even of the steadiest supporters of constitutional government more than the chivalrous devotion of the men who threw their fortunes and fate into the lot of the exiled Stuarts. The Jacobite minstrelsy finds a way to all hearts. Whether it may have arisen from our long triumphant resistance to aggression, or from whatever other cause, so it is that no achievements by our own Scots are ever derided or discarded by their descendants. We have thus no pariah or outcast among us. The very last-accepted member of our circle, the long-discarded Highlander, has become so important among us, that strangers take him for the proper national type. With some rooted defects, he has turned out a showy, dashing fellow, and the grave Lowlander is perhaps rather proud of him than otherwise.

These national characteristics have rendered our ballad poetry what it is. It has not been made for us, but has grown up among us. Full as it is of genius, wit, and poetic skill, it knows no authorship but that of the country at large. It is truly autochthonous. We cannot point to the author of one of the pieces legitimately belonging to it, nor to the age when it was written—if written it could be said to be. The whole rich vein was found among the people, like some geological deposit which had come into existence by no mere human means. They have been handed down from generation to generation, sometimes apparently improved—at others, perhaps, damaged—in their transference from one to another; and thus they are what our antiquaries have found them. It is a consideration, however, and a consideration very much to the point on the present occasion, that this process of national ballad growing and ballad preserving can only go on while those concerned in the process are unconscious of the presence of an outer world with an eye fixed upon it. The moment it is discovered, and public attention drawn to it, it stops. In other words, pure tradition and publication cannot go on together—the one confuses the other. Any one who attempts to verify traditions which have made their way into popular literature, will be sure to find that what is told him as the old tradition of the spot, will be a repetition more or less inaccurate of the latest shape in which the tradition has appeared in print. And so of the ballad as of other traditions—the time will shortly be, if it has not yet come, when the oldest woman in the country will only be able to repeat to you Gil Morice or Sir Patrick Spence from some printed version. During the purely traditional period, and through that transition period in which very old people remembered ballads as they had heard them before they had appeared in print, many active and zealous men have been employed in collecting and verifying this floating minstrelsy. As it is scarcely possible that any new additions should be made to the store, the time seemed to have come for sifting and assorting what had been gathered into the granary.

The task has been fortunately undertaken by the very man to whose hands it seemed legitimately to fall. For reasons, which the public will very well understand, we are not going to enter on a criticism of the manner in which Professor Aytoun has accomplished his task. It is gratifying to find it proclaimed by the general voice of the press that he has fulfilled his duty to the anonymous literature of his country in a manner worthy of his own fame, and to be assured on all hands that his collection is henceforth to be considered the standard edition of the ballad poetry of Scotland.

About the literary merits of the editor who has furnished the public with two handsome volumes full of the ballad poetry of sister Ireland, we have little to say. We do not care to use words of disparagement to one who has spread before us a considerable quantity of curious and pleasant reading. But we cannot help the remark that the introductory matter is far too eloquent and discursive for our sombre taste. We could have well spared all those portions of it which are especially devoted to Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto, Guarini, Tassoni, Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France, the Cid, Zimenes, Columbus, the Medici, Averroes, Abencerrage, Ben Zaid, Aristotle, Burke, Ferdusi, Alphonso the Wise, Homer, Charles II., Ben Jonson, Oliver Cromwell, Hippias, Hipparchus, and M'Auley. We are not under any obligation to him for adding to the collections which contain—

"Far in a wild unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew"—

because the author of it is designated as Archdeacon of Clogher; nor for giving us an additional copy of that other "Hermit," who brought his guiltless feast from the mountain's grassy side, although its author, Goldsmith, was one of whose memory Ireland might justly be proud. There are many others which we might exclude, not because they are easily to be found elsewhere, but because there is no great advantage in finding them anywhere. But the collection is large and rich, and we acknowledge with pleasure that it has introduced us into a new field of genius, not deficient in flowers.

But what a sad contrast to the whole spirit of our Scottish minstrelsy. In it, even the most tragic and exciting passages relate to enmities which have long departed. The wrath is appeased—the wounds are healed, and we look back on all through the mellow influence of time and change. It is like the peaceful ivied ruin in the placid sunset. We ask not what bloody scenes it has witnessed—what strong injustice it has protected—what miserable captive sighed in its dungeon; there it is calm, majestic, tranquil—an object of the most pleasing interest and gentle enjoyment. But wherever there is action and reality in the Irish ballad, it is sure to bear on feuds and strifes still fresh and rankling. The sores are open; in some instances the very wounds are bloody. The earliest of those pieces which can be legitimately called historical ballads—that is to say, which justify the attribute historical by reference to some event, and justify the name of ballad, by having sprung out of the popular feeling about that event, in distinction from compositions by literary men who have studied the event in books—the oldest historical ballads, in this sense of the term, appear to refer to the unhappy '98. Take, for instance, the "Death-wake of William Orr," written by Dr. Drennan. Orr was, it appears, a Presbyterian farmer of Antrim, executed for administering the oath of the United Irishmen to a soldier. Here is a portion of the dirge dedicated to his fate:—

"Hapless Nation! rent, and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn,
Warfare of six hundred years!
Epochs marked with blood and tears!

Hunted through thy native grounds,
Or flung *reward* to human hounds;
Each one pulled and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation—hapless Land,
Heap of uncementing sand!
Crumbled by a foreign weight;
And by worse—domestic hate.

God of mercy! God of peace!
Make the mad confusion cease;
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it SPEAK the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight!
Brothers' blood will not unite;
Holy oil and holy water,
Mix, and fill the world with slaughter."

All this is very sad and very terrible. And there is another and quite peculiar vein of sadness winding through all the ballads that have reality in them—the traces that they carry of the amount of physical destitution borne by the people, and the dire famines that have swept them from time to time. The picture is not vulgarised by the sordid details of simple physical misery, for the Irish have a way with them in these

things, and can endow even starvation and nudity with the *moighty genteelness*, which is their peculiar gift. We turn, for instance, to the "Lament of the Irish Emigrant," by Lady Dufferin. He lacks food and raiment at home, and is going to seek them abroad. We all can summon up in idea what sort of object of poetic interest is an Irishman of the poorer kind in a famine year—a man who has sold the pig—who has exhausted the last argument with the agent—who has been at the door of every relief committee—who has perhaps begged on the highway—of unwholesome, and forbidding aspect—filthy, ragged, and spotted with vermin. But all these vulgar and offensive attributes are washed away by the fountains of refined sorrow which flow full and strong from the poor man's heart, when he calls up, in the midst of his hardships, the departed form of her who was the partner of his joys and of his sorrows, and now lies in her grave near the stile on which he sits, and thinks about the past and the future. It was there that they sat long ago when they were betrothed. The place is little changed; the lark sings—the corn is green—but the voice that then spoke in affection and hope is silenced for ever.

"I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends!
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for *my* sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!"

This is very tender and sweet in sentiment, and melodious in expression; but it is not ballad poetry, in the fundamental sense of the term. It is not what the people say for themselves, but what refined genius says for them. The function of making the ballads of a people in this fashion is not that to which Fletcher referred. It may happen that the composition of one high in genius or in rank is adopted by the populace, and passes to their bosoms; as, for instance, Lady Anne Barnard's pathetic ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." But this is a matter of chance; and we suspect that the editors of newspapers, and the readers of curious literature, know a great deal more about these ballads of the Irish than the Irish themselves know. With our Scottish ballads it is far otherwise. Such pathos and sentiment as they contain are not triumphs of literary art—they are the throbbing of the national heart itself. And this heart is tender and true, though doubtless it has its capricious, and sometimes its worse than capricious, emotions.

Breaking out of a barbarous age, and echoing freely the sentiments of turbulent times, it is natural that our ballad poetry should not be found to be ever under the regulations of modern refinement and modern ethics. In this, of course, the comparison will be in externals mightily in favour of the Irish muse. We do not deny to that country generally the virtue of purity and decorum in the domestic relations which it so often loudly claims. In a ballad literature, prepared in the name of the country by men of genius and education, it is natural that there should be nothing to even hint offence to the most fastidious reader. The good taste of the editor has, as every one would anticipate, kept the collection of old Scottish ballads as free from any impurity as the modern Irish ballads have been made by their authors. But of course popular compositions springing out of the social conditions of their age, of necessity speak, although they need not speak coarsely, of the sort of acts that were done in their day, and it is a somewhat hard test to measure them by the ways of acting and thinking which belong

to a different period. The Scottish ballads are the utterance of Scottish society, high and low, at periods far earlier than the reign of Queen Mary; and yet, as all the world knows, it would be a desperate affair to judge of the people frequenting Queen Mary's court, and of their conduct, by the criterion of the court of Queen Victoria. There is no denying it, that along with the great deeds of our ancestors great crimes were not unknown. Accordingly, the ballads, taking the tone of the surrounding social conditions, are not only tragic, but often criminally tragic. To give zest to the dramatic narrative of a rude age, and to bring out the magnanimity of the hero of the tale, a crime and a criminal are almost necessary. Are we yet far enough advanced in civilisation to be above this necessity? Tragic enough certainly are the plot and incidents of the Scottish ballads—desperately wicked sometimes the perpetrators male or female. But still, through the histories of their misdeeds, the narrative conveys in some shape—whether that of an avenging Providence or the milder medium of some great man's judgment—a commendation of honour, truth, fidelity, and all those virtues which are the best that men can exercise towards each other. Brightening also, through narratives of falsehood and cruelty, we find those warm and strong domestic affections which have given such an honest glow to the later minstrelsy, and especially to the popular songs of the country. So it is that we have in the well-known lament of "Wally, Wally;" and in that other ballad, which is sometimes considered a continuation of it, but is by Professor Aytoun deemed a separate composition,—those deeply pathetic wailings in which the injured wife's sense of wrong and misery struggle with her affection, and give way before its intensity and unwavering constancy. Hence, too, the constancy and faith of poor Burd Helen, which lighted her path through every form of misery and hardship, and that undying love which draws May Margaret to follow her dead lover's spectre to his tomb, crying—

"Is there any room at your head, Saunders?
Is there any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain fain I wad sleep."

The many narratives of ferocity and strife which these ballads contain, are often broken in upon by such gentle lights. Take, for instance, one not very extensively known, "Edom o' Gordon." It commemorates one of those terrible acts of feudal violence which crowd the chronicles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, not in Scotland only. The Laird of Towie—the same domain whence the Russian general Barclay de Tolly took his title—is absent from home, and his feudal enemy, Gordon of Auchindown, comes to besiege the castle. The lady defends it with spirit—

"But reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
And charge ye weel my gun;
For, but if I pierce that bludy butcher,
We a' shall be undone."

She stude upon the castle wa',
And let twa bullets flee;
She miss'd that bludy butcher's heart,
And only razed his knee."

Fire is applied; it penetrates quickly through all parts of the narrow peel-house, and reaches the poor children, whose fate, with that of their mother, is described in these pathetic terms:—

"O then bespake her youngest son,
Sat on the nourice' knee;
Says, 'Mother dear, gie owre this house,
For the reek it smothers me.'

'I wad gie a' my gowd, my bairn,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ae blast o' the westlin' wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee!'

O then bespake her daughter dear—
She was baith jimp and sma'—
'O row me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me owre the wa'.'

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa';
But on the point o' Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks:
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red blude dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turned her owre,
O gin her face was wan!
He said, 'You are the first that e'er
I wish'd alive again.'

He turned her owre and owre again,
O gin her skin was white!
'I might hae spared that bonnie face,
To hae been some man's delight.

'Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna look on that bonny face,
As it lies on the grass!'

'Wha looks to freits, my master deir,
It's freits will follow them;
Let it ne'er be said that Edom o' Gordon
Was dauntit by a dame.'

But when the lady saw the fire
Come flaming owre her head,
She wept and kissed her children twain,
Says, 'Bairns, we been but dead.'"

Their wit is a remarkable feature of the Scottish ballads as well as their pathos. It is sharp, keen, and ever tells home to practical conclusions. Of this kind the "Wife of Auchtermuchty" is a very perfect specimen. It is wonderful how a composition so full of genius, and so dexterously handled, should have come down to us without any claimant to its authorship. Perhaps we must attribute this to the modesty of some feminine composer, who, having executed so noble a vindication of the privileges of her sex, left it to carry its own weight without the incumbrance of a name. Its aim is to raise the dignity of the true housewife and her functions. The small farmer or crofter, returning home after his hard day's work in wind and rain, finds his wife bien and comfortable. He thinks she has been thus all day without having anything material to do, and so he reproaches the inequality in their lots. It is resolved that there shall be a more equal division of duties and privileges, and he takes his first day of housekeeping. The calamities and difficulties which come upon him one after another in untiring procession, and with accumulating complexity, are to be compared only to those inextricable dreams begotten of sausage and Welsh rabbit, in which the hapless sleeper, with a horrible consciousness that he has nothing on but what he went to bed in, is required, on some occasion of public solemnity, to perform impossible functions, and finds himself gradually buried under an inextricable mass of ravelled operations. And yet the whole is described to the external world with the clear precision of an Ostade or a Teniers; and nothing can be more naturally true and picturesque than every little turn and incident—as, for instance, where the conduct of the sow who discovers the milk kirning to be made into cheese, and proceeds stealthily to appropriate it, not with an entirely easy mind, is thus told:—"Ay she winket and ay she drank." It is singular that Ireland, with such an abundant ready-money currency of wit in the daily intercourse of her people, should have none stored up in reserve for literature. If we had any such echo of the tone and tenor of common life among them as the Scottish ballads are to our own country, we could not well have been without a sprinkling of this element.

Sister Ireland is an adept at fairy legend. The lithe little ephemeral creatures who people the elfin world seem to be adapted to the exuberant and rather airy and unsubstantial habits of thought of that light-hearted people. But they can give a tragic sadness to the doings of the fantastic elves—and indeed, throughout the Irish minstrelsy, notwithstanding the elasticity of the Irish character, there is far more of sadness and inert sorrow than either of gladness or of healthy exertion. The "Fairy Thorn," an Ulster ballad, is one of the tragic class. Some young maidens in their glee have gone up to dance and amuse themselves on fairy ground. One of their number is doomed to be stolen into the spirit world, and the poet describes, with a chilling awfulness, the spell that binds them to the ground, and drags one of them away:—

"And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky
When the falcon's shadow sailleth across the open shaw,
Are hushed the maidens' voices, as cowering down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,
And from the mountain-ashes and the old Whitethorn between,
A power of faint enchantment doth through their beings breathe,
And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together silent, and stealing side to side,
They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks so fair,
Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,
For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads together bowed,
Soft o'er their bosoms beating—the only human sound—
They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
Like a river in the air, gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,
But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless three—
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,
And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws;
They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms unfold,
But they dare not look to see the cause.

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze;
And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes
Or their limbs from the cold ground raise."

But the supernatural, like all the other departments of what is termed the ballad poetry of the Irish, partakes in the character of artificiality. They afford us clever poems, translations, imitations, adaptations of popular superstitions and legends—they do not give us, what that valuable gem the genuine ballad is, the shape in which the people have put their own legends. It may be all the more honourable to the modern bards of Ireland that they have made a respectable minstrelsy for a people who had none of their own; but the productions of their ingenious pens, brilliant though they may be, cannot possess the intrinsic value of a popular rhythmic literature which is the growth of centuries. It is speaking well, and not evil, of these able men to say that they have studied our ballads, and in some measure imitated their tone and rhythm. For instance, as we are in the fairy or supernatural department at present, we call the reader's attention to the strange wild ballad of Binnorie, where the fair-haired damsel is drowned by her elder sister, and a harper strings his harp with the dead girl's hair—

"He has taen three locks of her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And wi' them strung his harp sae rare,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He brought the harp to her father's hall;
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there was the court assembled all;
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He set the harp upon a stane,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And it began to play alane,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie."

One of the cleverest of the Irish fairy ballads, "Sir Turlough, or the Churchyard Bride," by William Carlton, begins thus, and follows on throughout with the same refrain—

"The bride she bound her golden hair—
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And her step was light as the breezy air
When it bends the morning flowers so fair,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

The actual superstitions which have lived among men are the raw material out of which men of genius are enabled to construct the poetry of the supernatural. The most powerful imagination is limited to that which has been believed, however much it may range into that which is in itself impossible. Without this condition the poetry of the supernatural would cease to be poetry, because it would cease to appeal to anything capable of stirring the human heart. All great artists dealing in the supernatural, if they did not believe in it themselves, have studied profoundly the communications of those who did, for the purpose of giving life to their narratives. It is one of the qualities of our purely traditional ballads that they are still a living fountain of the supernatural. It must be of infinite value to all writers of the imaginative, so long as our language lasts, to possess, permanently embodied in print, those rhythmic legends which long lived among the people, not so much in the shape of a literature made for and taught to them, as of the embodiment of the things passing in their

own minds—of the events which they believed to be true, and the supernatural agencies of which they stood in actual awe. One can sympathise with Scott in the delight which he must have felt as he managed to draw out the fragmentary wonders of Tamlane and Thomas of Ercildoun into continuous narrative; for these are wonderful things in their wild imaginativeness, and must ever remain a testimony to the high-wrought fancies and picturesque ideas of the people among whom they lived. We are tempted to print here a less-known specimen of the Scottish supernatural ballad called "Kemp Owain." Perhaps it may be considered to partake more of the grotesque and horrible than of the purely imaginative; but there is a sort of stern consistent flight of imagination in the whole conception, and the language and versification are together terse and powerful. It will be seen that the dialect has a strong flavour of the north; and Professor Aytoun conjectures, apparently with reason, that although it first appeared in a complete shape in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, its recovery is due to the industry of Mr. Peter Buchan of Peterhead.

KEMP OWAIN.

"Her mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great moan;
Her father married the worst woman,
That ever lived in Christendom.

She served her with foot and hand,
In every thing that she could dee,
Till once in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

Says, 'Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owain come ower the sea,
And borrow you wi' kisses three.
Let all the world do what they will,
O borrowed shall you never be!'

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang
And twisted twice about the tree;
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was she:
That news did come to Kemp Owain,
Where he lived far beyond the sea.

He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast look'd he,
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted was about the tree;
And with a swing she cam' about,
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me!'

'Here is a royal belt,' she cried,
'That I hae found in the green sea,
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be!'

He stepped in, gied her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi',
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted twice about the tree;
And with a swing she cam' about,
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me!'

'Here is a royal ring,' she said,
'That I have found in the green sea;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my ring your death shall be!'

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi',
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,
And twisted ance around the tree;
And with a swing she cam' about,
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me!'

'Here is a royal brand,' she said,
'That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall be!'

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi',
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree;
And smilingly she cam' about,
As fair a woman as fair could be."

Perhaps all ballad poetry may be fairly divided, for practical purposes, into ballads sentimental, including those of the affections—ballads imaginative, including those which deal in the supernatural—humorous ballads, involving sarcastic criticism on prevalent social follies—and ballads of historical narrative. The preceding remarks have, in however desultory a manner, treated of all these classes, both in Scotland and in Ireland, although very little has been said of the historical. In this department Ireland stands further apart than ever from Scotland, on account of the entirely distinct historical conditions of the two nations. As we have already remarked, the oldest productions expressing a contemporary sentiment about public events seem to go no farther back than the conclusion of the eighteenth century. But the Irish have, notwithstanding, a historical past sufficiently an-

cient, illustrated by quite a sufficient amount of poetical literature. To a nation whose history during recent centuries has been fraught with so much disaster, and dignified by so little glory, it is natural that a solace should be sought in the far past. There, indeed, ample room might be found for consolation. There is a very ancient authentic Irish history —a history distinct during periods when that both of England and Scotland is obscure. There is also a much vaster field spread out by fabulous annalists, in which the imagination is free to discover whatever it pleases. So, if the Ireland of any particular existing time should be disunited, idle, and famine-stricken, we have only to go back to the days of Brian Boroomh, or Nial of the Nine Hostages, or Ollamph Fodhla, or Ollicol Fionn, to find an Ireland triumphant in the strength of union, rich and enterprising, and endowed with a treasury of gold and jewels which excite the wonder and envy of the world. If her degraded lawyers have to peruse the hated pages of Coke and Blackstone, there was a day when she feed counsel learned in the mighty laws of the Brehons. If her members of parliament have now to go up and get snubbed at St. Stephens, she can look back to the distant century when the Hall of Tara received the majestic procession of her legislators, with their harpers marching before them, and an illustrious college of historians or reporters in the rear. It is necessary to have at command such inexhaustibleresources in the far past before one can face the parliamentary statistics of the blue-books, by assertions so foreign to all modern experience and belief as the following:

"A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear.
* * * *
Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground;
The butter and the cream do wonderfully abound."

This is translated from the Irish, and may therefore apply to any century you please. A "Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century" has this resplendent opening:

"I walked entranced
Through a land of morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens aloft and right."

Some of the bards of Young Ireland appear to enter on the function of the geologists, and to go back into periods which might be called palæozoic rather than historical. We have here a brief picture of Ireland in the days when the elk, whose horns are sometimes found in the bogs, ranged among the forests; and we have made a mistaken estimate of its merit if the reader do not find that it is powerfully conceived and skilfully versified:—

"Long, long ago, beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years,
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race,
Taller than Roman spears;
Like oaks and towers they had a giant race—
Were fleet as deers;
With winds and waves they made their hiding place,
These western shepherd seers.

Their ocean-god was Mân-â-nân M'Lir,
Whose angry lips,
In their white foam, full often would inter
Whole fleets of ships.
Cromah, their day-god and their thunderer,
Made morning and eclipse.
Bride was their queen of song, and unto her
They prayed with fire-touched-lips.

Great were their deeds, their passions and their sports.
With clay and stone
They piled on strath and shore those mystic forts
Not yet o'erthrown.
On cairn-crowned hills they held their council courts;
While youths alone,
With giant dogs, explored the elks' resorts,
And brought them down."

With all due admiration of the genius of Mr. Thomas D'Arcy M'Ghee, who wrote the poem of which this is a specimen, and all proper respect for that to us previously unknown deity, Mân-â-nân M'Lir, to whom he introduces us, we are content that the historical ballad-poetry of Scotland should be traced no farther back than the war of independence. It was out of that contest that the defensive separate nationality, which required the aid and influence of the *vates sacer*, arose. He did well the work that was required of him in

his day. The rude, fierce, rapid narrative of Blind Harry, the stirring metrical story of "the Bruce," diffused throughout the land, did for it what no mere efforts of literary age, however brightly illustrated by genius, or well founded in antiquarian knowledge, could achieve. And we can now recall these productions, as well as the minor traditionary ballads which followed their track, not in wrath or envy, but in just pride and national thankfulness. As the earliest of our own ballads celebrate the heroes of the war against the Edwards, so the oldest English ballad which refers to Scotland—it may be found in the curious collection printed by the Camden Society—represents these heroes as rebels and cut-throats who have incurred the just vengeance of the king, and exults in the fate and tortures of Wallace and Sir Simon Fraser. Without saying that this is as it ought to be, it may be said that it is what might be expected; and we question if any well-thinking Scotsman will be raised to a feeling of hatred, or even of moderate dislike of his English countrymen, by its perusal.

The whole of the vexed questions about early Celtic poetry stand apart from any connection with the proper ballad poetry of Scotland. It does not go far enough back to deal with the times when there were, at least in a portion of the country, Celtic kings and a Celtic government; and it is not sufficiently modern to come down to what may be called the revival of Celtic feeling. But it embraces and preserves some curious vestiges of that period of strife, when the Celt was not yet brought to the ground, and it was a question from which of its two races Scotland should be ruled. The battle of Harlow is sung in two very curious and valuable ballads in Professor Aytoun's Collection. It was fought on the slopes of Benachie (where Oadie rins at the back of Benachie) in the year 1411. It is usual for historians to speak of it as the suppression of the rebellion of Donald of the Isles; but in reality it was the conclusive conquest which made the Lowland dynasty of kings supreme over Scotland, and broke for ever the rival empire of the west. Thus it is no doubt true that, while repelling the English invasion on the one hand, the Scottish kings were aggrandising their own sceptre on the other; much in the same manner as the Plantagenets were doing in Wales, and attempting to do in Scotland. Homages had been performed, submissions made or enforced from time to time; but still the vital strength of the old Highland kingdom, which had been ruled by Somerled and his descendants, was not totally extinct until that last great battle. It was entirely characteristic of those conflicts in which, whether by the Ohio or the Ganges, undisciplined mobs of barbarous warriors are conquered by the disciplined strength of a smaller number belonging to a higher stage of civilization, and trained to a superior military discipline. The feeling with which the small body of well-appointed men-at-arms approached the vast host of mountaineers, is put with his usual historical felicity by Scott into the mouth of the page Roland Græme:

> "If they hae twenty thousand blades,
> And we twice ten times ten,
> Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
> And we are mail-clad men.
> My horse shall ride through ranks so rude,
> As through the muirland fern,
> Then nere let the gentle Norman blude
> Grow cauld for Hieland kern."

The ballads about this battle are extremely curious from their cold business-like-air. The narrator of the more elaborate of the two describes himself as a traveller come within the confusion of the conflict, but obliged to go on without satisfying himself touching its cause; for "there I had not time to tarry for business in Aberdeen." He picks up a companion, who tells the whole story with calmness and precision; and we see clearly that it is not the importance of the victory as a political event, nor the extensive slaughter of the Highlanders, that is viewed as matter of moment, but the death of several persons of family and condition who were leaders in the small Lowland force. It is very like some of the affairs in India, in which there is a great victory, but it is dearly bought by the death of a few pro-

mising young officers. The separation in social feeling and condition between the Highlands and the Lowlands, during the ballad period, is perhaps rendered all the more distinct, by some of the ballads which narrate the adventures of romantic damsels, who, instead of becoming the wives of discreet lairds, have gone off as the runaway brides of "Hieland laddies" to the mountains, and have there found themselves converted into queens of little barbarian empires.

It is natural that the ballad poetry of Scotland should be essentially Lowland, or, as it has been usual to say, Saxon, in its character. Whatever the Celts of the Highlands had in the shape of metrical narrative, was of course as thoroughly hidden from the Lowland population as it is from most of us at the present day, when we have not the benefit of a translation. We have, however, glimpses of the Highlands and of Highland customs in the ballads, and they are curious. In looking into them, it is necessary to remember that the existing cordiality between the Highlander and the Lowlander —or, we might with more fairness say, between the Highlander and all the other inhabitants of the United Kingdom—is a recent matter. It dates from the '45, when kindly Scots of all accents and opinions, from Dumfries to Inverness, thought he was cruelly entreated by Cumberland and others; and in later times —or, perhaps, it would be more distinct to say, since the publication of *Waverley*—the feeling has expanded over the United Kingdom. It can do no harm now to any one to remember, as an historical fact, that it was once very far otherwise, and that the mountaineer in his national, or rather in his business costume, was about as unwelcome an object in the Lennox or the southern declivities of the Braes of Angus, as an Indian in his war-paint was at the same period, when seen lurking in the vicinity of New York or Boston. The antipathy arising from distinctions of race could not, indeed, be expected to die out, so long as Donald was enabled to put in practice his inveterate propensity for killing, not his own, but other people's mutton. It was a practice in which the Lowlander had no sympathy. The borderer, it is true, participated in it also, and was more praised than blamed in song for such participation; but there were broad distinctions separating his position from that of the northern mountaineer. In the first place, he was generally a grazier himself, with his stock of oxen and sheep, which might on occasion be harried as he harried other men's; while the Highlander thought it far better to let his Lowland neighbours go through the whole drudgery of rearing the animals which he desired, trusting to success and a moonlight night for their removal to the proper place of consumption. But there was a far more material difference than this. All the Highlander's victims were his Lowland countrymen. But on the Borders, although there were perhaps a few impartial people in the debatable land who

> "Drove the beeves that made their broth,
> From England and from Scotland both,"

yet the staple of the plundering fell upon the English enemy—the land of the tyrants who had endeavoured to conquer old Scotland; and thus successful marauding was elevated into a patriotic duty. Hence the feats of the Border thieves, as they are discourteously called in our later acts of Parliament, are the theme of some of the most stirring and picturesque of the descriptive ballads. There is the exulting description of the recapture out of Newcastle Jail of Jock o' the Side, of whom Maitland says—

> "He is weel kend Johnne of the syde,
> A greater thief never did ryde,
> He never tyres,
> For to break byres,
> O'er muir and myres,
> Ower gude ane guide."

It would be difficult, in any literature, to show in the same compass, so rapid and effective a narrative of misfortune and success — of wrong and retribution — as the ballad of Jamie Telfer. One Martinmas night the captain of Bowcastle is upon him—

> "And whan they cam to the fair Dodhead,
> Right hastily they climbed the peel;
> They loosed the kye out, ane an' a',
> And ranshackled the house right weel.

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,
The tear aye rowing in his e'e;
He pled wi' the captain to hae his gear,
Or else revenged he wad be.

The captain turned him round and leugh;
Said—'Man, there's naething in thy house,
But ae auld sword without a sheath,
That hardly now wad fell a mouse!'"

We next follow the poor fellow through the varied results of his appeals for aid. Gibbie Elliot alone sternly refuses, and for specific reasons:—

"Gae seek your succour where ye paid black mail,
For man ye ne'er paid money to me."

Auld Jock Grieve, to whose door he next brings the fray, is married to his wife's sister, and cannot but do something; so he mounts the weary wayfarer on a bonny black, and sends him forth. The next is Williams Wat, whose gratitude is hearty; for he never had come by the fair Dodhead that he had found the basket bare. Cheered and strengthened by small aids, Jamie goes on to Branksome, where he makes his woes known to his chief, and then we have indeed no longer the slow movements of the desponding unfortunate, but all the stirring incidents of a Border gathering are brought before us at once:—

"Alack for wae!" quoth the gude auld lord,
"And ever my heart is wae for thee!
But fye, gar cry on Willie, my son,
And see that he come to me speedilie!

Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
Gar warn it soon and hastily!
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me!

Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,
Wi' them will Borthwick water ride;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonside.

Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,
And warn the Currors o' the Lee;
As ye come down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorinberry."

The Scots they rade, the Scots they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadilie!
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang,
Was—"Rise for Branksome readilie!"

The cattle and their escort are overtaken. There is a spirited fight, with some slaughter, and the party might return with credit, but a wild gallant Watty o' the Wudspurs suggests the more poetic conclusion of carrying away the captain of Bewcastle's own kye along with the rescued booty; and so,

"When they cam to the fair Dodhead,
They were a welcome sight to see!
For instead of his ain ten milk-kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three."

Such ballads as the "Outlaw Murray," and "Johnie Armstrong," are testimony of another kind to the popular estimate of the border chief. Here we are no longer with "Jock o' the Side," "Dick o' the Cow," or the bereft owner of the fair Dodhead—all stalwart fighters and capital drivers of a foray, but most of them with scarce a follower of their own—retainers rather than leaders—who might be described in the account which Scott makes the mosstrooper give of himself in the "Fair Maid of Perth:" "My name is the Devil's Dick of Hellgarth, well known in Annandale for a gentle Johnstone. I follow the stout laird of Wamphray, who rides with his kinsman the redoubted laird of Johnstone, who is banded with the doughty Earl of Douglas." Above these were a sort of freebooter aristocracy, like the owners of the castles on the Rhine and Danube—men who had each a small army, and kept a court. How fine a description have we of such a predatory little court in the opening stanzas of "the song of the outlaw Murray,"—a ballad which we are glad to see has passed Professor Aytoun's critical ordeal, and is accepted by him as genuine.

Ettrick Forrest is a fair forrest,
In it grows many a seemly tree;
The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,
And of all wild beasts great plentie.
There a castle's builded of lime and stane,
O gin it stands not pleasantlie:
There's in the forefront of that castle fair,
Twa unicorns is braw to see.

There's the picture of a knight and lady bright,
And the green holline aboon their bree;
There an Outlaw keeps five hundred men,
He keeps a royal company.
His merry men's in livery clad,
Of the Lincoln green is fair to see,
He and his lady in purple clad;
O gin they live not royallie!

A still more touching testimony to

the high position held by these Border chiefs in the national estimation, is supplied by the spirited ballad "Johnny Armstrong." The tragedy it records is an authentic historical event. The Border chief, not looking upon his occupation as either criminal or disreputable, went to meet his king with an open, guileless countenance, attended by a following which imprudently paraded not only his strength, but his sense of independent authority. In fact, he went to meet his sovereign as one of the secondary princes of the Continent might have gone to show respect to the supreme monarch to whom he paid homage for his dominion—as, for instance, Charles of Burgundy went to meet Louis the Eleventh at Peronne. James V. was, however, at that time aggrandising the crown of Scotland, and he was little scrupulous as to the methods by which he accomplished his object. It sounds well for respectable conventional history to speak about this sagacious monarch's resolution to strengthen the power of the executive, to keep in awe the independent feudal authorities, which created perpetual anarchy and disturbance throughout his dominions, and, above all, to suppress the bands of border marauders, who fostered anarchy at home and enmity abroad. But there are evil ways of doing things ultimately wise, and without committing one's self to the opinion that border rieving was a sound national institution, yet we cannot forget that a national institution it was, and that the Armstrongs had no reason to suppose themselves to be criminals. However suddenly and sternly the institution was to be put down, its extinction should have been accomplished with fair notice given, and by fair compulsion; and the tone in which contemporary narrators take up the matter shows that the king gained little in the good esteem of his subjects, by the treacherous slaughter of one who, as a deadly scourge of the English, was reputed a national champion.

Then, if these Armstrongs led an illegal life—doubtless they did so, and many acts of Parliament witnessed against them—was there any more law for what they suffered than for what they did? If we could suppose some faint modern repetition of the execution done by the monarch on these Armstrongs made the object of a question to the Home Secretary at the present day, and that responsible gentleman to have no more law on his side than James V. had when he extirpated the Armstrongs, there would be opposition cheers with a witness. Many unjust and cruel deeds were done then in Scotland, in strict conformity with law. But the hanging of the Armstrongs appears to have been done in the course of that kind of rapid execution by which the commander of a force disposes of spies. It is true that, about the date of this transaction, a short significant entry appears in the records of the Court of Justiciary, as preserved by Mr. Pitcairn, to this effect: "April 1. John Armestrang alias Blak Jok, and Thomas his brother, convicted of common theft, reset of theft, &c.,—hanged." Although it was not uncommon for the law thus to vulgarise the occupation of the robber chief, yet a comparison of dates shows that Black Jock must have been some remnant of the clan who had survived the slaughter in Liddesdale, and found his way within the pale of the law; and it is pretty certain that no record and no form of trial solemnised the execution of the mighty chief and his immediate followers. Hence a kind of national grief and indignation were echoed by the minstrel, in the tone of proud sadness which he throws into the chief's farewell, and the solemn indignation with which his own narrative concludes.

"Wist England's King that I was ta'en,
O gin a blythe man he wad be!
For ance I slew his sist'r's son,
And on his breast-bane brak a tree!"

* * * *

"Had I my horse, and my harness good,
And riding as I wont to be,
It should have been tauld this hundred year,
The meeting of my King and me!

God be with thee, Christy, my brother!
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun!
Lang mayst thou live on the Border-side,
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and doun.

And God be with thee, Christy, my son,
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!
But an' thou live this hundred year,
Thy father's better thou'lt never be.

Fareweel, my bonnie Gilnock-ha',
Where on the Esk thou standest stout;
Gif I had lived but seven years mair,
I wad have gilt thee round about.'"

"Johnie murdered was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant companie;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er so wae,
To see sae mony brave men die.

Because they saved their countrie dear
Frae Englishmen: none were sae bauld;
While Johnie lived on the Border-side,
None of them durst come near his hauld."

There is no such sympathy as this with the Highland freebooters. For the substantial reason already referred to, that, while the borderers took the fray into England, the Celts plundered the lowland Scots, these are condemned in verse as well as prose. It is true that, in the ballad of "Gilderoy," we find the sentiment,—

"Wae worth the louns that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear;
To reive of life for sic a cause
As stealing horse or mear!"

But these words are put into the mouth of the outlaw's bereaved widow; and, as far as the author of the ballad meant them to tell, are said more in sarcasm than sincerity. The tone in which the Highland reiver's deeds are chronicled is usually that of indignation against the wrong done, and pity for the sufferer, than the kind of fierce exultation in successful marauding which the border ballads express. The short sad metrical narrative of the fate of "The Baron of Brackley" is a fair illustration of this side of the distinction. Brackley, on the eastern edge of the north Highlands, was a domain of a branch of the Gordons. This family, though they had a large Highland following, were, like the Campbells in the south, a great middle power, overawing the unruly clans among the mountains behind them through the power of their chief as a great lord, and able, on the other hand, to play a large game in national politics by calling out their Highland strength. Among them reiving was not encouraged, and their retainers were among the plundered rather than the plunderers. A small farm-house, looking down upon the pleasant watering-village of Ballater and across to Prince Albert's Highland farm, represents, or used to represent, the mansion-house of the old domain of Brackley, where the fierce freebooter Inverey made his appearance one morning with a set of red-haired followers, drove off all the cattle, as Donald Bean Lean did at Tully Veolan, and slew the worthy baron, who came forth in defence of his gear. We remember a circle of stones, on which, we were told, that Inverey and his followers sat and drank after the deed was done. Of Inverey's grim old square tower, the remains, giving shelter to a few sheep, may be seen some fifteen miles farther up among the mountains, and almost beneath the shadow of the precipices of Lochnagar. We are tempted here to mention a characteristic little matter of personal recollection. Being directed to a hut, where lived a guide, reputed to possess old and curious knowledge about a certain tract of country, there issued from the doorway a figure which it was difficult to believe so humble a tenement could contain. Tall he was almost to the giant-height, but perfectly symmetrical, and, though past seventy years of age, without any stoop or other trace of decay, except the grizzling of his long massive locks. He had a large, full, rich dark eye, a high forehead, and an aquiline nose, and bore himself with the dignity of a barbarian prince. Happening, in conversation, to allude to the family whose name he bore, we asked, in the way in which it is thought that a compliment is generally expressed towards a Highlander, if he were nearly related to the head of the clan. Like Sir Edward Seymour, when complimented by Charles II. as a member of the Duke of Somerset's family, the old man drew himself up yet a little higher, and, with a faint blush of pride, said he was the head of the clan himself, the lineal representative of the fallen house of Inverey. It was natural to ask him whether he had ever made the existing head of the clan aware that one following his humble occupation had such claims on their kind attention, but he received the hint as an exiled prince might any such reference to the reigning house. Whether he was

justified either in claiming descent from Inverey or the headship of the clan for that great freebooter, we know not. We have nothing to say in justification of this digression, save that the ballad about Brackley and Inverey happened to recall an incident which impressed itself on the mind as curious and interesting. And now come a stanza or two from the pathetic ballad itself in illustration of that great difference which we have referred to between the popular estimation of the Border and of the Highland reiver:—

"Then up got the baron, and cried for his graith;
Says, 'Lady, I'll gang, though to leave you I'm laith.

'Come, kiss me, then, Peggy; and gie me my spear;
I aye was for peace, though I never fear'd weir.

'Come, kiss me, then, Peggy; nor think me to blame;
I weel may gae out; but I'll never win in!'

When Brackley was buskit, and rade o'er the closs,
A gallanter baron ne'er lap to a horse.

When Brackley was mounted and rade o'er the green,
He was as bold a baron as ever was seen.

Tho' there cam' wi' Inverey thirty and three,
There was nane wi' bonny Brackley but his brother and he.

Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw;
But against four and thirty, wae's me, what is twa?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did him surround;
And they've pierced bonnie Brackley wi' mony a wound.

Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey,
The Gordons may mourn him, and ban Inverey."

There is a poem rather than a ballad, which is not to be found in Professor Aytoun's collection, and indeed, not being traditionary, would have no legitimate claim to be there, which professes to contain the testament and confession of a celebrated Highland freebooter. It is called the testimony of Duncan Laedius, and has long lain in the archives of the house of Breadalbane, among other documents commemorative of the tragic fate of those who tempted the wrath of the potent lords of Glenurchy. Wharton, the historian of English poetry, had seen a copy of it, and speaks of it as "an anonymous Scotch poem, which contains capital touches of satirical humour not inferior to those of Dunbar and Lindsay." Wharton took the hero to be a mere mythical personage, established as a type of the Highland freebooter. But, to the misfortune of many a neighbouring strath, Duncan was an extremely real person, and his name was as familiar in certain courts of justiciary and regality as those of the Turpins and the Abershaws became at assize-courts in later times. He was a M'Gregor, which is equivalent to saying that he was endowed with a *caput lupinum*—made a sort of human wolf, whom it was lawful sport for all men to hunt, and who might be put to death in any way, with or without torture, by a fortunate captor—and no questions asked. His territorial patronymic seems to have been a place called Laedassach, whence the poet has called him Laedius for the benefit of Saxon lips. We find him hard pressed by both branches of the hostile Campbells—Argyle and Breadalbane—and, after in vain seeking refuge in Lochaber, caught at last by Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy. The national calamity at Flodden was the reverse of a calamity to him—there Glenurchy and many of the Campbells were slain, and, in the confusion at Lochawe, Duncan managed to escape. Soon afterwards he is indicted before the Court of Justiciary for the robbery and murder of two retainers of the Breadalbanes, both in the same day; the robber took from one of them "his purs, and in it the soum of fourtie pounds." But the indictment was a mere *brutum fulmen*, for Duncan's foot was still on his native heather. The Breadalbane required to strengthen his hands against this audacious and revengeful depredator; and, accordingly, the family titles contain a bond of manrent, or service and retainery, by which two of the Clan Drummond, and a certain Stewart of Ballinderan, bind themselves to the special service of hunting him, or as

it is in legal form of style set forth by some dry technical conveyancer of that day, they covenant "with their whole power, with their kin, friends, and partakers, to invade and pursue to the death Duncan Laedassach, M'Gregor, Gregor his son, their servants, partakers, and accomplices; by reason that they are our deadly enemies, and our sovereign lady's rebels." The conclusion to the bye-feud, which seems to have been thus established between the M'Gregors and the Drummonds, was so more than usually tragical as to have become historical. The reader will remember it when told the outlines; how Drummond, the keeper of the forest of Glenurchy, having gone to get venison for the feasting at the marriage of King James, was slain by the M'Gregors—how they cut off his head and swore a deep oath before it in the Kirk of Glenurchy—how they then went to the new-made widow demanding hospitality, and the poor Highland woman, having nothing but bread and cheese to give them, they indulged her with the sight of her husband's bloody head, with a portion of the sordid viands stuck into the mouth. But, in the meantime, the original feud had an odd termination, but not an uncommon one, when one of the great houses, guided by an aggrandising policy, was one of the parties. Duncan was bought over and taken into the service of the Breadalbane, entering on a bond of manrent, such as that which had been devised against him, but in more general terms; the chief stating that zeal and love of good conscience has prompted him to forgive his enemy, and remit to him all manner of actions and faults; he and his son, on the other hand, fulfilling their bond of manrent to the chief and his heirs. How these parties fell out again does not appear, but it is simply stated that, on the 15th of June 1552, "Duncan M'Gregor and his sons Gregor and Malcolm were beheaded by Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, Campbell of Glenlyon, and Menzies of Rannoch."* It was when he had fallen into this, the last of his scrapes, and his fate had come, that the freebooter is supposed to give forth his confession and testament.

He is penitent to a very edifying extent, and solemnly religious. He favours the Reformed creed, not yet triumphant, but secretly strengthening itself, and an opportunity is taken for sarcastic taunts against the clergy, by making the robber dispose of his vices among those whom they will suit. He leaves to the abbot "pride and arrogance," "with trapped mules in court to ride." To the friars are bequeathed "flattery and false dissembling," for "they gloss the Scripture ever when they teach." In another strain the departing robber bids a sentimental adieu to the various spots of local interest connected with his career;—the fair straths where he found an ample prey—the glens dear to his memory by many a drive of the reft oxen through their sinuosities—his rocky resort at Rannoch, the retreat of safety—the only place that was "richt traist both even and morn," and "did him nought beguile when oft he was at the King's horn." The reader will judge for himself by the following specimen, whether Warton's eulogium of this long hidden fragment of national literature is justified.

"Farewell Glenurchy, with thy forest free;
Farewell Fesnay, that oft my friend has been,
Farewell Monich—alass and woe is me,
Thou was the ground of all my wo and tyne,
Farewell Breadalbane and Loch Tay, so shene,
Farewell Glenurchy and Glenlyon baith,
My death to you will be but little skaith.

Farewell Glenalmond—garden of pleasance,
For many a fair flower have I fra you tane,
Farewell Strathbrann—and have remembrance
That thou will never mair see Duncan again.
Atholl—Strathtay—of my death be fain,
For oft-times I took your readiest geer.
Therefore for me see ye greet not ane teer.

Farewell Stratherne—most comely for to knaw,
Plenish'd with pleasant policies, preclair

* See the *Black Book of Breadalbane* and Mr. Innes's Preface, as printed for the Bannatyne Club, for these incidents. The testament is printed at full length in this volume.

Of towers and town standing fair in raw,
I rugged thy ribs, quhill oft I gart them roar.
Gar thy wives, gif thou wilt do no more,
Sing my *dirige* after *usum Sarum*,
For often-times I garred them allarum.

Farewell Monteith, where oft I did repair,
And came unsought, aye, as does the snaw,
To part fra thee my heart is wonder sair,
Sumtime of me I gart ye stand great awe,
But fortune now has lent me sic ane blaw,
That they whilk dread me as the death beforn,
Will mock me now with heathen shame and scorn."

LORD CLYDE'S CAMPAIGN IN INDIA.

August 1857 to February 1858.

Seldom has it fallen to the lot of a general to enter upon a more hopeless-looking command than it was Sir Colin Campbell's fate to do when, on the 13th August 1857, he landed at Calcutta. A great empire was on the point of being lost—the edifice erected with so much toil, and cemented with so much blood, seemed to be crumbling away. The dominion won by the genius of Clive and Warren Hastings, extended and supported by the statesmanship of Wellesley, Hastings, Ellenborough, and Dalhousie, subdued by the swords of Lake, Wellington, and Gough, was now one vast scene of revolt, bloodshed, and massacre. A magnificent army, trained with the utmost care, organised with the utmost skill, supplied to overflowing with every requisite, had broken into revolt. An arsenal adequate to the wants of such an army, and suitable to the extent of such a dominion, had fallen into its possession. The whole of northern, central, and western India seemed to be either lost or on the verge of destruction.

Far away in our recently acquired dominion in the Punjaub, Lawrence, with a high hand and a stout will, held his now isolated domain. Measuring at once both the extent and the imminence of the danger, he boldly took a course from which most men would have shrunk with dread, but which in reality saved India. Cut off from external aid, isolated from all hope of immediate succour, he threw himself entirely into the arms of our recently acquired Sikh subjects. Disarming or destroying all the Sepoy battalions, he raised, upon his own responsibility, a new Sikh army, to whom he confided the guard of his territory, whilst he hurried up every disposable man and gun of his European force towards Delhi, to meet the tide of rebellion where it was strongest, and check it where it was flowing with all the whirl and violence of first success and apparently irresistible force. Had it not been for that man and that resolution, and the iron grasp of his stern will, and the calm bold front with which he met and broke the rush of that rebellious torrent, the campaign of 1857–58 would have opened not in upper India with the conquest of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow, but around the gates of Calcutta, and amidst the ghauts above Bombay.

The Doab, Rohilcund, and the kingdom of Oude, were gone. The great arsenal of Delhi, the gun-carriage manufactory of Futtyghur, Cawnpore, where all our saddlery and harness were made, had fallen into the hands of the rebels. From the Punjaub we were entirely cut off. Agra and Lucknow were the only two points beyond Allahabad where we held garrisons in all that broad tract of country which extends from the Himalayas to the territories of the Saugur and Nerbudda states, from the frontier of the Punjaub to that of Bengal proper, and the line of the Ganges below Allahabad.

The military position which we held at the time of the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell was thus much as follows: From Delhi and the Punjaub we were entirely cut off.

Our force in position in front of the former city was little over four thousand strong, and could hardly hold its ground. Its base of operations was the Punjaub, to which its line of operations ran through Loodianah. It was to be reinforced as soon as possible by European regiments, who were on their way to it by forced marches; but it seemed to be more than doubtful whether it could maintain its forward post until they arrived. The last accounts that had come from it were of the 18th July, and *viâ* Bombay. The garrison in Agra had, after an unfortunate action in the field, been blockaded, and was completely isolated and cut off. That of Lucknow, after a defeat in the field also, was shut up in the comparatively defenceless walls of the Residency, was overwhelmed with a mass of helpless women and children, had numbers wholly inadequate to man its walls, and no casemates to afford them cover. Its prolonged defence, therefore, could hardly be anticipated. Havelock, with a force of about twelve hundred men, with fourteen guns, had retaken Cawnpore, and, crossing the Ganges, boldly attempted to relieve Lucknow; but, after two successful actions, had found that the masses of the enemy, with whom he was hurtling, were too strong to be overcome; and with a heavy heart, but an undaunted front, had been obliged to fall back again upon Cawnpore.

One hundred and twenty-eight miles in rear of Cawnpore, on the great road towards Calcutta, at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna, stands the fortress of Allahabad. This was by far the most important strategical point which we held in this part of India, and was the base for all operations directed either through the Doab for the restoration of our lost lines of communication with Delhi and Agra, or for the relief of Lucknow by Cawnpore. Up to it the Ganges was navigable, and to this point, accordingly, all supplies of ammunition, provisions, ordnance, &c., were to be forwarded by steam from Calcutta, and on it all the disposable troops were to be concentrated. The preservation of our communications with this point, and the shortening of the time consumed in the ascent to it, was therefore the first and greatest object to a commander desirous of undertaking the reconquest of our dominions and the restoration of our fallen prestige.

But this was a point of great difficulty, and what was more, involving the consumption of a large body of troops. The water communication up the Ganges from Calcutta to Allahabad was 809 miles in length, and to keep it open *nine* posts required to be held. Of these the three principal were Benares, Ghazipore, and Dinapore. In the occupation of these points, vital to the maintenance of our advanced positions at Allahabad and Cawnpore, was consumed the whole European available force (with the exception of the 5th and 90th regiments) at the time of the Commander-in-Chief's arrival in India.*

Besides the river line, there is the great trunk road, which leads straight from Calcutta to Benares—being the chord of the bow, of which the river forms the arc. The two lines meet at Benares, where the road crosses the river, and from whence to Allahabad ascends its left bank, again recrossing to its right bank at that point. The length of the road is 503 miles. From Calcutta to Raneegunge (120 miles) there is a railway in full operation. Along this road the telegraph was established the whole way. In autumn the fall of the river renders that line so tedious and uncertain that it can no longer be depended on for the transport of troops, who must then be forwarded almost entirely along the road. To reach Allahabad by steamboats between twenty and thirty days are

* The total force under the Commander-in-Chief's orders in Bengal, Behar, and up to Cawnpore, amounted, in the beginning of September, to about 10,200 men; of whom 7600 were British, and 2500 Madras Sepoys and Sikhs. Of these 1100 were in garrison at Calcutta, about 1800 under Havelock at Cawnpore (of whom, however, more than a half were unfit for duty), about 1200 on their way up the Ganges, and the remainder in the various posts on the river line.

taken; to march thither would require about five weeks.

While such was the general position of affairs, an additional complication about this time took place, owing to the revolt of the three Sepoy regiments at Dinapore, followed shortly by that of the 5th Irregular Cavalry at Bhagulpore. This caused such a panic amongst the local authorities on the river line —Dinapore lying in the very centre of our water-communication—that they one and all put out their hands and seized upon every detachment on its way up; and having once got hold of them, disembarked them, and immediately commenced each a little campaign, directed to local objects, in the vicinity of his own posts. Thus at one blow all the reinforcements, about 1200 strong (consisting of the greater portion of the 5th and 90th Regiments, with some Artillery and other detachments), intended to reinforce Havelock, and under the orders of Sir James Outram, were arrested in their upward course, and, for the time, at least, all offensive movements were rendered impossible. The march of those rebel bodies also to join their comrades in the Doab, led to their crossing at right angles, and for a time occupying the great trunk road between the Soane and the Ganges, destroying the telegraph, and almost isolating Calcutta.

Whilst both the river and land lines to Allahabad were thus temporarily rendered useless, and whilst no reserves existed at Calcutta, the most disastrous accounts were coming in from the front. Havelock's force at Cawnpore, after his final retreat there, and his victory over the rebels at Bithoor on the 16th August, had sunk down by sickness and the sword to little more than 700 effective bayonets; while the movement of the revolted Gwalior contingent, with about 8000 well-drilled men, and 30 admirably equipped guns, on Calpee, where they intended to cross the Jumna, and march on his communications with Allahabad, in combination with the advance of a large body of the Oude troops to a point on the Ganges about twelve miles below Cawnpore, whence they were to cross and form a junction with those from Gwalior, was ascertained. Then even the fiery soul of Havelock was daunted, and he was obliged to report that, unless promised instant reinforcements, he must abandon his advanced position, and fall back on Allahabad, leaving the Lucknow garrison to its fate.

Herculean were the efforts of the Commander-in-Chief to force on the reinforcements—to tear the 5th and 90th Regiments, and Eyre's battery, from the reluctant grasp of the civil authorities, and push them on to the support of Havelock's exhausted band. The difficulty of doing this was indescribable;—but at last the reluctance, the fears, and the selfishness of the local powers were overcome, and the whole fairly again set in motion up the river for Allahabad, where the main body of them arrived upon the 3d and 4th September, and pushed on under Outram for Cawnpore on the 5th and 6th. They amounted in all to nearly 1400 men.

In Calcutta itself everything was deficient, and had to be provided. The troops from China might daily be looked for—the first arrivals from England would ere long be coming in, and for their equipment nothing was in readiness. Means of transport there were hardly any; horses for cavalry or artillery there were none; Enfield-rifle ammunition was deficient; flour even was running out; guns, gun-carriages, and harness for the field-batteries, were either unfit for active service or did not exist. Great and immediate were the efforts now made to supply these various wants. Horses were purchased at an immense price (£80 for each trooper, on an average); those of the 8th Madras Light Cavalry, who had refused to embark for service in Bengal, were taken from them and sent up to Calcutta; rifle balls were manufactured at Calcutta, at Madras, and sent for overland from England; flour was ordered to be procured with the least possible delay from the Cape; field-guns were cast at the foundry at Cassipore; gun-carriages and harness made up with all possible haste; the commissariat and ordnance departments stimulated to a degree of activity hitherto not even dreamt of; tents ordered to be

bought and manufactured at Allahabad; native servants for the European regiments collected there, and procured by sea from Madras. The whole military machine was set agoing with a high steam-pressure.

As the fall of the Ganges was daily rendering the river-route more tedious and uncertain, the greatest efforts were made to improve and quicken the means of transport for troops up the grand trunk road. For this purpose the "Bullock Train," as it was called, was established. This consisted in a large number of covered waggons drawn by bullocks, which were changed at regular stages. In these the troops were conveyed by post. Halting for a few hours during the heat of the day, they travelled during the whole night. At each of the resting-places a commissariat officer was stationed, whose business was to have the supplies necessary for their use prepared and ready for cooking on their arrival. Ultimately this system was so far perfected that two hundred men were daily forwarded by it from the railway terminus at Raneegunge; and they reached Allahabad in about a fortnight perfectly fresh and fit for immediate duty; at first, however, conveyance could only be provided for parties of from fifty to eighty men at one time.

To keep the road clear of the rebels, movable columns, generally numbering about six hundred men each, of infantry and artillery, were formed and marched up along it; but to do this was no easy matter. On the left of the road, towards Dorunda, the revolted Ramghur battalions, on its right the movements of the 5th Irregular Cavalry, the Dinapore garrison, and subsequently half of the 32d Native Infantry, and Koor Sing's bands, constantly threatened to interrupt it altogether, and spread such panic and consternation among the local authorities, that all efforts to preserve the steady onward march of the columns and detachments proved unavailing; and in spite of the urgent necessity of reinforcing the overmatched troops in the front, the military authorities had the exquisite pain of seeing large bodies of men diverted, during this dreadful crisis, to small and comparatively unimportant local operations on the flanks;—so that at one period, out of about 2400 men, who were proceeding by the different routes to Allahabad, 1800 were, on one pretence or other, laid hold of by the civil power, and employed for the time being in operations extraneous to the general plan of the campaign.

The main body of the China troops arrived at Calcutta during the month of September, and were immediately forwarded with the utmost expedition up the trunk road to Allahabad. The military train corps, about two hundred and forty strong, and embracing a considerable number of old dragoons in its ranks, was transformed into a cavalry corps, mounted upon the horses of the 8th Madras Light Cavalry, and became the sole representative of this important branch of the service under Sir Colin's command. The 93d Highlanders, 1019 strong, and nearly all old soldiers, landed in the finest order, and presented a reserve which could be relied on in any crisis, however great. After the China troops, however, no great body of reinforcements could be expected for some weeks, when the first of those sent from England might be looked for, and then the stream would probably for some months be continuous. But the China troops themselves were a strong brigade, and, once present at the theatre of war, and equipped for the field, would entirely alter the aspect of our affairs. The utmost difficulty, however, was experienced in effecting this. All the efforts of the Commissariat, and of the civil authorities, failed to get together anything like an adequate supply of carriage or grain. Tents were deficient, and what is called in India "European supplies" were to be got in small quantities only. It thus became painfully evident that, without some extraneous aid, it would be hardly possible, from want of the means of transport, to fit out a well-organised and movable field force.

But great events were now upon the wing, altering all the prospects and objects of the campaign. The army before Delhi, largely reinforced by the indefatigable efforts of Law-

rence, from the Punjaub, and under the orders of General Wilson, had recovered its superiority in the field, assumed a vigorous offensive, defeated an attempt to cut its line of communications with Loodianah, and, having received an adequate siege-train, opened fire upon the place, and was preparing to assault. Outram, too, with his reinforcements, had joined Havelock, upon the 15th and 16th, at Cawnpore, and on the 19th their united force, nearly three thousand strong, with about twenty guns, still under the orders of the latter (owing to the noble generosity of the former, who waived his superior rank in order that to Havelock might belong the glory of rescuing the garrison he had so long struggled to preserve), had crossed the Ganges and commenced its march upon Lucknow. The results of these two great operations were alike successful. The assault at Delhi was given on the 14th instant, and after eight days' fighting, the place was entirely in our possession—the news reached Calcutta upon the 26th inst.; while Havelock, after a long and bloody contest, in which he lost nine hundred and forty-six men, or one-third of his numbers, killed and wounded, forced his way into the Residency, and united with its heroic garrison on the 25th inst.

Great and important as were the results of the fall of Delhi, they were not so much so as were at the time expected both in England and India. It was anticipated that this blow would lead to such a loss of confidence amongst the insurgents as would cause many to fall away from their ranks—that the front of their power being now broken, the whole edifice would crumble to pieces. But no such consequences ensued. Abandoning the town by the eastern and southern gates as we pressed on through the streets from the north and west, they lost comparatively few men. Our attacking force was too small to enable numerous columns to be spread over the whole country, to follow up with vigour the advantage gained. A strong fortress and a large arsenal, the seat of an old empire, a strategical point of first-rate importance, had been lost; but the force of the insurrection was still unsubdued. Had it been a mere Sepoy revolt, this success would have been decisive; but being to a great extent a popular one—being able to place reliance on the sympathies of nearly the whole population, to depend almost everywhere upon their passive support, in many parts upon their active assistance—secure of supplies wherever they went, collecting reinforcements from every town, finding the resources of every native fort at their disposal—the rebels were enabled to carry on the war with unabated vigour. Beyond the immediate vicinity of the fallen city, hardly a native rajah sent in his adhesion, or a native town restored our authorities. Three great elements the insurgents had still in their favour, and on them they relied with unabated confidence—climate, distance, and numbers. The onward progress of the revolt was stayed, but its reduction had still to be effected.

The result of Havelock and Outram's advance to Lucknow had been far from as satisfactory as had been anticipated. Their force, encumbered with a long train of wounded, had indeed gained the Residency, and relieved it from all fear of an assault; but they had in their turn become as closely hemmed in, as completely besieged, as the garrison they had gone to succour. Supplies were running very short, and they were unable either to procure any by force from the surrounding country, or to re-open their communication with Alum Bagh, a post a couple of miles from Lucknow on the Cawnpore road, which they had fortified and occupied, and where all their tents, stores, baggage and sick had been left. All, therefore, that had been gained was the throwing of a strong garrison into the Residency, without any corresponding addition to its supplies. This garrison was closely besieged, and, according to the accounts forwarded, would be unable to hold out beyond the 10th November. To furnish it, however, every disposable man had been sent on, and they not only had for all offensive purposes become useless, but

would require at least a force equal to two strong brigades for their extrication from the pit into which they had fallen. Now all the regiments on their way up presented a force hardly equivalent to one brigade, and for them there was a most inadequate supply of carriage. No cavalry existed, except about a couple of hundred military train, and there were hardly any horses to supply to the field-batteries which were being organised at Allahabad. The infantry, too, were scattered in small parties, hurrying up along the great trunk road from Calcutta to Cawnpore, a distance of 632 miles. To relieve the place in time seemed to be almost impossible, and a disaster almost equal to that of Cabul appeared to be impending.

To meet this pressing and urgent danger, every exertion was made by the Commander-in-Chief. Every military department was stimulated to the uttermost—the whole resources of Government were thrown into violent action. Every detachment on the trunk road was hurried on night and day—every column pressed forward with the utmost speed. Where horses could not be procured for the field-guns, bullocks were supplied. Stores, provisions, carriage, ammunition, guns, all were directed upon Allahabad, and thence forwarded as fast as possible on Cawnpore.

Now it was that a remarkable movement—the most important first consequence of the fall of Delhi—took place, which rendered a second attempt to rescue the Lucknow garrison feasible. General Wilson sent a column under Colonel Greathed, consisting of two troops of Horse and one battery Foot Artillery, H. M.'s 9th Lancers, detachments of the 1st, 2d, and 4th Punjaub Cavalry, and Hodson's Irregulars, the remains of H. M.'s 8th and 75th Foot, and the 2d and 4th Punjaub Infantry, right down the Doab. This force was weak in infantry, the European regiments being mere skeletons; but in cavalry and artillery it was strong, and the horses and batteries, amounting to 600 sabres and 16 guns, were in perfect order and in the highest state of efficiency. It was accompanied by an immense number of camels, the want of which had been most severely felt by our commissariat at Allahabad. It routed strong bodies of the rebels, both at Boolundshuhur on the 28th September, and Allyghur on the 5th October, but missed the party (about 5000 strong) that it was in pursuit of. These had left Delhi by the right bank of the Jumna, descended its banks to Muttra, there crossed, and marched right across the Doab towards Oude, getting over the road Greathed was descending before his arrival. Finding he had been anticipated by his nimble opponents, that active officer directed his steps towards Agra, which was threatened by the advance of the Indore brigade from Dholepore. Most alarming and pressing requisitions for aid having reached him when on his way, he made a forced march, wonderful both for its length and the speed with which it was accomplished. On his arrival on the 10th October, he was informed by the Agra authorities that the enemy had retired to a distance of more than ten miles. Trusting to their information, he himself with several of his officers were at luncheon in the fort, and his wearied men were pitching their camp close to the old cantonment, when a volley of grape from the adjoining jungle, and the rush of the enemy's horse, roused them from their security. The battle which ensued was one of the most creditable to the English and Sikh soldiery of any during the war. Taken at every disadvantage—surprised in their camp when exhausted by a forced march of unprecedented length—separated from their superior officers, those gallant men fought and won the battle for themselves. To the 9th Lancers, the Artillery, and the Sikh Cavalry, the principal merit belongs. The former, springing upon their horses, formed under fire, and charged right through the camp, now inundated by the hostile cavalry, recapturing a gun and tumbril which had temporarily been lost, and giving time for the rest of the force to form up and attack, which they did with the utmost vigour, utterly routing the enemy, with the loss of eleven guns, and pursuing them to a distance of many miles from the scene

of action. After this most brilliant achievement Greathed, leaving Agra, marched direct upon Cawnpore. On the road he was joined by Hope Grant, who, assuming the command, forced his way, without any very severe fighting, to that point, which he reached towards the end of October: thus, at the most critical period of the campaign, furnishing to the infantry force, which Sir Colin was painfully hurrying up from Calcutta, six hundred admirable sabres and three perfect batteries of light field-artillery, together with a long train of camels and beasts of burden. Incalculable was the importance of this. The nucleus of a small but well-organised army was obtained; the means of moving with safety—of not merely winning a battle, but of following it up, was secured. Our old superiority to the enemy in field-artillery was regained. The three arms, in a proper proportion to one another, were once more united, and the deliverance of Inglis and Outram could with hope be attempted.

Sir Colin Campbell left Calcutta on the 27th October, and proceeded day and night by horse dâk to the seat of war. It may tend to clearness hereafter to take now a view of the military position of the mutiny, and the probable plan of the campaign. The theatre of war may be divided into three parts—a right, a centre, and a left. The right, lying on the left bank of the Ganges, consisted of the kingdom of Oude and the revolted districts of Goruckpore and Azimghur. Oude, with its 5,000,000 of people, rich country, 400 forts, and feudal organisation, was by far the most formidable enemy we had. 100,000 men-in-arms could easily be raised in it to resist the invader. The centre consisted in the Doab, lying between the Jumna and the Ganges, and the principality of Rohilcund, between the Upper Ganges and the Himalayas. In the Doab the most important position was held by the Nawab of Furruckabad. He had a brigade of revolted troops at his disposal—could raise a large irregular force—held a strong town, close to which was the fort of Futtyghur, where the gun-carriage manufactory of the Company's army presented ample resources for fitting out a field-force. His position on the Ganges—about midway between Allahabad and Delhi, opposite to Agra, and commanding all the main lines of communication through the Doab, with a boat-bridge over the river, from which roads branched off to Bareilly, the capital of Rohilcund on the one hand, and to Lucknow on the other—was, next to Allahabad, the most important strategical position for us in this part of India; as until it was captured we could never keep open our communications with the Punjaub through Delhi, or with Central India through Agra. Accordingly, though Greathed's column passed down the trunk road, the enemy closed in upon his rear, reoccupied the country behind him, and his movement produced no more effect in establishing our power than the passage of a ship which cleaves its way through the waves. Bareilly was the capital of Rohilcund, and the seat of a strong and tolerably organized native goverment under a chief called Bahadoor Khan. A rich, flat, wooded country, it was inhabited by a warlike race, and could turn out a numerous and efficient militia, both ready and willing to support the remains of the many revolted regiments who had taken refuge in it. So long as it was held by the enemy, lying as it did on the flank of the Upper Doab, our intercourse with the Punjaub must be uncertain. Lower down the Doab, about twelve or fourteen miles above Cawnpore, lay Bithoor, the seat of the power of the celebrated Nana Sahib. His influence over the population in this neighbourhood was very great; he could always raise a large number of followers for any important enterprise, and his position was equally suited for aiding with them either the Oude chiefs or the Gwalior Contingent at Calpee. To the left, on the right bank of the Jumna, lay the numerous warlike and semi-independent states of Central India. In these many of the chiefs were inclined to favour our cause, but nearly the whole of their military force and the whole popular feeling was against us. Scindia and the Rajah of Rewah both remained faithful; but they could

not restrain their followers; and the movement of the revolted Gwalior Contingent—the most highly organised and best-drilled native force in India—upon Calpee, on the Jumna, was one of the greatest sources of danger and difficulty with which we had to contend.

In undertaking the reduction of this mass of enemies, the most important object, in a military point of view, was the restoration of our line of communication with Delhi and the Punjaub; but the most pressing in point of time was the relief and withdrawal of the force beleaguered in Lucknow. To a certain point both objects were compatible; and the establishment of our line of operations by Allahabad on Cawnpore was an equal step to the accomplishment of either. From that point a distance of only fifty-three miles separated us from Lucknow. A vigorous and swift attack might disengage the garrison, and enable the relieving force to be back at Cawnpore before the Gwalior Contingent was able to establish itself permanently upon our naked and defenceless line of operations to Allahabad. That extraneous but pressing object once accomplished, the war could then resume a regular and scientific course: the subjugation of the Doab and reduction of Rohilcund by the force under the Commander-in-Chief would re-unite our severed territories, restore our long-lost communications, concentrate our hitherto scattered and disjointed resources; while a great concentric movement upon the states of Central India, undertaken by the whole disposable military force of the Madras and Bombay Residencies, would effectually occupy the soldiery of that extensive region; and by gradually pressing down the heads of its columns upon the left bank of the Jumna, draw off the severe pressure of the Gwalior Contingent upon the left flank of our long and unprotected line of communications. These two great objects being once effected, the Punjaub and Bengal Presidency being once more united by the reconquest of the intervening territory, and the rear of this reconquered base being secured by the reduction of Central India, the greatest and most difficult task of the war could with safety be undertaken; and Oude, with its large, populous, and hostile territory, defended by one hundred thousand men, studded over with four hundred forts, with the great city of Lucknow, too extensive to be blockaded, and of great strength for defence against assault, lying in its centre, could then, by a large invasive movement of troops, acting from a secure base, be subdued, without the fear of a long and dangerous guerilla war springing up in our unoccupied rear and on our defenceless flanks.

Meanwhile the Commander-in-Chief was hastening up day and night to the front. Between the Soane and Benares he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of a body of the mutinous 32d N. I., who were crossing the road at the very moment he came up. On the 1st November he arrived at Allahabad, where he remained a day to hurry on the engineer preparations. On the 2d, he reached Futtehpore, half-way to Cawnpore, just as a body, consisting of H.M.'s 53d Foot, 93d Foot, the Naval Brigade, and a company of Royal Engineers, had defeated at Kudjwa, twenty miles to the left, after a most severe, and for some time doubtful action, a considerable rebel force, composed of some of the mutinous Dinapore regiments, who were threatening to cut our line there. On the 3rd he reached Cawnpore. There intelligence from Outram met him, saying that he could hold out until beyond the middle of the month. This gave a precious time for the arrival of the reinforcements. General Grant's column had been moved on to a position some distance beyond Bunnee Bridge, nearly two-thirds of the way to Lucknow, and upon him all the detachments and supplies, as they came up, were concentrated. By the most unwearied exertions, a small siege-train, principally manned by the sailors of Peel's Naval Brigade, had been got up, a diminutive engineer park collected, and commissariat means adequate to the projected operation got together. These various objects being all more or less satisfactorily arranged, Sir Colin, on the 9th inst. set off from Cawnpore, and by a forced march of

forty miles, joined the headquarters of his small army beyond Bunnee.

The operation in which he was now engaged was one of the most difficult and delicate in war. Outram, shut up in the Residency on the side of Lucknow opposite to that by which he had to approach, was blockaded by a force of at least 60,000 men, who were in possession of a very strong position, barring our line of advance. Their numerous cavalry and irregular troops were sure to close upon our rear and flanks as we advanced, and effectually to isolate us in the heart of an enemy's country; while at Calpee, on the Jumna, directly upon the flank of our road to Allahabad, were collecting the Gwalior Contingent, a large force under the Nana Sahib, and the Dinapore regiments, recently defeated by Peel at Kudjwa, avowedly with the intention of striking at Cawnpore, and our line of communications, as soon as we were fairly committed with Lucknow. The whole force, of all arms, under the Commander-in-Chief, was not above 4200 men, and with these he had to rescue Outram from the grasp of 60,000, occupying a position of immense strength, before the 18th of November, and save Windham, whose intrenched camp at Cawnpore, covering the boat-bridge over the Ganges, was our sole line of retreat, from the attack of the Calpee forces. To attack the Calpee army, previously to advancing on Lucknow, would have been the only prudent course to adopt, in a military sense, but for that there was no time. Outram could not hold out beyond the 19th or 20th. He was fifty-three miles from Cawnpore, on the one side; Calpee was forty miles from it on the other. The enemy, at the latter point, had the broad stream of the Jumna between them and us, and had possession of all the boats, consequently could avoid coming to action with us indefinitely. Under these circumstances there was but one course open—the risk, great as it was, must be run. Windham must be left to struggle as he best could at Cawnpore, while Sir Colin, making up by swiftness of movement and the use of an interior line of communications for his inferiority in every other respect, must plunge into the heart of the fiery circle, and, trusting to the valour of his small but devoted band, hope to wrest Outram from the grasp of famine, and save Windham from the stroke of force. The chances were against him; the risk was immense. Looking to the ordinary course of events, what was to be expected was, that while his small force, refluent from the strong buildings and streets of Lucknow, was painfully retreating in the face of overwhelming numbers, to Cawnpore, they would find the bridge over the Ganges burned by an enemy, who holding our camp there besieged, commanded all the opposite bank of the river with his guns. A disaster equal to that at Cabul would be the result. But the man was equal to his mission, and the star of England was bright in the heavens.*

* To show how completely the movement of the Gwalior Contingent upon our communications was anticipated *before* the advance on Lucknow, the following extracts from the letters of an officer on the staff are given:—"*Cawnpore, 8th Nov.* 1857. The Nana has crossed the Ganges, and is moving towards Calpee, on the Jumna, whither also the Dinapore mutineers, defeated by Peel at Kudjwa, the other day, are making; and towards which point the Gwalior Contingent, said to be 8000 strong, with twenty field-guns and a heavy battering train, is also marching." "This is a formidable concentration on our flank and rear, threatening both Cawnpore and Futtehpore, and our sole line of communications with Allahabad. But we must go on to relieve Lucknow, and that done, will soon give a good account of our Gwalior friends. Luckily they, being encumbered with their heavy siege-train, must move very slowly. Anyhow, I think our communications are likely to be interrupted for some time, so do not be uneasy if you do not hear from us for long."—"*Camp, Alum Bagh, 13th Nov.* 1857.——This (the Kaiser Bagh) is the key to the enemy's position, and as soon as it is taken, the communication to the Residency will be open. Outram will then come to us with the women and children, the sick and wounded. The Residency is to be blown up and abandoned, and the guns destroyed. We have not *time* or means to take the town now. The *Gwalior Contingent is moving on our communications* by Calpee, and must be defeated before the siege of this place can be regularly undertaken."

On the 10th part of the siege-train reached camp; on the 11th the Engineer park. The advance was then ordered for the following morning. That afternoon the Commander-in-Chief inspected his small army. The scene was striking. It was drawn up in quarter-distance columns in the centre of a vast plain, surrounded by woods. On the edge of these the pickets were posted. A mere handful it seemed. The guns of the troops and batteries who had come down from Delhi looked blackened and service-worn; but the horses were in good condition, the harness in perfect repair; the men swarthy, and evidently in perfect fighting trim. The 9th Lancers, with their blue uniforms and white turbans twisted round their forage caps, their flagless lances, lean but hardy horses, and gallant bearing, looked the perfection of a cavalry regiment on active service. Wild and bold was the carriage of the Sikh cavalry, riding untamed looking steeds, clad in loose fawn-coloured robes, with long boots, blue or red turbans and sashes, and armed with carbine and sabre. Next to them were the worn and wasted remains of the 8th and 75th Queen's, clad entirely in slate-coloured cloth. With a wearied air they stood grouped round their standards—War stripped of its display, in all its nakedness. Then the 2d and 4th Punjaub Infantry, tall of stature, with eager eyes overhung by large twisted turbans, clad in short sand-coloured tunics—men swift to march, and forward in the fight, ambitious both of glory and of loot. Last stood, many in numbers, in tall and serried ranks, the 93d Highlanders. A waving sea of plumes and tartan they looked, as, with loud and rapturous cheers, which rolled over the field, they welcomed their veteran commander, the Chief of their choice. It was curious to mark the difference between the old Indian troops and the Highlanders, in their reception of Sir Colin. Anxious and fixed was the gaze of the former, as he rode down their ranks—men evidently trying to measure the leader who had been sent to them from so far. Enthusiastic beyond expression was his reception by the latter. You saw at once that to him was accorded their entire confidence,—that, under him, they "would go anywhere and do anything."

Next morning the whole force set out. Reduced as it had been to the utmost possible degree, the train of baggage encumbering the march of the army seemed to a European eye endless. Mile after mile of camels, walking patiently in long strings, and ceaseless rows of hackeries, drawn by strong but slow-paced bullocks, mingled with camp followers dressed in every imaginable variety of Eastern costume, and mounted on every kind of pony, ass, and horse, with here and there the tall stately figure of an elephant towering above the troubled multitude beneath—the whole enveloped in frequent clouds of dust. One great cause of this amount of baggage was the necessity of carrying the whole food for the army and its camp followers, and the grain for the horses and sumpter animals, along with it; for in Oude every man's hand was against the invader, every village was either defended or destroyed, all stragglers were cut off without mercy, and no supplies could be got in; while the loss of our communications, as we moved on, rendered it impossible to depend upon the arrival of any convoys from the rear.

A smart skirmish took place between the advanced guard and a considerable body of the enemy, who attacked with horse, foot, and guns, the head of the column as it approached Alum Bagh. They were, however, quickly driven back, with the loss of two field-pieces, taken in a brilliant charge by Gough's squadron of Hodson's Irregulars. That evening saw the whole force encamped behind the fortified post of the Alum Bagh, within a couple of miles of Lucknow. On the 13th the army halted, to allow some detachments from Cawnpore, in charge of ammunition and heavy guns, to close up. All the tents were parked within the enclosure of the Alum Bagh, and the fort of Jellahabad, in our right rear, was destroyed. The last steps in the organisation of the force were now

taken, the last orders issued. Divided nominally into three brigades of infantry and one of cavalry, with artillery, sailors, and engineers, it hardly numbered one strong brigade —not more than 4200 sabres and bayonets, and, small as it was, it was unequal in its composition. The strength of the infantry lay in the 93d, about 800 strong, veterans experienced but not wasted by the Crimean campaigns, trained in an iron discipline, and to be relied on in any crisis; rather more than half of the 53d Foot, a stubborn old regiment, both hard fighting and hard to hold; and the two Sikh corps, who, though weak in numbers, were perfectly acquainted with their enemy, admirable skirmishers, and of undaunted courage in the charge. The European regiments from Delhi, however, were so few in numbers and so wasted in strength, that much could not be expected from them; whilst two provisional battalions, made up of detachments belonging to Outram's force, could not be supposed to possess the steadiness and consistency of old troops; and a Queen's regiment, which had suffered severely in the Crimean war, was composed of such young soldiers that it would have been unfair to expose it to too severe a shock. The small Artillery force was admirable. Peel's Naval Brigade manned a 24-pounder battery; Travers' Royal Artillerymen, an 18-pounder one; while two and a-half (one Royal, the rest Bengal) 9-pounder field batteries, and two and a-half Horse Artillery troops (Remmington's and Blunt's Bengal, and Bridge's Madras, troops), were perfect alike in men and material.

To move straight on the Residency by the road along which the advance had hitherto been conducted, would have been madness. In front lay the line of the canal, strongly fortified; behind it, the whole mass of the city, penetrated by a long narrow street, commanded on all sides by strong self-contained buildings—the very grave of an army. To avoid this, Outram had made a flank march to his right, and penetrated at a point where the ground was more open and the city less dense. The Commander-in-Chief's plan was to repeat this movement, but on a greater scale, and with a wider sweep:—to make a flank march across country to his own right for six miles, upon the Dil Kooshar park and Martinière college, lying near the point where the canal, which covers the town to the west, falls into the Goomtee river; then to force the line of the canal, and, covering his right flank by the Goomtee, to advance up its right bank on the Secunder Bagh. This point once secured, to seize on the Barracks and erect batteries between the two, to play on the Kaiser Bagh, a vast mass of buildings forming the key of the enemy's position, interposing between us and the Residency, and commanding with its fire all the approaches to the latter. Under cover of this attack, which was to be aided by the whole of the Residency guns, Outram was ordered to effect his junction with our force, filing, with all his sick and wounded, women and children, between the Kaiser Bagh and the river—blowing up the Residency as soon as he had withdrawn, destroying its guns, abandoning his baggage, but bringing away the treasure.

It is said to have been the Commander-in-Chief's original intention to have crossed the Goomtee, and move up its left bank opposite to the Residency—there established his heavy guns, under cover of their fire, thrown a bridge, and then drawn off the garrison. But upon this being submitted to Sir James Outram, both he and his chief engineer had so earnestly dissuaded him from it, on the ground of local obstacles, that, yielding to their superior local knowledge, he had given it up, and determined to move by the right bank. An additional reason, probably, was also found in the great extent of country which the army must have gone over to reach the point originally intended, and the danger of leaving a fordless river in its rear. The views of Sir James Outram were brought, and an invaluable guide secured, to Sir Colin Campbell, by Mr. Cavenagh, who, quitting the Residency in the disguise of a native, passed through the enemy's lines without being discovered, and reached in safety the camp

near Bunnee Bridge. An attempt more daring in conception, and more hazardous in execution, was never made.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th, the flank march began. From the first it was evident that the enemy were taken by surprise. No opposition was made. Small bodies were seen hastily endeavouring to throw up cover near the city on the different roads we crossed at right angles; whilst our progress was watched by scouts perched in the uppermost branches of the trees which fringed the fields we were traversing. As the advanced guard approached the park wall of the Dil Kooshar, a smart fire of matchlocks was opened upon our left, but was soon overpowered by the light artillery. An advance was next briskly made by a considerable body of skirmishers through a grove of old trees inside the park, beneath the deep shade of which their white dresses, gliding on from trunk to trunk, and the bright flash of their musketry, had a strange and striking effect. They were, however, speedily driven back out of the Dil Kooshar house, and over the crest of the plateau, down to the Martinière beneath. On our troops reaching the edge of this plateau, a heavy fire of artillery and musketry came upon them from the Martinière, and the broken ground and enclosures around it; but the fire of our field-batteries and Travers' 18-pounders soon got the superiority. The infantry skirmishers rushed down the slope. The Martinière was evacuated at their approach, and all the ground on this side of the canal was won. An attempt to turn our left flank and fall on our rear was about this time repulsed. Opposite our left was a bridge over the canal. To its edge, at this point, the enemy advanced in great strength about half-past four P.M., bringing up several guns, and attacking with considerable spirit. Hope's brigade was here opposed to them. The 93d, lining a mud-wall opposite the bridge, forbade the passage. On the high ground to the left Peel's 24-pounders, with Bourchier's field-battery, were placed. Their heavy and concentric fire on the angle formed by the canal near the bridge, fairly crushed the enemy out of it, while a rapid advance of the 53d and Sikhs secured a lodgment in a part of the suburb on the other side. Concentrated around the Martinière, Hope on the left, Russell on the right, Greathed in rear,—the artillery on the high ground to the left, the cavalry on the summit of the plateau, around the Dil Kooshar house, behind the centre, the army passed the night tentless, and sleeping with their arms by their side. The commencement of the great attack had been fixed for the next day, but the necessity of bringing up provisions and small arm ammunition from Alum Bagh, which, by a misapprehension of orders, had not come up in time, caused twenty-four hours' delay. An attack upon the picquets posted on the low grounds by the river, on our extreme right flank, made by two Horse Artillery guns, and a considerable body of infantry, was repulsed about midday, and a reconnaissance was subsequently made by the Commander-in-Chief of the position opposite our left, so as to impress our adversaries with the belief that there our advance was to be made. The massing of all our artillery in that direction, and a fire of mortars directed during the night on the same point, together with the absence of all outposts pushed forward on our right, served to strengthen this opinion.

Early on the 16th the army was in motion. The line of advance was from our extreme right, along the river bank for about a mile, and then by a "narrow and tortuous lane," through thickly wooded enclosures, and between low mud-houses, upon the Secunder Bagh. A strong advance guard of cavalry, with Blunt's troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, and a company of the 53d, led the way. Hope's and Russell's brigades followed, the ammunition and engineer park came next, and Greathed's brigade brought up the rear. The Martinière and Dil Kooshar were held by the cavalry and the 8th Foot (detached from Greathed), where the field hospital and baggage were left. The 75th foot, and a Sikh regiment, had been left at Alum Bagh. Thus there remained actually disposable for the relief of the Residency,

only the 93d, and part of the 53d foot, two weak Sikh regiments, two provisional battalions of detachments, and portions of the 23d and 82d regiments, not above three thousand bayonets; while before them lay the whole armed force of Oude, numbering at least sixty thousand men, concentrated in a central position of great strength.

The lane or narrow defile through the wood, into which the advanced guard now plunged, makes a sharp turn to the left before it reaches the Secunder Bagh, and then runs parallel to, and about one hundred and twenty yards from, that building. The enemy at first had evidently been taken by surprise, for no opposition was made; but on our reaching this point, a sharp musketry fire was opened from the houses and wooded enclosures on our right. A few minutes before the first shot, an officer of the staff had remarked to his right hand comrade, "If these fellows allow one of us to get out of this *cul-de-sac* alive, they deserve every one of them to be hanged." Taken at every disadvantage, the struggle was now most critical. The company of the 53d lined the enclosures bordering on the lane with skirmishers, but they were too few in number to make any way, and it was some time before the 93d could be got up to reinforce them. Meanwhile the cavalry, jammed together, could do nothing, and the high earth banks on each side offered what seemed to be an impassable obstacle to artillery.

The Secunder Bagh is a high-walled enclosure about one hundred yards square, with towers at the angles, and well loopholed; one hundred yards farther up the lane is another large building, or serai, also loopholed, and occupied in force. The opening between these two, exposed to the fire of both, was the only clear space on which it was possible to plant guns to bear upon the former building. Into this opening, accordingly, up the steep and seemingly impracticable bank, Blount, with a wonderful energy both of men and horses, led his artillery troop. It was swept by a deadly cross-fire of musketry, but through it he dashed at the gallop, and, unlimbering, opened on the Secunder Bagh.

The 93d coming up at the same time, drove the enemy entirely out of the houses and enclosures bordering on the lane, and expelled them from the large serai beyond the Secunder Bagh, thus securing an access to the open neck of ground, which had to be passed over before a point could be reached open enough for the head of the column to deploy. Travers' heavy field-battery next arrived, and the sappers and miners having cut down part of the high bank, two of his 18-pounders were, after great exertions, dragged up by the infantry, and put in position against the nearest angle of the Secunder Bagh. Their fire, in less than an hour, opened two large holes in it.

The assault was then given by the 4th Punjaub Rifles and 93d, supported by the 53d, and a battalion of detachments. It was a glorious rush. On went, in generous rivalry, the turban of the Sikh and the dark plume of the Highlander. A native officer of the Sikhs, waving his tulwar above his head, dashed on full five yards in front of his men. The Highlanders, determined not to be left behind, strained nerve and limb in the race. Their officers led like gallant gentlemen, shaking their broadswords in the air. Two young ensigns, springing over a low mud-wall, gave the colours of the regiment to the breeze. Paul with voice and action urged on his wild followers. Ewart, amongst the first of the Scots, clambered through the narrow opening in the wall; and soon the interior of the building rang with the sharp tones of musketry, and resounded with the cries of struggling men. The narrow holes through which the assailants were climbing in would not give admittance to the supports as they came up, and great part of them, rushing on to the left, assailed the gate. After some time it gave way to the constant discharge of muskets at the lock, and through it in they poured. Away on the right the 53d had also forced in a window; whilst the sappers and miners had enlarged the openings at the angle. But still with desperate

courage the defence went on. Firing down from the doors and windows of the rooms which surrounded the great courtyard in the centre, fighting hand-to-hand with their tulwars against those who charged home with the bayonet, the Sepoys maintained the struggle unabated for hours; and when at last the embers of the contest expired with the setting sun, more than two thousand corpses lay heaped upon one another in the interior of that vast charnel-house.

Whilst this fierce contest was raging in the Secunder Bagh, some companies of the 53d and 93d, supported by two of Blount's guns, had advanced through the opening, and pushed on across the open plain beyond, to their left front. The 93d, on the left, attacked and effected a lodgment in the large building called "The Barracks;" while the 53d, stretched as skirmishers over the plain, united the two attacks.

After passing between the serai and Secunder Bagh, the road to the Residency leads straight across an open plain about twelve hundred yards broad. About three hundred yards along this road there is a small village, with garden enclosures round it; while, about two hundred and fifty yards further on, and one hundred yards to the right of the road, stood the Shah Nujjeef, a large mosque, situated in a garden enclosed by a high loopholed wall. This wall is nearly square, and very strong. Between it and the plain is a thick fringe of jungle and enclosures, with trees and scattered mud-cottages, which make it impossible to get a distinct view of the place until you come close on it. Between it and the Secunder Bagh, amidst jungles and enclosures, to our right of the little plain, was a building on a high mound, called the Kuddum Russul.

Hope, having now drawn off his brigade from the Secunder Bagh, led it against the village, which he cleared and occupied without much difficulty; while Peel brought up his 24-pounders, mortars, and rocket-frames, and placed them in battery against the Shah Nujjeef in an oblique line, with their left resting on the village. The musketry fire which streamed unceasingly from that building and the surrounding enclosures, was most biting and severe; and after nearly three hours' battering it was still unsubdued. An attempt, made with great gallantry by Major Barnston, with his battalion of detachments, to drive the enemy from the fringe of jungle and enclosures in front, by setting fire to the houses, proved unsuccessful; but on the right the Kuddum Russul was assaulted and carried by a party of Sikhs.

In the narrow lane leading up from the rear, meanwhile, the utmost confusion prevailed. The animals carrying the ordnance and engineer supplies, unable to advance from the enemy's fire in front—unable to get out on either side, and pressed forward by those in rear—got completely jammed, insomuch that an officer, sent to bring up ammunition and all Greathed's disposable infantry to the now hard-pressed front, had the utmost difficulty to get the men along in single file; whilst some houses having been wantonly set on fire by the camp-followers, the passage was for a time entirely blocked up; and it was only when the flames were abating that a string of camels, laden with small-arm ammunition, which was urgently required by the troops engaged, could with great risk and toil be forced through the narrow and scorching pass. Even then, however, the confusion near the Secunder Bagh had got to such a pitch, that all passage had become impossible; and had it not been that a staff-officer discovered a by-path leading into a broad road which abutted on the Secunder Bagh, neither men nor ammunition could have been brought up.

In front of the Shah Nujjeef the battle made no way. The enemy, about 4 o'clock, got a heavy gun to bear upon us from the opposite bank of the river, and their very first shot blew up one of Peel's tumbrils, whilst their deadly musketry had obliged him to withdraw the men from one of his pieces and diminished the fire of the others. The men were falling fast; even Peel's usually bright face became grave and anxious. Sir Colin

sat on his white horse, exposed to the whole storm of shot, looking intently on the Shah Nujjeef, which was wreathed in columns of smoke from the burning buildings in its front, but sparkled all over with the bright flash of small arms. It was now apparent that the crisis of the battle had come. Our heavy artillery could not subdue the fire of the Shah Nujjeef—we could not even hold permanently our present advanced position under it. But retreat to us there was none; by that fatal lane our refluent force could never be withdrawn. Outram, and Havelock, and Inglis, with our women and children, were in the front, and England's honour was pledged to bring them scatheless out of the fiery furnace. What shot and shell could not do the bayonets of the infantry must accomplish. But the crisis was terrible. Even as the fate of the French Empire hung at Wagram on the footsteps of Macdonald's column, so did the fate of our Indian dominions depend that day on the result of the desperate assault now about to be undertaken.

Collecting the 93d about him, the Commander-in-Chief addressed a few words to them. Not concealing the extent of the danger, he told them that he had not intended that day to have employed them again, but that the Shah Nujjeef *must be taken;* that the artillery could not bring its fire under, so they must win it with the bayonet. Giving them a few plain directions, he told them that he would go on with them himself.

To execute this design, Middleton's battery of the Royal Artillery was ordered to pass Peel's guns on the right, and, getting as close as possible to the Shah Nujjeef, to open a quick and well-sustained fire of grape. Peel was to redouble his, and the 93d to form in column in the open plain, close to the village, ready to rush on.

Middleton's battery came up magnificently. With loud cheers, the drivers waving their whips, the gunners their caps, they gallopped forward through that deadly fire to within pistol-shot of the wall, unlimbered, and poured in round after round of grape. Peel, manning all his guns, worked his pieces with redoubled energy, and, under cover of this iron storm, the 93d, excited to the highest degree, with flashing eyes and nervous tread, rolled on in one vast wave. The grey-haired veteran of many fights rode, with his sword drawn, at their head; keen was his eye, as when in the pride of youth he led the stormers at St. Sebastian. His staff crowded round him. Hope, too, with his towering form and gentle smile, was there, leading, as ever was his wont, the men by whom he was loved so well. As they approached the nearest angle of the enclosure, the soldiers began to drop fast; but, without a check, they reached its foot. There, however, they were brought to a stand. The wall, perfectly entire, was nearly 20 feet high, and well loopholed; there was no breach, and there were no scaling-ladders. Unable to advance, unwilling to retire, they halted and commenced a musketry battle with the garrison; but all the advantage was with the latter, who shot with security from behind their loops, and the Highlanders went down fast before them. At this time nearly all the mounted officers were either wounded or dismounted. Hope and his aide-de-camp were both rolling on the ground at the same moment, with their horses shot under them; his major of brigade had just met with the same fate; two of Sir Colin's staff had been stricken to the earth; a party, who had been pushed on round the angle to the gate, had found it so well covered by a new work in masonry as to be perfectly unassailable. Two of Peel's guns were now brought up to within a few yards of the wall. Covered by the fusilade of the infantry, the sailors shot fast and strong; but, though the masonry soon fell off in flakes, it came down so as to leave the mass behind perpendicular, and as inaccessible as ever.

Success seemed now impossible. Even Hope and Peel, these two men, iron of will and ready of resource, could see no way. Anxious and careworn grew Sir Colin's brow. The dead and wounded were ordered to be collected and carried to the rear. Some rocket frames were brought up, and threw in a volley of these fiery projectiles, with such admirable preci-

sion that, just skimming over the top of the rampart, they plunged hissing into the interior of the building, and searched it out with a destroying force. Under cover of this, the guns were drawn off. The shades of evening were falling fast—the assault could not much longer be continued. Then, as a last resource—the last throw of a desperate game—Adrian Hope, collecting some fifty men, stole silently and cautiously through the jungle and brushwood away to the right, to a portion of the wall on which he had, before the assault, thought he perceived some injury to have been inflicted. Reaching it unperceived, a narrow fissure was found. Up this a single man was, with some difficulty, pushed; he saw no one near the spot, and helped up Hope, Ogilvy, (attached to the Madras Sappers) Allgood, the Assistant Quarter-master-General, and some others. The numbers inside soon increased, and as they did so they advanced, gradually extending their front. A body of sappers, sent for in haste, arrived at the double: the opening was enlarged, the supports rushed in. Meanwhile Hope's small party, pushing on, to their great astonishment found themselves almost unopposed. Gaining the gate, they threw it open for their comrades. The white dresses of the last of the garrison were just seen gliding away amidst the rolling smoke into the dark shadows of the night. Panic-struck, apparently, by the destruction caused by the rockets, and the sudden appearance of some of the assailants within the walls, they fled from the place, and gave up the struggle, just when the victory was secure.

Never had there been a harder-fought day, but never was a result gained more satisfactory. The relief of the Residency, an affair in the highest degree problematical in the morning, was now all but certain. We had won our footing on the plain, we had secured a base on which to plant our guns. Time and artillery, with sure but unerring steps, would do the rest. Taken between our batteries and the Residency guns, we were pretty certain to expel the enemy from the intervening buildings. To-day we had fought for existence, to-morrow we would throw for victory. To retire, indeed, from this point would be nearly as difficult as to win it; but the prestige of success throws a buckler round the conquerors. Anxiously during this day had we strained our eyes, frequently had we stooped our ears, hoping to gain some indication of Outram's progress, looking wearily for the flash of his musketry in the enemy's rear, to lighten us from the load under which we were staggering. But hour after hour passed by, and no bickering tide of war came up to us from the east. Sometimes, amidst the roar of the battle, we thought we could distinguish the dull sound of a more distant cannonade, but nothing certain could be made out. We did not then know how formidable was the mass of buildings still interposed between, rendering such active co-operation impossible. But there was joy now in every heart—there was light in every eye. Not in vain now had Greathed's toil-worn bands pushed on in hot haste from Delhi's smoking ramparts—not in vain had the Highlanders hastened over the stormy main from their distant mountain homes—for the blood of our defenceless women would not now ascend reeking to the heavens—the voice of Rachel mourning for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not, would not now be heard.

Much, however, still remained to be done. Our small force occupied a most extended position—the road to the rear was winding and difficult—the enemy had during the day attacked both the Martinière and Dil Kooshar, and shown themselves in force on the road to Alum Bagh, while on the other side of the Goomtee their outposts swarmed on the edge of the woods. No tents had accompanied our march—no camp-fires could be lighted. Silently in their ranks the men lay down to rest. Ere the grey light of morning had been seen in the heavens, the bells of the city had rung loud and clear, and the beating of many drums been heard. An attack seemed to be impending, and everywhere the ranks were formed; but either the enemy, finding us prepared, changed their mind, or it had not been intended, for no one came

—only a dropping fire of round shot into the field hospital caused both alarm and injury to the wounded, who lay there shelterless and unprotected. Ammunition was now brought up, both for the heavy guns and small arms, and the mode and plan of the attack arranged, and its execution at once set about. Unlike the preceding day, no sudden assaults, no desperate rushes were to be made. The heavy guns, howitzers, and mortars, planted in battery, were to open fire on the Mess House, the next great building which lay in our way. When its defences had been completely ruined, it was to be occupied, and from thence operations against the Motee Mahal undertaken. Then our communication with the Residency would be open, though exposed to a flanking fire from the Kaiser Bagh.

Peel commenced the operations of the day by a steady, well-directed fire upon the Mess House. This was a post of considerable strength, being defended by a ditch twelve feet broad, surmounted by a loopholed wall behind. During the whole day the fire of his guns continued unabated. About three in the afternoon, its musketry having been almost entirely got under, it was assailed by a company of the 90th, and a detachment of the 53rd, and carried with little loss; and the troops, excited with their success, pursued the fugitive garrison to the wall which separated it from the Motee Mahal. This, too, was presently broken through by the Sappers, and the numerous buildings, surrounded by a large enclosure, forming the latter post, were won. The communication with the Residency was now open, though the way to it was exposed to the enemy within easy musket-shot. Outram and Havelock, running the gauntlet, rode out to meet their deliverer. The task of the latter was nearly accomplished, the defending and relieving force had shaken hands.

On the afternoon of the 16th, Havelock observing the progress of Sir Colin's army, had made a sally with the whole disposable force of the garrison, and carried, without sustaining any very severe loss, the posts of the Hern Khana and Steam-Engine House. The occupation of these positions enabled the communications between the two forces to be effected as soon as the Motee Mahal was carried.

But a most difficult and dangerous task still remained. The garrison, with women and children, sick and wounded, guns and stores, had to be withdrawn; and to effect this in the face of the vast force of the enemy was no easy task. One narrow winding lane alone led to the rear, and through it the whole force had to be filed. To protect the march of the convoy, the whole of the immense line, extending from the ruined walls of the Residency to the wooded park of the Dil Kooshar, required to be held, and this gave a most hazardous extension to our forces—far too weak for the maintenance of so extended a position. To keep any considerable reserve in hand was impossible; and to such a dangerous extent did this at last come, that when, on the afternoon of the 18th instant, a vigorous attack was directed by the enemy upon the centre of our line, the only troops which remained in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief, to support the menaced point with, were two weak companies of infantry and Remmington's troop of Bengal horse-artillery. The conduct of this troop was the admiration of all beholders; the rapidity of its advance through most difficult ground being only equalled by the beauty and accuracy of its fire.

The measures necessary to secure the safety of the convoy, and cover the withdrawal of the force, may be resolved into two—the getting under the fire of the Kaiser Bagh, and the securing of our left flank in the "Barracks" and adjoining buildings. The former, to enable the convoy to reach the position of Sir Colin's force—the latter, to protect its passage to the Dil Kooshar, through the narrow and tortuous lane already so frequently referred to, which led from our right, in rear of the left, to the Martinière.

To effect the last object a communication was, on the 17th instant, with much trouble, established, leading from the Barracks to the canal, in rear of our left, and our position in

that building strengthened. On the night of the 17th, Banks' House, an important post close to the line of the canal, on the extreme left, was carried by a party of the 2d Punjaub Infantry. During the whole of the 17th and 18th an incessant musketry fire was kept up by the enemy upon this part of our position, from which we suffered considerably. Brigadier Russell was severely wounded on the latter day, and his successor in the command, Colonel Bidulph, killed; but, under the direction of Colonel Hale, of H.M. 82d, the whole of the operations necessary to the security of this important point were successfully carried out, and all the buildings which required to be occupied won. But the service was a most severe and harassing one to the troops engaged, who hardly enjoyed a moment's respite from attack.

But the work was now drawing near its conclusion. On the morning of the 20th, Peel, with all our heavy guns, opened fire upon the Kaiser Bagh, and for three days it went on increasing in its severity. The enemy suffered severely, especially from the bursting of our shells in its courtyards crowded with troops; and by the evening of the 22d, not only had its means of offence and annoyance been nearly destroyed, but three breaches were gaping in its walls, and everything betokened an assault during the ensuing night or morning. This was the moment chosen, when the attention of the enemy was entirely directed to the defence of this important point, for the evacuation of the Residency and withdrawal of the garrison. The women and children, the sick and wounded, had been removed on the night of the 19th; and, along with all the wounded of the field-force, had in safety reached the Dil Kooshar. At midnight on the 22d, the retreat of the garrison commenced. The guns which could not be brought away were rendered unserviceable. Behind the screen of Campbell's outposts, Inglis's and Havelock's toil-worn bands withdrew—then the latter began also to retire; the pickets fell back through the supports, the supports glided away between the intervals of the reserve—the reserve, when all had passed, silently defiled into the lane—thick darkness shrouded the movement from the gaze of the enemy—and, hours after the position had been quitted, they were firing into the abandoned posts. Hope's brigade, which had so nobly headed the advance, had also covered the retreat. Before daylight on the 23d instant, the last straggler had reached the camp at Dil Kooshar. As soon as the main column was far enough advanced, the left wing, under Hale, evacuated the Barracks and adjoining positions, and effected their retreat by the new road. On the afternoon of the 24th, Sir Colin's force set out for Alum Bagh. Outram's division remained behind to cover the rear and give protection to the long trains of women, children, and wounded; it too followed on the next day, and then the work was done.

One sad event now occurred to cast its shade over this glorious achievement. Worn out by toil and anxiety, Havelock sank into the grave. Sad it was that the noble veteran should be permitted to come to the end of his labours, and yet be snatched away ere he had tasted of his reward. Yet perhaps it was for the best. In the hour of his triumph and his glory he departed. Envy had not had time to dim his laurels, or malice to tarnish his renown. The "electric shock of a nation's gratitude" he knew to have been his; the consciousness of duty unshrinkingly performed, of a life sacrificed to his country's cause, he bore with him to the tomb. On the low plain by the Alum Bagh they made his humble grave; and Campbell, and Outram, and Inglis, and many a stout soldier who had followed him in all his headlong marches, and through the long fatal street, were gathered there to perform the last rites to one of England's noblest dead. As long as the memory of great deeds, and high courage, and spotless self-devotion, is cherished amongst his countrymen, so long will Havelock's lonely tomb in the grove beneath the scorching Eastern sky, hard by the vast city, the scene alike of his toil, his triumph, and his death, be

regarded as one of the most holy of the many holy spots where her patriot soldiers lie.

A true soldier in the highest sense of the word was Havelock. Severe in discipline and rigid in command, he looked for and exacted from all the full performance of their duty. When hardships were to be endured, he expected that they should be met without a murmur. Oftentimes regarded as unpitying by his men, he yet ever strove to alleviate their sufferings and improve their condition. Thoroughly acquainted with the principles of military science, he was able to combine the greatest daring with the greatest prudence; and greater even was his merit when, heedless of the clamours of his soldiers, he refused to move upon Lucknow until joined by Outram's reinforcements, than, when at the head of their united force, he poured along his "march of fire." For he too was assailed by the voice of calumny, and taunted with prudence and faint-heartedness by men who could neither emulate his courage nor fathom the high motives of his conduct. Though victorious in every action during his first advance, as soon as he became convinced that the masses with which he was hurtling were too numerous for his little band, he drew them back; and when the Gwalior Contingent first set out on their march towards Calpee, he was prepared, had he not been promised instant support, to have fallen back on Allahabad, rather than risk the fate of the empire which was intrusted to his keeping. In that resolution he showed a greater moral courage than, and equally great military genius as, when, bursting through the iron barrier of Lucknow, he wrested the sinking garrison from the hand of fate. Worn in body, high of courage, pure in heart, of an energy which no difficulties could daunt, of a resolution which no disasters could shake, he sealed his devotion to his country by his blood; and when the good labourer's work was done, he went to receive his reward in the far distant land.

Leaving General Outram with a force of about four thousand men to hold the position of Alum Bagh in front of Lucknow, and thus neutralise by his presence, under the very guns of the capital, the effect which would otherwise have arisen from the retreat of the British troops from Oude, Sir Colin set out on the morning of the 27th from Alum Bagh, with about three thousand men, the whole of the women, children, and treasure rescued from Lucknow, and the long train of wounded. In all, two thousand helpless human beings had to be borne along. That evening he passed Bunnee Bridge and encamped. The distant sound of heavy guns was heard faintly stealing over the vast plain from the direction of the Ganges. For many days all intercourse with Windham had been cut off; between him and us a thick veil had fallen; but as the movement of the Gwalior Contingent upon our communications had been known previous to our advance, the moment the firing was heard, the cause became evident; the Calpee host had fallen upon Cawnpore, and was actively engaged with the garrison. Not a moment was to be lost—the danger was instant. Had Cawnpore fallen, and the boat-bridge been destroyed, a disaster, terrible even to contemplate, might have ensued. Early on the morning of the 28th, accordingly the whole army was in motion, and eagerly pressing on towards the scene of danger. At every step the sound of a heavy but distant cannonade became more distict; but mile after mile was passed over, and no news could be obtained. The anxiety and impatience of all became extreme. Louder and louder grew the roar—faster and faster became the march—long and weary was the way—tired and footsore grew the infantry—death fell on the exhausted wounded with a terrible rapidity—the travel-worn bearers could hardly stagger along under their loads—the sick men groaned and died—but still on, on, on was the cry. Salvos of artillery were fired by the field battery of the advance guard, in hopes that its sound might convey to the beleagured garrison a promise of the coming aid. At last some horsemen were seen

spurring along the road; then the veil which had for so long shrouded us from Windham was rent asunder, and the disaster stood before us in all its deformity.

After Sir Colin's departure from Cawnpore, General Windham directed all his efforts to forwarding on to him all the detachments which came up. His disinterested efforts in the performance of this duty are deserving of the very highest praise; and they are the more commendable, because he was kept perfectly informed by his spies of the slow but steady advance of the force formed by the junction of the Gwalior Contingent with the troops of the Nana Sahib. But not on that account did he hesitate; still every disposable man was sent on, till the news arrived that the relief of the Residency had been effected. Then, indeed, it became time to look to his own preservation. The rebel force was drawing nearer and nearer. He despatched repeated messengers to inform the Commander-in-Chief of the cloud which was rapily gathering on his rear; but not one of them ever reached him. They were all cut off by the enemy. On the 25th of November, the enemy had advanced so far, that, if an effort to save Cawnpore from attack was to be made, no time could be lost. With a high—though withal imprudent—courage, Windham then gathered together his little band, numbering scarcely 1200 infantry, with 100 sowars and 8 guns, and set out on the morning of the 26th to measure himself with the rebel host. These numbered altogether about 20,000 men, with 40 guns. He found their advanced-guard drawn up in very strong ground on the opposite side of the dried-up bed of the Pando Nuddee. Falling on without a moment's hesitation, he carried their position at the first rush, and, pressing on with vigour, made himself master of the village of Bousce, half-a-mile in rear; but soon the main-body of the rebels came up, and displayed such imposing masses, both of men and artillery, that it became evident that, in such an open country as this, he must be overmatched. He drew off in good order accordingly, and, falling back on Cawnpore, encamped on the Jooee plain in its front, with his left flank resting on the Ganges canal and a wood, and his centre and right barring the approach to the town. The sun was high in the heavens the next day when the enemy advanced. Bringing all their artillery to the front, they opened a heavy and well-directed fire, to which our few guns could make no adequate reply. Under cover of this, their infantry pushed on, occupying all the topes, broken ground, and cultivation, and firing fast and strong. For five hours our men held their ground against overwhelming numbers, but at length they had to fall back. To do this through the narrow streets of the town and the broken ground around it, in the face of a victorious enemy, was no easy task; and it is no disgrace to them to say, that considerable confusion and disorder accompanied it. It was attended with the loss of our camp, tents, and baggage.

Still desirous of not entirely shutting himself up within his entrenchment, Windham held the broken and wooded ground between the town and the Ganges with his right, where the Church and Assembly Rooms stood—containing nearly all the field-stores and luggage of the Commander-in-Chief's army, and which, most unfortunately, he did not take the precaution of removing within the works during the night; while he stretched his left, consisting chiefly of the Rifles and two companies of the Eighty-Second, under Colonel Walpole, into the plain beyond the canal. The enemy, having occupied the town, erected batteries in front of it, and renewed the contest with vigour on the morning of the 28th. Walpole on the left held his ground against far superior numbers, pushed back the force immediately opposed to him, and took with a bayonet-charge two heavy guns. But disaster again fell upon us on the right. The Church and Assembly Rooms, with all their commissariat stores, were lost; a battery to play upon the entrenchment was erected between the two; the high wooded and broken grounds, intersected with

nullahs and sprinkled with buildings, which lie between these and the Ganges, fell entirely into the hands of the enemy; and his field-batteries, there established, began to send their balls down upon the bridge beneath. A sally made during the day was at first successful, and some guns won and spiked; but not being adequately supported, it was ultimately repulsed, with very severe loss and great discouragement to our men. When the shades of night began to fall, the garrison had everywhere been obliged to fall back into the entrenchments, upon which a heavy fire, both of artillery and small arms, was being kept up. The dust of no succouring columns could be seen rising from the plains of Oude; and the sullen plunge of round shot into the river by the bridge showed by how frail a link they were bound to the opposite bank, whence only aid could arrive. Crowded together into a narrow space, without tents to shelter them or casemates to cover them from vertical fire, they had no cheering prospect for the night.

The clatter of a few horsemen was suddenly heard passing over the bridge, and ascending at a rapid pace the road which leads to the fort. As they came close under the ramparts, an old man with grey hair was seen to be riding at their head. One of the soldiers recognised the Commander-in-Chief; the news spread like wildfire; the men, crowding upon the parapet, sent forth cheer after cheer. The enemy, surprised at the commotion, for a few minutes ceased their fire. The old man rode in through the gate. All felt then that the crisis was over—that the Residency saved would not now be balanced by Cawnpore lost. When the morning broke, the plain towards Lucknow was white with the tents of the returning army. A few hours later, and both the river banks were enveloped with the curling smoke of artillery; for Peel, with his heavy twenty-fours, and all the field-batteries, strove hard to crush the enemy's guns, which played upon the bridge. Gradually the British fire from the left bank, aided by that of the intrenchment, got the mastery, and the passage of the troops commenced. Soon dark masses of smoke, mingled with sheets of flame, rose from large buildings amid green trees on the high grounds in their front, and rolled heavily over the field. It was the Assembly Rooms and adjoining houses, containing all the commissariat field-stores and baggage of the returning troops, which the enemy had fired. During the whole day, during the ensuing night, and till six o'clock on the evening of the 30th, the passage continued. Troops and baggage, women and children, sick and wounded, filed on unceasingly. They swept by the ramparts of the fort, and crossing the canal, encamped on the plain beyond, round the mouldering remains and riddled walls of the position which Wheeler had held so long. Great was the anxiety till this was successfully accomplished; for the rebels, having possession of the upper course of the river, and all the boats, might at any moment have thrown a large force on the opposite bank, and attacked our rear and the endless convoy of ladies and families; whilst fire-rafts or boats could have destroyed the bridge; and our numbers were too few to enable at once an adequate force to be left beyond the river to cover the rear, and on the plain across the canal to secure the head of the unwieldly column; while the danger of breaking down the bridge by overcrowding rendered great caution necessary in regulating and restraining its progress.

A pause for a few days now ensued. Sir Colin's movement to the plain beyond the canal had placed him on the Futtehpore road, and reopened our communication with Allahabad; but the enemy occupied an exceedingly strong position, which could not be attacked with any hope of success without the employment upon the decisive point of our whole disposable force, and this left no guard for the great convoy from Lucknow, which might, in the tumult of the action, have fallen into their hands. Till arrangements could be made, therefore, for its removal to Allahabad, under a suitable escort, no attack was possible. Meanwhile, also, some re-

inforcements, much wanted, would have time to come up. An attack on our outposts on the 1st of December was repulsed, but the enemy still continued to harass our camp to a great extent with their fire, opening with a field battery upon the Commander-in-Chief's tents almost every forenoon. By the 3d, however, we had to a considerable extent got it under. The same night the convoy was at last got under weigh, and the army, eased of that heavy drag, became once more pliable and fit for active operations. On the 4th an attempt to destroy the floating bridge by fire-boats was happily frustrated. During the fifth an attack was made upon the picket in the plain on our left, and a considerable force of the enemy moved in that direction, as if they meditated turning our flank and threatening our communications. The attack, however, was repulsed, and the display of a considerable part of our force induced them to abandon their intention. The next day the hand of fate was upon them.

The position which they held was one of great strength. Their left was posted amongst the wooded high grounds, intersected with nullahs, and thickly sprinkled with ruined bungalows and public buildings, which lie between the town of Cawnpore and the Ganges. Their centre occupied the town itself, which was of great extent, and traversed only by narrow winding streets, singularly susceptible of defence. The portion of it facing the entrenchment was uncovered; but from the camp of our army it was separated by the Ganges canal, which, descending through the centre of the Doab, falls into that river below Cawnpore. Their right stretched out behind this canal into the plain, and they held a bridge over it, and some lime-kilns and mounds of brick in its front. The camp of the Gwalior Contingent was situated in this plain, about two miles in rear of the right, at the point where the Calpee road comes in. The united force, amounting now, with reinforcements which had come in, to about 25,000 men with 40 guns, consisted of two distinct bodies, having two distinct lines of operation and retreat—that of the Nana Sahib (and under the command of his brothers), whose line of retreat was in rear of the left on Bithoor; that of the Gwalior Contingent, whose retreat lay from their right upon Calpee. The centre and left of this position was of great strength, and could not be assailed without the certainty of heavy loss, and the risk of an ultimate check. The right, however, was both tactically the weakest and strategically the most important point to gain—the weakest, because there the ground was a vast plain, intersected only by the canal; the most important, because across this plain, and almost in prolongation of their right wing, ran the Calpee road, which, once in our possession, the retreat of the Gwalior Contingent, by far the most formidable of our foes, with their guns and materiel, was rendered impossible. Grasping at once the strength and the weakness of his opponent's post, and skilfully availing himself of both, Sir Colin laid his plans. His design was to reinforce his left with all his available troops—to throw himself with it upon the rebel right—defeat it before it could be reinforced from the centre—seize the camp of the Gwalior Contingent, and establish himself *à cheval* upon their line of retreat; thus at once striking at his enemy's communications, whilst he preserved his own. His force amounted to 5000 infantry, 600 cavalry, and 35 guns.

In execution of this plan, Windham received orders to open a heavy fire, with every available gun and mortar, from the entrenchment, upon the hostile left and their centre in the town, so as to draw their attention entirely to that side, and lead them to accumulate their troops there. When this had been effected, Greathed with his brigade (reinforced by the 64th) was to move straight on the line of the canal, in front of our camp, and, occupying the houses on this side of it, to engage the enemy by a brisk attack, taking care, however, not seriously to commit himself. To his left, Walpole with his riflemen was to cross the canal just above the town, and advance, skirting

its walls, masking in succession, as he reached them, every gate leading into the country, and throwing back the head of every column which tried to debouche thence to the aid of the right. Whilst on the left, Hope with his Sikhs and Highlanders, and the 53d, and Inglis with the 23d, 32d, and 82d, were to debouch into the plain, form in front of the brick mounds covering the enemy's bridge, carry both these points in succession, and press straight on to the Calpee road. Meanwhile the whole cavalry and horse artillery, making a still wider sweep two miles further to the left, were to cross the canal at a bridge there, and, bringing up their left shoulders, turn the rebel flank, and unite their attack with Hope's. This plan left for some time our centre naked and exposed to the blows of the enemy's masses concentrated in the town, with only Greathed's weak brigade, not numbering 1000 bayonets, to oppose them. But their success here would be of no ultimate consequence provided our left was victorious; on the contrary, it would merely lure them further on to their own destruction, though it might occasion the loss of our camp and stores. To provide against this, all the sick and wounded were removed into the fort, the tents struck, the baggage animals loaded, and the whole driven off into the deep nullahs leading down to the river, immediately below the intrenchment, where they could securely await the result of the contest.

The battle commenced on the morning of the 6th with the roar of Windham's guns from the entrenchment. Our right and the hostile left and centre were soon shrouded with the smoke of the contending batteries. Heavily upon the town fell the iron hail, and severe was the loss of the enemy crowded in its narrow streets; while shell flew and shot tore through the houses, and the very earth shook with the hellish uproar. After a few hours this tremendous cannonade gradually slackened, and then the rattle of Greathed's musketry was heard closing rapidly on the line of the canal, and speaking with a loud and meaning voice from the houses and enclosures on its brink. The long rows of white tents, the endless lines of waggons and strings of camels had now disappeared; the earth seemed to have swallowed up the streets of the canvass town. Walpole's dark-clad riflemen were pressing on with hot haste to cross the canal, and Hope's and Inglis's brigades were massed in heavy columns, screened from the enemy's view, behind some large unfinished masses of building on the edge of the plain on our left. Still our plans were undeveloped; no sign indicated with certainty where the gathering storm would burst. Suddenly company after company of infantry appeared from behind the buildings and marched on right into the open. It was Hope's and Inglis's brigades, which in parallel columns of companies, left in front, now shot out and streamed on wave after wave of glittering bayonets, till they stretched far across into the plain; while the cavalry and horse-artillery, trotting rapidly out, pushed on beyond them, raising clouds of dust, and covering their advance. Presently the infantry slowly brought up their left shoulders, and, forming into two lines, swept on with a proud majestic movement right against the high brick mounds covering the bridge over the canal which the enemy occupied in force. The spectacle now was an animated one; grouped in masses behind the mountains, the rebels fired sharply, while their guns, worked with great precision and energy, sent a storm of shot and shell upon the plain, over which, like a drifting storm, came the stout skirmishers of the Sikhs and the 53d, covering their front with the flashes of a bickering musketry, behind whom rolled in a long and serried line the 93d and 42d, sombre with their gloomy plumes and dark tartan, followed some hundred yards in rear by the thin ranks of Inglis's brigade. The field-batteries on our side opened briskly, and the gleaming lance-points of the cavalry were rapidly receding on the left. Rushing on at the double, the skirmishers closed upon the mounds, from which the enemy fell back to the bridge,

and paused for a moment behind their shelter. But now an aide-de-camp spurred swiftly up, briefly repeated a few words, and the Sikhs and 53d, quitting the cover, once more pushed on through the openings, and rushed upon the bridge. The fire was heavy in the extreme, when suddenly the rumbling of heavy guns and the tread of eager feet were heard, and Peel's noble sailors, dragging with them their heavy 24-pounders, came up, and passing through the ranks of the skirmishers, made right for the bridge, on which one of the guns was speedily planted and brought into action. Indescribable was now the enthusiasm of the men. Pressing on as fast as they could run, they passed the canal at the bridge, or forded it, captured some guns by a bayonet rush, and, driving the enemy, now completely broken, before them, advanced right upon their camp. Galloping up, a Bengal field-battery took post within easy range, and switched repeated volleys of grape through the tents, while the infantry, having recovered breath, rushed on. So complete was the surprise, so unexpected was the onslaught, that the chuppaties were found heating upon the fires, the bullocks stood tied beside the hackeries, the sick and wounded were lying in the hospitals, the smith left his forge, and the surgeon his ward, to fly from the avenging bayonets. Every tent was found exactly as its late occupants had sprung from it. Many arose too late, for the conquerors spared none that day; neither the sick man in his weakness, nor the strong man in his strength. During this brilliant victory of the left, Walpole had well executed his mission; rapidly fording the canal above the town, he kept abreast of Hope's advancing brigade, and, passing swiftly along its outskirts, drove back with his volleying musketry the head of every rebel mass which attempted to *debouch* out of the narrow streets upon our flank. The cavalry and horse artillery too, having completed their long detour to the left, had seized the bridge unopposed, and now came swiftly galloping down upon the Calpee road on the flank of the infantry. The victory was secure. The rebel right, struck by an iron hand, had been shattered into a thousand pieces; their centre, shut up within the town, had been impotent to avert the disaster; the camp of the Gwalior Contingent, with all their field-stores, magazines, and materiel, was in our power; and the Calpee road, covered with their flying ranks, in possession of our victorious soldiery.

Prompt and vigorous were the measures taken by Sir Colin to secure and improve his victory. Detaching General Mansfield with the Rifles, 93d, and fourteen guns, to move round the back of the town and seize the position called the Subadar's Tank, in rear of the enemy's left, and leaving the 23d and 38th regiments to guard the captured camp, Sir Colin, with what remained in hand of infantry and all the cavalry and horse-artillery, pressed the pursuit of the Gwalior Contingent along the Calpee road. Never was a rout more complete, or one more vigorously followed up. For fourteen miles the cavalry and horse-artillery rode at the gallop — at every step ammunition-waggons and baggage-carts fell into our hands; every body of infantry presenting any appearance of consistency was ridden down and dispersed; the slaughter was great, till at last, despairing of effecting their retreat by the road, the rebels, disbanding, and throwing away their arms and accoutrements, dispersed over the country on each side, and, flying into the jungle and the cultivation, shrouded themselves in its thick cover from the red sabres and lances of the horsemen. Not a gun, a tumbril, or a hackery escaped along this road; and when the pursuers, late in the evening, reined in their weary horses by the fourteenth milestone, there was not an enemy in their front.

General Mansfield had moved with the force under his command along the rear of the town towards the Subadar's Tank; on approaching this point, a very sharp resistance was experienced, for it covered the only other line of retreat left to the enemy from the town and broken ground between it and the Ganges,

where the old cantonments stood. The Rifles advanced in skirmishing order, accompanied by Longden's heavy, and Middleton's light field-battery, while Hope with his Highlanders followed in reserve. The advance through the enclosures and broken ground was made with much spirit, and Middleton's battery, with its usual gallantry, pushed at the gallop through the village, close to the Subadar's Tank, before it had been cleared by the infantry. From this point fire was opened upon guns and masses of infantry now in full retreat along the Bithoor road. Presently, however, a heavy fire of artillery and musketry fell upon us from that portion of the hostile left which was still in the ground about the old contonments, and whose retreat was seriously compromised; and though they failed to force our position, yet the post they held amongst the houses and enclosures was so strong, that General Mansfield did not consider himself justified in incurring the heavy loss which its attack must have involved. When evening came on, the enemy gradually drew off their men round our left, and between it and the Ganges, and by a considerable circuit regained the Bithoor road, along which they retired. An attack made by another portion of them upon the guard of the captured camp was repulsed, and two guns taken. This brought the day's operations to a close.

The right wing, composed of the Gwalior Contingent, had been utterly routed, with the loss of seventeen guns, their camp, the whole of their baggage and materiel, and their line of retreat on Calpee. Almost all the regiments had disbanded, and, throwing aside their arms, dispersed over the country. The centre and left, composed mainly of the Nana's men, with a good many of the Gwalior guns and some revolted Sepoy regiments, had fallen back in great haste and confusion, after sustaining heavy loss, towards Bithoor. Thither they were pursued upon the 8th by Brigadier-General Hope Grant, at the head of the cavalry, light artillery, and Hope's brigade of infantry. Bithoor was evacuated; but Grant, pushing on to the ferry of Serai Ghat, on the Ganges, twenty-five miles from Cawnpore, came up at daylight on the 9th with the enemy, who had just reached the ferry, but had not had time to cross. They received our men with a heavy cannonade, and tried to capture our guns with a charge of cavalry; but our horsemen soon drove the latter away, while our artillery, having with great difficulty been got through some quicksands on the river-bank, silenced their guns. Their infantry got off amongst the enclosures and trees; but the whole of the guns, amounting to fifteen pieces, were captured. Thus altogether thirty-two guns were taken, and that with a loss to ourselves of only 99 killed and wounded.

Seldom has a battle been fought, evincing more military genius in conception and more vigour in execution than this. The fixing of the enemy's attention upon their left, the sudden isolation of their left and centre, and the swift stroke by which their right was at once broken in front and turned in flank, the camp of the Gwalior Contingent captured, and its line of retreat to Calpee seized, has seldom been equalled in war, and will bear a comparison with any of the masterpieces of Napoleon or Wellington; whilst the vigorous pursuit along the Calpee road of the broken right, and the movement of General Mansfield against the only other line of retreat left to them upon Bithoor, thereby necessitating the evacuation, with all the hurry, confusion, and discouragement of a rout, of the strong city and environs of Cawnpore, by their centre and left, together with the swift march of Hope Grant to Serai Ghat, resulting in the capture of most of their remaining guns, and the precipitate flight of that portion of them which still kept together, is worthy of all praise. It is not often that 25,000 men, in possession of a strong position, and with forty pieces of artillery, are totally defeated by 5000, with the loss of thirty-two guns, and their dispersion along two eccentric lines of retreat, whilst the victors had sustained casualties only to the amount of ninety-nine of all ranks. And it

was no mean enemy which was thus met and overcome, for it numbered in its ranks the Gwalior Contingent, nearly 10,000 strong—the most perfectly equipped and organised native force in India.

A pause in the operations now took place until the 24th December. This was rendered necessary by the want of the means of transport—an evil from which our army had always suffered, owing to the entire cessation of the usual source of supply of camels and bullocks from Agra, Delhi, and the Upper Doab. It had been with the utmost difficulty, and only by the aid of the convoy brought down by Greathed's column from Delhi, that the movement for the relief of Lucknow could be effected, and the whole of the available means of transport thus collected required either to be left with Sir James Outram's force at Alum Bagh—which came out of the Residency utterly destitute in this particular—or to be employed in the transport to Allahabad of the immense convoy of women, children, wounded, &c., thus leaving the army at Cawnpore, after exhausting the means of the surrounding country, with the carriage necessary for hardly two brigades. Till the return of the carts from Allahabad, therefore, the main body was chained to compulsory inactivity; and owing to some delay and mistake there, and the insecurity of the road, these did not reach the camp until the 23d December. The next morning the upward march began.

The important but extraneous operation of the relief of the Residency of Lucknow, and withdrawal of the garrison, having been effected, the campaign could resume its regular and strategic course. The first and most indispensable object was to restore our long-lost communications with Delhi and the Punjaub, by the reconquest of the Doab and reconstruction of our power in that province, the connecting-link between the vast plains watered by the Indus and those traversed by the lower Ganges, where the base of our power and the centre of our resources lay. But to effect this in a hasty and imperfect manner would be worse than useless. Greathed's column had passed like a destroying angel through all this land, but the wave of rebellion had closed in upon it, and obliterated every trace. What was now to be done was to conquer and subdue, not to traverse; and this could be effected only by the simultaneous sweep through its whole breadth of columns restoring, as they went, our authorities, reducing the revolted villages, and expelling the numerous rebel bands. The most important point to gain, both on account of its strategic position and of its being the seat of the most powerful native government, was Futtyghur. Situated on the bank of the Ganges 83 miles from Cawnpore, 112 from Agra, 195 from Delhi, and 212 from Allahabad, it is thus about half-way from Allahabad to Delhi, and almost opposite to Agra; and its occupation would give us the command of the fourth side of the Doab — for we already held Allahabad at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, Delhi at its opposite extremity, and Agra about midway between the two on the Jumna. Any permanent establishment of a hostile government would become impossible as soon as we established in each of these strategic points a force sufficient to command the intervening country with moveable columns; but so long as it remained in the hands of our enemies, the Doab would never be secure. Possessing a floating bridge over the Ganges, and situated nearly opposite the point where the Oude and Rohilcund territories meet, it afforded a free point of access to the whole force of both, from whence they might inundate our territories to any extent, and operate, as from a secure base, against the flank of the trunk road, our line of communication both with Agra and Delhi, with Bombay and the Punjaub.

A great concentric movement upon this point, therefore, sweeping with numerous columns the rebel masses from all sides of the Doab upon Futtyghur, and thrusting them forth from thence across the Ganges, was the great object to be attained, and

to that end the following plan was arranged: — Colonel Seaton, with a column from Delhi, formed of the Carabineers, Hodson's Irregular Horse, the 1st Bengal Fusileers, and a Sikh Regiment, numbering in all about 1900 sabres and bayonets, and having charge of an immense convoy of tents, luggage, ammunition, carts, camels, and elephants—in fine, everything of which the headquarters were in want, and which covered about seventeen miles of road with its unwieldy length, was moving down the grand trunk road. About the middle of December he defeated, after a very severe cavalry action, a large rebel force at Gungeeree, and another on the 17th at Puttialee; and from thence was directing his steps on Mynpooree, an important point, close to the junction of the Agra and Delhi roads with that to Cawnpore. While he thus swept the Upper Doab, until he came abreast of Agra, Brigadier Walpole was detached by the Commander-in-Chief with his own brigade of Rifles and a strong force of cavalry and artillery—in all, over two thousand strong — to make a semicircular sweep to our left through the Lower Doab, in the direction of Calpee and the Jumna, by Akbarpoor and Etawah, also on Mynpooree, where he was to join with Seaton, and both united to move straight from that point on Futtyghur, driving before them all the rebel bands from the Delhi, Agra, and Etawah sides back upon Futtyghur. Upon this point the Commander-in-Chief in person, at the head of the main army—about five thousand in number—was to move from Cawnpore, ascending the main trunk road, and clearing the right bank of the Ganges. Thus three columns from the north-west, south, and south-east, were to converge upon Futtyghur, driving before them all the malcontents of the Doab, and casting them out thence on to the opposite bank of the Ganges into Oude and Rohilcund. In this movement Walpole's column had the greatest extent of ground to traverse—that of the Commander-in-Chief the least. To the former, accordingly, the others had to conform their movements: thus, Seaton was to halt at Mynpooree or Bewur until Walpole joined him; while the marches of the main army were to be regulated so as to approach Futtyghur from the one side at the same time, with the head of Walpole's and Seaton's columns on the other. In the execution of this plan, not haste, but precision and completeness of execution were what was required. Taking advantage of the delay caused by his forced halt at Cawnpore, to avoid it in future, Sir Colin despatched Walpole upon his circular march, so as to let him get a fair start; while Hope, detached to the right at Bithoor, destroyed the Nana's palace there, and recovered much treasure from a well.

It may be objected, on strategic grounds, to Sir Colin's plan, that it would have been more consonant to the rules of art to have first rooted out the remains of the Gwalior Contingent from Calpee, and secured his flank and communications from insult, than to have advanced at once on Futtyghur. A moment's consideration, however, will show that this was not the case. (1.) The first and most pressing necessity was to restore our communications with Delhi and Agra by the reduction and reoccupation of the Central Doab, and this could only be done by a movement on Futtyghur. (2.) A movement on Calpee would not have had the desired effect, for the only result of it would have been that on our approach the remnant of the contingent would have fallen back on Gwalior. Had we followed them, we would have been involved in a long and difficult eccentric operation in Central India, affording every possible time and facility for the consolidation of the rebel power in Oude, Rohilcund, and the Doab, and leaving our communications with the north-west still unopened. Had we not followed them they would simply have returned to the banks of the Jumna on our departure; and what we would have gained would have been the fatigue and exhaustion of a purposeless march of one hundred miles, and the loss of prestige resulting from a fruitless expedition. (3.)

The Gwalior Contingent had been so weakened by its complete overthrow, and the loss of all its field guns at Cawnpore, that it was quite certain that it could not for many weeks to come undertake any important offensive operation. The brigade under Brigadier Inglis, left at Cawnpore, was amply sufficient to prevent the interruption of our communications by any movement of bodies detached from it upon Futtehpore or the Allahabad line. (4.) The destruction of this body at no distant period was certain by the concentric movement of the Bombay and Madras columns, whose special mission it was to reduce Central India down to the banks of the Jumna, thus relieving the main army of all pressure from that side, and enabling it to follow out its own plan of operations to the north of that stream undisturbed. Walpole's movement on Etawah had all the effect of a demonstration against the Calpee people, whilst its ultimate direction on Mynpooree brought it within the circle of the main operations; and the result has signally verified the justice of the Commander-in-Chief's military views, for the long and persevering struggle maintained by the contingent after its defeat before Calpee by Rose, its vigorous movement upon, and capture of Gwalior in his rear, and the repeated defeats it sustained, and the long and harassing marches it inflicted upon its pursuers ere it was finally dispersed by Roberts, clearly showed into what a trap Sir Colin would have fallen had he engaged himself against it; while the preservation of our communications uninterrupted, and the absence of any movement on its part into the Doab, show how exactly he had calculated the amount of force necessary to restrain it from anything like a vigorous or dangerous offensive.

On the 24th Sir Colin set out, proceeding slowly by easy marches, and clearing the country on his flanks as he advanced. On the 28th instant the fort of the Rajah of Futtiah was destroyed by Windham, who was detached against it with a brigade; whilst another brigade on our right was employed in destroying the boats on the Ganges, so as to leave as little means of access across the river as possible to the Oude rebels. By the 31st the headquarters reached Goorsaigunge, the point where the road to Futtyghur branches off to the right from the main road to Delhi. Here the two detached brigades joined. About five miles from this point the Futtyghur road crosses a deep stream called the Kallee Nuddee or Black River. It is traversed by a very fine iron suspension-bridge. This a party of the Nawab of Futtyghur's men were now actively engaged in endeavouring to destroy. On the morning of the 1st January 1858, Hope led his brigade, reinforced by artillery and cavalry, to this place, and, as the rebels fled at his approach, immediately set to work with the engineers, sappers, and a party of Peel's sailors, to restore the broken portion. Fortunately none of the piers or the main chains had been injured; and the labours of Nicholson, who was immediately charged with carrying out the undertaking, were incessant and successful, so much so that on the 2d it was ready for use. The workmen were covered by a strong picket on the left bank.

On the morning of the 2d, Sir Colin rode out to see how Hope was getting on. On the opposite side of the river the ground rises gradually for some distance. To our left were considerable masses of trees; in our front, on the main road and immediately facing the bridge within half cannon-shot, was a large village. It was built on each side of the road as it ascended the acclivity. Just as Sir Colin arrived a great commotion was observed, numbers of white-clad men appearing on the crest of the hill, and descending rapidly into the village. It was at first thought that they were villagers, but the puffs of smoke and sharp pinging of balls soon showed that they were the enemy's skirmishers, It was the Nawab's force, consisting of about four battalions of regular infantry (41st Bengal Native Infantry and some others), a large body of cavalry, and eight guns, coming on to defend the passage of the river. But they came twelve hours too late.

The Sepoys advanced with more

than their usual spirit, with loud cries and at a charging pace; they rushed down the slope into the village, from the enclosures and houses of which they opened a sharp musketry fire, while three of their guns, coming rapidly into action, were served with great vigour. One in particular, placed behind a house at the extremity of the village next to the bridge, was worked with extraordinary endurance and obstinacy. Their cavalry showed large masses on the high grounds above the river to our left, and had a bold bearing. The bridge had just been completed; the 53d passed swiftly over to reinforce the pickets, and were extended to cover the bridge head. A wing of the 93d was brought up behind the bridge as a reserve, the other wing being posted at a ford three miles to the right to secure our flank. A field-battery of artillery, and some of Peel's heavy guns, opened heavily. Orders were sent for the main body of the army to strike their tents and advance immediately to Hope's support. Until their arrival Sir Colin would not permit any advance. Between two and three o'clock a heavy gun was brought up by the rebels, and began to do much damage. The head of the main column had arrived. The heavy, concentric, and cross artillery fire on the village had at last silenced the hitherto impracticable gun behind the house at its entrance, and fairly by weight of metal crushed the enemy out of it. At this moment the 53d could no longer be held back. A report spread amongst the men that they were to be relieved. Determined not to leave to others the advance, they sprang forward, and rushed with cheers upon the village, which they reached just as the enemy withdrew. Along with them rode a gallant young volunteer, Lord Seymour, ever foremost where danger was to be met. The 93d followed in support. Greathed's brigade advanced up the slope to the left. On our extreme left rode Hope Grant at the head of the cavalry. The enemy now began to retire in good order along the road to Futtyghur, covered by their light guns in rear. But well that day did Grant handle his horsemen: pressing rapidly on through the fields, and driving before him, without a check, the enemy's Sowars, he soon gained the flank of the retiring infantry. Moving amongst topes of trees and high cultivation, he was not at first seen. Rapidly forming up his men, he came down at a charging-pace in *echelon* of squadrons, right upon the flank of the Sepoy regiments, who were moving in good order along the road. Out of the clouds of dust, forth from the bending cultivation, burst suddenly the bright lances of the 9th, and the gleaming sabres of the Sikhs: their horses came straining over the plain—the charging-cry of the riders smote dismally on the ear. Then despair seized upon the rebel mass; breaking their ranks, throwing aside their arms, they fled in wild confusion; but the horsemen were upon them and amongst them, and the slaughter was terrible: for several miles they rode along spearing and cutting down at every step; and the progress of their swift advance might be marked by the smoke of exploded tumbrils curling up amidst the dark-green trees. Never was a rout more complete. Gun after gun, colour after colour, fell into our hands; palanquins and hackeries, carriages and ammunition-waggons, were captured at every step. Flying in a wild and panic terror, the Sepoys never ceased from that fearful race till they burst into their camp hard by the fort of Futtyghur. Even there, however, they made no stay; seizing upon all that was most portable and valuable, they hastened on across the floating-bridge into the broad plains of Rohilcund. Eight guns, several of which had never been fired, having come up too late, fell into our hands. In the capture of one of these a striking incident occurred. It was coming along dragged by bullocks, when the horsemen cut off its retreat. Deliberately turning his team towards where a squadron of the 9th stood drawn up, the native driver slowly and composedly went up to them. As he approached, a lancer rode out at a foot's-pace to meet him. The Sepoy, albeit well know-

ing his fate, came calmly on. The lancer reached him and thrust his lance through his body; heavily and without a groan he rolled down from his seat on the gun-carriage and died. No Roman ever met his fate with more stoical heroism. For five or six miles the pursuit was continued by the cavalry. Their return from this was a stirring sight of war. In front came the 9th Lancers, with three captured standards at their head; the wild-looking Sikh horsemen rode in the rear. As they passed the Commander-in-Chief, he took off his hat to them, with some words of praise and thanks. The lancers shook their lances in the air, and cheered; the Sikhs took up the cry, waving their sabres above their heads. The men carrying the standards gave them to the wind; the Highland brigade, who were encamping close by, ran down and cheered both the victorious cavalry and the veteran Chief, waving their bonnets in the air. It was a fair sight, and reminded one of the old days of chivalry. When Sir Colin rode back through the camp of the Highlanders, the enthusiasm of the men exceeded description.

Pressing on the next day, both the fort of Futtyghur and the town of Furruckabad were found to be deserted. The enemy had abandoned them, and fled across the Ganges in such haste that they had not even destroyed the gun-carriage manufactory, or set fire to the great stores of seasoned wood which it contained. Property to the amount of full £100,000 was thus saved to the Government. So hasty was their flight—so complete their panic—that they did not cut the boat-bridge in their rear; and when the Commander-in-Chief ascended the ramparts of the fort, he saw the last of the fugitives flying along it, and passing the river in boats. It was soon seized by a party of our men, and pickets pushed over and established on the opposite bank. A rebel chief, who had been guilty of great atrocities, named Najir Kahn, had attempted to make a stand in Furruckabad; but he was given up, along with some guns he had seized, by the inhabitants themselves, under the threat of the destruction of the town. He was executed on the 4th with some circumstances of needless cruelty, having been forced to eat hog's flesh, and flogged severely first—deeds unworthy of a great and victorious people.

The action at the Kallee Nuddee was one of those events both undesigned and unexpected, which often occur in war. The Commander-in-Chief had no desire to push on to Futtyghur, till Seaton and Walpole had united and advanced to the same point. The communication between Seaton's column and the headquarter camp had a few days before been opened in the most gallant manner by Hodson, the commander of the irregular horse which bears his name. He rode over, attended by a few Sowars, from Mynpooree, right through the enemy's outposts, and took back again to Seaton orders to unite with Walpole and move on Futtyghur. The sudden and unforeseen engagement which ensued from the attack of the enemy, the utter rout in which it resulted, and the consequent immediate advance of the main army to profit by the panic, were events in themselves in the highest degree fortunate. And the flight of the Nawab's troops into Rohilcund was exactly what had been desired, and what was one of the main objects of the movements in progress.

Seaton's column, the movements of which were conducted with great skill and energy, had approached Mynpooree on the 27th December, and been encountered outside the town by Tej Sing, the rajah, with all his forces; these he completely defeated, with the loss of six guns. Halting there four days, he advanced on the 31st to Bewur, on the main road, where he received Sir Colin's orders to combine his movement on Futtyghur with Walpole—who had not yet come up from Etawah. The junction being effected on the 4th, on the 5th the whole moved on, reaching the Commander-in-Chief's camp the following day. The army thus concentrated, amounted to more than ten thousand men, including

eighteen hundred sabres, in the highest spirits, and provided by Seaton's convoy with the necessary supplies of camp-equipage and transport.

The conquest of the Doab, and restoration of our communications with Delhi and Agra, was now complete; but the necessity of guarding the extended line of communications thus reopened, became a heavy drag and drain upon us. At Futtyghur we had to keep open three lines—one to Cawnpore, 83 miles; one to Agra, 112 miles; one to Delhi, 195 miles. To protect the first, the 88th Queen's were posted at Bithoor, and the 7th Punjaub infantry at Meerunka Serai; to hold the second, the 38th Queen's with 2 guns, and 200 Sowars, occupied Mynporee; while to secure the third, Allyghur was garrisoned by a force of Sikh infantry and sappers, who were to be reinforced by the 64th Queen's. The fort of Futtyghur itself required a European regiment —thus at once the disposable force was weakened by more than a strong brigade. In India, as in Russia, the distances are the most formidable of our opponents, wasting away the field force to an incredible extent.

All now expected a forward move —the army was concentrated and in the highest spirits—the weather cool and admirably suited for military operations; the hot months coming on when movement is death. But day after day passed by, and the long white rows of the headquarter tents, beneath the grateful shade of a grove of noble trees, stood motionless. There for nearly a month they stood, and no man could tell the cause. Meanwhile the army, in wonder, enjoyed the rest. The nights were cold, the mornings delightfully bracing; the heat, even in the middle of the day, not oppressive. The country about was cultivated like a garden, and though perfectly flat, was very pretty from the number of topes or clumps of old trees scattered over it and lining the roads. But it was sad to ride through the ruins of the cantonments, amidst burnt bungalows and deserted gardens.

This long halt was caused by political, not military, considerations, and resulted from the views of the Governor-General, not the plans of the Commander-in-Chief. Hitherto Sir Colin had followed out his own schemes; and there seems to be no doubt that his intention at this time was to have followed up the capture of Futtyghur by the immediate invasion of Rohilcund and destruction of the rebel power at Bareilly. This would be effected easily before the hot weather came on. Having thus accomplished in one campaign the relief of Lucknow, reconquest of the Doab, and reduction of Rohilcund, to put his army into quarters in the recovered provinces for the hot and rainy months, distributing them so as to hem the Oude forces into their own territory. To employ these months in the complete restoration and reconstruction of our authority in our old provinces—reinstating everywhere our civil government, treading out through all their breadth the ashes of rebellion. The Madras and Bombay columns to do the like in Central India, and down to the banks of the Jumna. When the cool weather of Autumn came on, a great concentric movement to take place upon Lucknow—the rebels to be driven from the circumference to the centre of the circle, the rebellion hemmed in on all sides, to be crushed in the heart of Oude. The great object in view being to avoid the exhaustion and loss of our noble European army in a hot weather campaign, and by the complete reduction and military occupation of all the territory in our rear, to render a guerilla warfare—so wasting in its effects, so uncertain in its results—an impossibility, by presenting no point in which the fugitive bands from Oude could establish themselves with any prospect of success.

But this plan, based on strict military principles, seems to have been considered inadmissible by the Governor-General, from political considerations. His view seems to have been, that no rest must be given to the insurgents; that, at whatever cost of life the great centres of rebellion must be seized; and that, till that was done, the campaign must be continued. The first and most impor-

tant object, and to which all our present efforts were to be directed, was the reduction of Lucknow. In carrying out that object at once, we would have the aid of the Ghoorka force, 10,000 strong; which, were it put off till autumn, would be lost, as they were certain to retire to their native hills before the summer heats. The fall of Lucknow, it was expected, would produce such dismay amongst the rebel ranks as would lead to their immediate submission: this would be followed up by the conquest of Bareilly; despair would seize upon them, and everywhere a vanquished people would bow their heads beneath the yoke, and submit to our rule as to the stroke of fate. His plan was to strike at the centre, and trust to the moral effect of a great blow there to induce the rebels to submit at the circumference. He looked upon it as of more consequence to take Lucknow, than to re-settle our own provinces, because he thought the first would inevitably induce the last. Sir Colin viewed the matter differently; he desired to secure every step as he advanced, to leave nothing behind him, but steadily pressing on, to roll back the rebel force on one point and destroy it there.

The orders of the Governor-General for the abandonment of the invasion on Rohilcund, and for the reduction of Lucknow instead, having being received, a pause became inevitable, to enable a suitable train of siege guns and stores to be collected, and an army large enough to operate with success to be concentrated. The present force, sufficiently numerous to subdue Rohilcund, was quite inadequate for the conquest of Oude. One brigade of infantry was consumed by Cawnpore. Futtyghur, and its communications through the Doab, required at least another. The movement of a large body of the Oude troops down upon Benares, and the road between that point and Allahabad, had necessitated the employment of three European regiments, and a battery of artillery, under Brigadier Franks, to reinforce the Ghoorkas (six Regiments), and stem the torrent in that quarter; and these last had to be taken from the upward stream of reinforcements. Several weeks must therefore necessarily elapse before fresh troops could be brought up to Cawnpore sufficient to enable the advance on Lucknow to be undertaken; while an equal time would be necessary to procure a siege-train from Agra, and the 68-pounders of the Shannon from Allahabad, and to bring together at the same spot the required amount of ammunition, provisions, and carriage, and the numerous requisites of the artillery and engineer parks. Not a moment, however, was lost in issuing the orders and making the arrangements necessary for this great undertaking. As this, however, would occupy at least three weeks, the point most immediately pressing upon the Commander-in-Chief to consider was, where he could best take post to cover the concentration of his resources at Cawnpore, and at once overawe the re-conquered territory and keep in check the still unsubdued possessions of the enemy.

The point on which his choice fell was Futtyghur, and it afforded an admirable instance of his deep knowledge of strategy. The forces threatening us at present were (1), The forces of Rohilcund, a very numerous body, who were gathering on the Ganges, and were known to have in view an invasion into the Upper Doab, and the consequent interruption of our communications with Delhi. (2.) The Oude forces, who had collected in heavy masses, and threatened to cross the Ganges either below or above Cawnpore, and, uniting with the Calpee people, cut us off from Allahabad. (3.) The remains of the Gwalior Contingent at Calpee, who had ten guns, which had been left there when they advanced on Cawnpore, and were being joined by numerous recruits from Banda and Bundelcund. Now all of these were threatened and kept in check by the force at Futtyghur. Being on the high-road to Bareilly, from which it is only seventy-seven miles distant, it theatened that point, and prevented the invasion by any very numerous body of the Upper Doab. A country road leading direct from it to Lucknow (111 miles in length), made it doubtful

whether this was not its immediate object, and, together with the force under Outram at Alum Bagh, and Inglis at Cawnpore, gave sufficient cause of anxiety at home to the Oude troops to keep them from undertaking any distant expedition; while the road along which Walpole had marched by Mynpooree and Etawah give the opportunity of striking a back-handed blow at the Gwalior people, should they leave Calpee and throw themselves into the Lower Doab. This position also effectually covered from the attacks, both of the Oude and Rohilcund forces, the transport of the siege-train from Agra to Cawnpore, a distance of 179 miles, or 16 marches; —the important and indispensable preliminary to any attack on Lucknow. The movement of troops from Benares to Allahabad was protected by Frank's column; that of guns and stores from Allahabad to Cawnpore by the fortified post of Futtehpore, and Carthew's brigade of Madras Sepoys, together with the numerous detachments on their way, and Inglis's brigade at Cawnpore. Protecting thus at all points the concentration of his resources in men, *materiel*, and guns on Cawnpore, and occupying a position which, by threatening alike Bareilly and Lucknow, gave no certain indication of his intentions, Sir Colin calmly, amidst the astonishment of his own troops and the abuse of the Indian press, waited the development of his plans.

But his was no lethargic inaction. Movable columns were constantly sent out to scour the surrounding country, and reduce the still insurgent villages. Hope did good service in this way; and he had no sooner returned to camp, on the 12th January, than Walpole with his brigade, guns, some cavalry and sappers, marched out for eight or ten miles along the Rohilcund road to the banks of the deep Ramgunga river. Here the bridge had been broken by the rebels, and Walpole, with much parade and ostentation, made numerous attempts to restore it; while, still more to keep up the illusion, the Commander-in-Chief rode out to examine the spot, and the whole army believed that a move into Rohilcund was about to be undertaken. The demonstration perfectly succeeded; both friends and enemies were deceived; and the great mass of the Rohilcund troops kept at home watching Walpole on the banks of the Ramgunga. A column of them, however, 5000 strong, with 5 guns, crossed the Ganges about twelve miles above Futtyghur, and reoccupied a village in which our authorities had been established. On the 27th January, Hope marched out against them, and had a most brilliant affair. The enemy waited to receive him. Placing a troop of horse-artillery on each flank, he charged them with his cavalry—two squadrons 9th Lancers, and Hodson's Horse. Some of the enemy's Sowars fought most desperately, and four of our cavalry officers, including Hodson himself, were wounded; but they were soon completely overthrown, four of their guns taken, their camp captured, and the pursuit continued for nine miles.

The siege-train having now started from Agra, and being well on its way, the mask could be thrown off; and Sir Colin accordingly prepared, as soon as it was past, to quit Futtyghur and move upon Cawnpore. The 82d Regiment were to be left in garrison at the fort. Our departure would necessarily leave the Delhi force exposed to the incursions of the Rohilcund troops, in spite of the garrisons left both at Mynpooree and Allyghur; but to keep them at home, instructions had been sent for as large a force as could be got together from the Punjaub to be collected upon the frontier, and an invasion of their province threatened, and if possible carried out. It was expected that the column destined for this purpose would be at Umballah about the 1st February. On that day the Commander-in-Chief set off with the cavalry and horse-artillery, and proceeded by forced marches to Cawnpore, which he reached in four days. Hope's brigade, with the artillery park, followed by regular stages, while Walpole's and half of Seaton's remained for some days longer, to cover to the last our com-

munications with Agra. The siege-train from that place had now reached Gosaigunge, and a large convoy of women and children was soon to follow. Shortly after his arrival at Cawnpore, Sir Colin made a run down for a day to Allahabad to see the Governor-General, who had arrived there. At Cawnpore, meanwhile, the greatest activity prevailed; the works had been greatly increased, and now formed a large intrenched camp completely covering the boat-bridges over the Ganges. By the middle of February the greater part of the army destined for the attack of Lucknow had crossed over and was stationed in *echelon* along the road to Alum Bagh, to cover the advance of the enormous siege and ordnance stores, together with the commissariat and other supplies, which were daily and hourly arriving. The gathering-place for the siege-train was at Onoo, eleven miles beyond Cawnpore. The movement against Lucknow would now have commenced, had the Ghoorkas been ready to move; but they were not so; and for political reasons it was considered advisable to wait until they could co-operate.

The accounts at this time received from Calpee showed that the progress of the Bombay column was causing the Gwalior Contingent great alarm, and would prevent its making any move upon our communications. It was full time that the pressure of the Bombay and Madras troops should begin to be felt. Both these Presidencies appear to have been invited to operate with their whole disposable force in Central India; and it was hoped that January would have seen their battalions crowding the banks of the Jumna; but January came, and Saugur was hardly passed. The exertions of the Madras Presidency seemed at this period to have been particularly lukewarm. During the early part of the campaign, Bengal owed much to the strenuous and efficient assistance it had received from Madras, both in men and *materiel*. The Madras Fusiliers, with Neil at their head, had pressed on with Havelock to Lucknow, and been second to none in devoted heroism. Valuable aid in keeping open the communications had been afforded by Brigadier Carthew's Madras Sepoys and rifle companies. But when the appearance of the whole available force of that Presidency was looked for in the heart of Central India, pressing down from Jubblepore upon Calpee, there was seen only Whitlock's feeble brigade (containing little more than a regiment and a half of Europeans) painfully toiling far in the rear, and hardly making itself felt at all in the great struggle which was going on. And yet Madras had the only native army which could be depended on in India.

Though extremely tardy in their movements at first, the ultimate co-operation of Bombay was very different. That Presidency had been exposed to the greatest dangers: its army, recruited to a considerable extent from the same districts, though from lower castes than that of Bengal, had in many regiments been ripe for revolt. With great firmness, resolution, and skill, however, had the crisis been surmounted, and the large arrivals of European troops had delivered it now from all peril. Two columns, under Rose and Roberts, were directed from it on Central India. Though started much later than had been at first hoped, their progress was at last beginning to make itself felt. Soon Jhansi and Kotah sank beneath their blows, and ere the end of the campaign the wonderful energy and perseverance of Rose, in his vigorous movement on Calpee and countermarch on Gwalior, had won for him a deathless reputation. But these are the events of a later period.

Towards the end of the month the convoy of ladies from Agra reached Cawnpore in safety. The whole of the siege-train had come up; the long files of hackeries, laden with ammunition, had passed on. The engineer park, the artillery park, the commissariat supplies, the legions of camp-followers, the dense battalions, the glittering squadrons, the well-horsed batteries, had traversed the bridges, and disappeared across the muddy waters of the Ganges, amidst the

sandy plains of Oude. Such a force India had never seen. Under the Commander-in-Chief, 17 battalions of infantry, 15 of which were British; 28 squadrons of cavalry, including four English regiments; 54 light and 80 heavy guns and mortars, were arrayed; while from the south, right across the country of Oude, Franks, with 3 European and 6 Ghoorka battalions, with 20 guns, was pressing; and from the south-east, Jung Bahadoor, with 9000 men and 24 guns, was marching, all to rendezvous together beneath the stately palaces of Lucknow.

The war was entering on a new phase—grand and imposing was now to be its progress. On the 28th of February, Sir Colin Campbell, quitting Cawnpore, placed himself at its head, and the curtain rose on the last act of the drama of Lucknow. With the passage into Oude came a great word-painter, from a far land, who has sketched in brilliant colours, and with a master's hand, the subsequent progress of events — and he who would read the story of the siege, and listen to the dull sound of the falling walls, may turn to the letters of Mr. Russell to the *Times*.